

DRUMMER

ISSUE 110

TIES THAT BIND

S/M RELATIONSHIPS
BY GUY BALDWIN

FICTION:

RENEGADE

BY TIM BARRUS

WHIPLASH

BY MICHAEL AGREVE

SOFT IRON

BY DALE REES

HOOSIER HOSPITALITY

BY ERIK YOUNGBLOOD

CONCRETE MAMA

AND OTHER PHOTOS OF
PRISON LIFE

FETISH FEATURE:

SPANKING



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DRUMMER

ISSUE 110

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

DRUMMER

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NEW
IN
A
DRUMMER

NEW
IN
A
DRUMMER

OFF THE TOP

by FLEDERMAUS

The following is an editorial reprinted from issue #2 of *Chain Link*, the Quarterly News Journal of the National Leather Association.

'NEW' VS. 'OLD' LEATHER

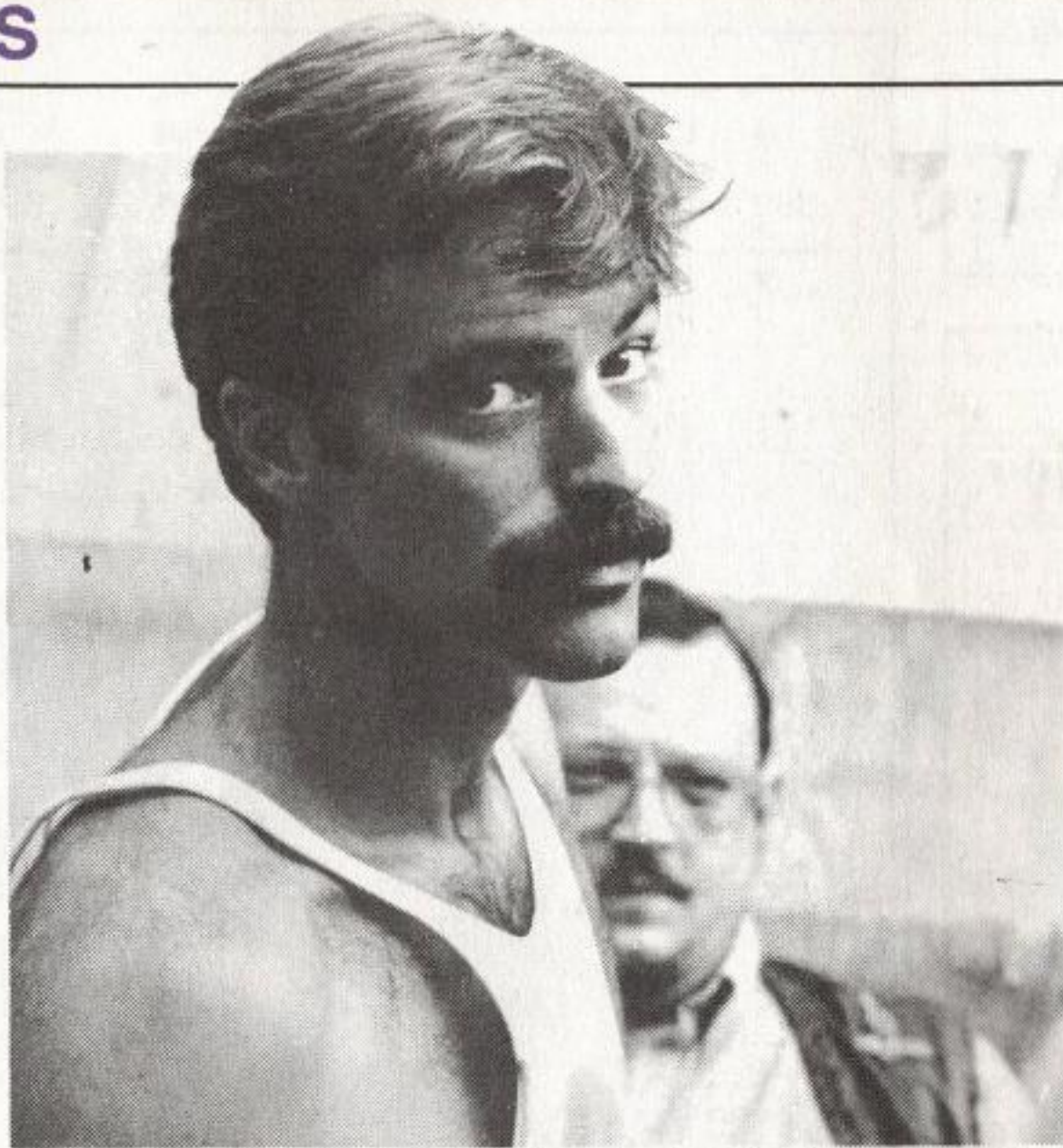
by Steve Maidhof, President, National Leather Association

Recently, I have been hearing a lot of talk about "new" leather vs. "old" leather. I have heard many conversations where the speaker has been involved for many years with the Leather/SM scene, and disdains the younger "puppies" who have less experience. It disturbs me just a bit that I have been around long enough to see a generational conflict arising within my community, but that is just the way it seems things are going.

Those of us who have been around for a while often find ourselves quite confused by the approach of some of our younger brothers and sisters, and it is far too easy to echo the sentiments of OUR parents, "What's happening to this younger generation?"

We came from a very closed society in the sixties and early seventies that was a direct outgrowth of our closets. As the rest of the Gay/Lesbian community was bursting out of its closet doors, we preferred to remain behind ours. (It was comfortable, it was well-ordered and we liked it there.) Many of us came out of our Lesbian/Gay closets, but left intact the door to that secret closet marked Leather/SM. We were told by the emerging leaders that our presence would only hinder the movement.

Now we are faced with a group of leather dykes and leathersmen who came out into a far different world than we found in 1969 or 1979. These people seem to have a set of mores that is not as well defined as those we so carefully



DADDY'S BOY: At the San Francisco Leather Daddy's Boy Contest, Robert Pruzan caught Fledermaus engaging in his favorite sport, manwatching.

built behind our leather closet doors. They play by somewhat different rules that throw our sense of order into the winds. So, rather than to take these people seriously and attempt to teach them the things we have learned through our years of experience, we dismiss them as not being "true" leather.

Many of these "new leather" types are indeed people who are treating their leather as a fashion statement, rather than an expression of lifestyle. More, however, are wearing their leathers, fully cognizant of its implication and looking for someone who will teach them in a more safe, sane, and consensual manner. Still more have developed their own set of mores and customs that are considerably different than those practiced for so many years by us "old" types. These behaviors may not conform to our norm, but they seem to work pretty well.

The main problem from all of

this is that some of us "old farts" tend to dismiss the others altogether, and we spend so much time determining who is "old" and who is "new" that we never manage to get together and recognize our commonalities.

Perhaps at one time we could afford to be so cliquish, but I don't believe we can anymore. All of us, regardless of our form of sexual expression, regardless of the traditions and customs, are essentially of ONE community. We have too many enemies on the outside to afford internal squabbles.

So, "old" leather, remember that these "new" types are part of US and "new, try to remember that there may be something you can learn from our 5, 15, 20 or more years of experience.

Old, Older, Oldest

I fully agree with the points Steve expresses above, but think that he is perhaps failing to acknowledge a third group, and

an older problem. Those of us he is generally speaking of as "old" above are those who were aware of their interests years ago but did our "leather" coming-out in post-Stonewall days. We have blossomed into "public" leatherpersons, but are well aware of the pre-Stonewall inhibitions and secrecy.

I found Steve's article initially jarring because for years I have considered myself one of the "new" leather types and Steve is considerably "newer" than I. To me the "old" leathersmen were those who WERE the leather/SM scene before Stonewall. To them the scene was a very secret ritual, consisting of precise roles and rites of passage. Like the Masons viewing Mozart's "Magic Flute," many pre-Stonewall Leathersmen felt that Larry Townsend had violated a confidence when he published "The Leatherman's Handbook" and exposed their secret world to anyone who bought the book. Our "old institutions" like Larry's publications, *DungeonMaster*, and the Mineshaft, were upstarts wearing thin the mystique the old guard had for so long protected.

But Steve is right, years have passed, we ARE now the "old," and we frequently object to the "puppies" who have never felt a need to hide, who "want it all, right now!" Stonewall was the trigger, a catharsis, which changed the lives of every sexually "different" man and woman. AIDS is another one. These two milestones divide us not into two generations, but into many based upon our experience, activities, and state of mind before and after each. And as with "families" and societies everywhere, the many generations within the Leather/SM communities must share their experience and their innocent enthusiasm, their ritual and their freedom. —AFD

MALECALL

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO **DRUMMER MALECALL**
PO BOX 11314, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1314

DEMYSTIFYING THE DOUCHEBAG

I want to use the forum provided by your magazine to try to get the word out to more of our buddies regarding an important aspect of hygiene.

While I am in my late 30's, I seem to be attracting more than my share of hot guys who are in their early to mid twenties. Yep, these guys are hot and they are like putty in my hands. And, yes, their horizons are expanded beyond their wildest pleasurable expectations and they want more. I love to oblige whenever I can, but, as maturity would have it, I really am interested in meeting someone more my own age who is truly interested in a meaningful and erotic monogamous relationship. So, my philandering with those in their youthful twenties is an adventure for me (and them). Perhaps they can benefit from some of my experience. This experience has taught me, however, about the experiences these fellows are getting from my buddies. Apparently, my buddies out there are not teaching these young men about the necessity of hygiene in contemplation of their pleasurable anal activities. I urge all of your readers to demystify the douchebag. Insist that you will not play with a butt hole unless it is absolutely and completely clean. This is not only important for communicable diseases, but also for heightening the pleasures associated with anal sex. Obviously, I'm not into scat!

As for me, the next dirty butt will get taken back to where I found them (or sent back to their lover or last boyfriend for additional training!) One other thing, I still find some guys (both top and bottom — I'm versatile) are still "new" to surgical gloves. This is preposterous. I'm also getting a bit perturbed at having to always provide the gloves; they're expensive (especially if bought from the retail outlets).

Every guy into his or someone else's butt should carry sterile gloves and condoms in their hip pocket along with their handkerchief flag!

L.F./San Francisco

FANTASTIC FEET

Issue #107 was great! The center spread was fantastic, and exactly what this foot lover would like to see more often. As long as you continue to publish photos which don't cut off the pedal extremities, especially ones like these where, an attractive pair of feet is receiving the attention it deserves, I'll keep renewing. My check is enclosed. Keep up the good work.

K.R.T./Chicago

FANTASTIC BOOTS

I know a lot of men who buy *Drummer* and none of them buy it for the photos. Well, #107 may have changed that attitude; at least it has for me. Your photo spread, "Taking Care of Daddy" gave the biggest turn on I've had in years, from any magazine! Boots are my thing and the photos of Steve Cole in those engineer boots with Glen Webber at his feet were really hot! There is a promise of more photos of them to come and I'll be hunting my local book store till it comes. I'm really looking forward to it! Let me offer my encouragement to do more photo spreads like this, and my vote will always go for booted men!

Drummer 107 will go into my library of magazines that never get thrown away. I want to be able to pull it out and fantasize any time. But, tell me, can I buy more photos of Steve and Glen from this session? If so, please tell me where! The photo on page 48 would look great in poster size on my bedroom wall!

D.H./Kansas City, MO

Ed.: This has been one of the most

popular photo spreads we have run. Steve and Glen will next be appearing on the cover of *Mach 13*, and in a photo spread in that magazine. We also hope to be able to offer a photo spread of this duo in the near future. Watch *Drummer* for details. Sorry no posters planned. Also note that the *Fetish Beat* feature in *Drummer* 112 will be *Boots*.

—AFD

WHO WAS THAT MAN . . .

While I was really pleased to see your otherwise excellent coverage of the International Mr. Leather Contest 1987 in *Drummer* 106, I wondered why you couldn't identify the photos of the contestants so vividly described in the copy. I had a great deal of trouble figuring out (not completely successfully, I suspect) who was who . . .

As a long-time reader (dating back to my San Francisco Days in the '70s) I'd like to congratulate you on bringing good ol' *Drummer* back to life—it's these little details that drive me nuts. Best wishes on your continued success.

J.G./New York City

Ed.: When I approved the layout for the IML spread I thought that the photos of the men I was describing, located adjacent to the appropriate text, was adequate. But of course, I knew who I was talking about! Several others had the same problem you did and I apologize. Your letter did prompt us to include much better photo identification in the spread on the Mr. *Drummer* Finals in *Drummer* 108. Unfortunately photos and text on pages 40-41 of this spread got rearranged at least a half a dozen times and I didn't look closely enough the last time—some of the paragraphs of text are out of order! But photos are identified!

—AFD

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers.

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its

readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recog-

nized safe-sex—as well as safe-and-sane—play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products. □

ADVICE TO WOULD-BE SLAVES

I would like to reply to the Don in Larry Townsend's column from issue #107 of *DRUMMER*.

You, like many others, state that one must first be respected as a human being. Slaves have been around much longer than the idea that human beings deserve respect. This shows in a common idea in the language you speak. There is one word meaning us, the good guys, the real men and another meaning everyone else, not quite men. For example Christian and heathen. Moslem and infidel. The list can be extended for a long time.

Consider your position. Your hands, with the famous and useful thumbs, are tied behind your back. They got you into and out of all sorts of situations and are useless now. The hair on your head is just long enough to show that you are not bald. The hair on the rest of the body has been removed. The tiny guard hairs that told you of air movement and impending touch are missing. The pubic hair that warned you to protect your balls is gone. Of course, you have no way to protect your balls. They are now the property of the Master. You may not touch them but anyone else can. Your entire body is the Master's to use as he sees fit. You are the property of the Master just like any other thing. He has paid several bits for you and may be wondering if he would have been

happier spending the same money on a six pack of something.

A man defines himself in terms of his rights and possessions. A slave has no rights. A man can say, "I don't do that sort of thing." A slave obeys. A man can say, "I wouldn't give you the sweat off my balls." The sweat of a slave's balls already belongs to the Master.

After all of this has been said you will find a few advantages to being a slave. If the Master is not satisfied you will be corrected. You will rarely wonder what is expected of you. You are in a unique position to learn about human behavior. You will find that you can learn huge amounts of anything the Master chooses to teach you. A man can be respected as a human being; a slave is valued for its usefulness.

G.F.H./Los Angeles, CA

HUNTING BEAR

As one who appreciates the bearded or "teddy bear" type, I must beg you for more and larger photos of the IML 1st runner up, Mr. Michel Rousse! He is definitely the paradigm of the hunky Daddy Bear! If he is planning on traveling to the Los Angeles area any time in the near future, please let him know there's a bear cub here ready and more than willing to serve! Speaking of bears, I'd also like to thank you for the photo spread of Seffan Livarno in *Drummer* 105. As a lover of Bears, I find pretty

slim pickings in the general run of gay porn, which seems fascinated by smooth-bodied blonde children (over 18, of course) to the exclusion of any other type of man. Thank you for providing an alternative!

Finally, in reference to including lesbian S/M-leather information: I have no objection to this as long as we keep in mind that *Drummer* is primarily a MALE oriented magazine; listing of lesbian events in the Leather Notebook, or other news items: wonderful. Extensive photo coverage and inclusion of lesbian S/M fiction? No, thank you.

G.M./Claremont, CA

Ed.: I've responded to the request you and others have made even before I could print your letter. See "In Passing" of *Drummer* 109 for a large picture of that champion Daddy Bear, Michel Rousse. *Drummer* will continue to bring you men in all kinds of masculine images, irrespective of size, shape, color, etc.

Regarding lesbian information — your concepts and mine mesh perfectly. —AFD

DUST SETTLES, KUDOS REVEALED

Congratulations are in order, I believe. I have been watching the transformation of *Drummer* with some skepticism for some time. Now that the dust has finally settled, I

SPANK



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can offer my whole-hearted thanks and appreciation for the "entertainment" you're providing and the knowledge you're sharing. You have done a tremendous job and I encourage you to maintain the quality you have thus far established.

My only concerns have been that you might be overextending yourselves. You are producing not only *Drummer*, but *Mach*, *DungeonMaster* and *FQ*, and maintaining Sandmutopia Supply. That's quite a load you're carrying, regardless of how much a "Labor of Love" it may be. Do be careful, each serves a vital purpose in our community and I do not care to consider the loss of any of them.

F.S.L./Wilmington, NC

Ed.: Sometimes we too feel that we may have bitten off just a bit too much. We are still confident that we can meet our goals of production although as is obvious we are having some difficulty with the quarterlies. But we're trying! And our best encouragement is knowing that you're enjoying our work. And tell your friends!

—AVC

FUCK THE CRITICS!

Enclosed please find my first subscription order for *Drummer* and *Mach*. What is ironic is that I am subscribing now, although I have EVERY issue except #1 — please accept this as a sign of my confidence in you and the realistic feeling

which you have brought to the magazines.

Regarding all the controversy and criticisms of late—FUCK'EM. The leather crowd that complains so much is identical to the prissy queens of 1969. Who cares, they're morons! As for Fledermaus' weight and women S/M news, follow your heads and hard dicks. We can't encourage the readers to narrowly define erotic taste. I trust you.

C.P./New Orleans, LA

PS: Expand Tough Customers!

Ed.: Thank you for the kudos! As for TC's, send yours, get your friends to send theirs!

ANYONE FOR BASTINADO?

I like *Drummer* very much. If I were to change one thing it would be to include a shot or two in your photo sections of your coverman's bare feet. I have enjoyed fantasizing about Dan Acker, Henry Romanowski, and Mike Murray, but I would enjoy even more imagining how hot it would be to torture their feet. Is there any way I could get photos of these studs barefoot? Or better still write to them directly?

R.C./Ypsilanti, MI

Ed.: Your letter was obviously written before *Drummer* 107, where Steve Cole's feet were on prominent display. I just

checked our files on the three men you mentioned and, while we have great boot shots of Henry and Dan (which will be included in *Drummer* 113 there are NO bare-foot shots of any of the three. I agree that torturing their feet does sound like great fun. I'll see what I can do about arranging a special foot session with Henry and/or Mike—I may even let a photographer watch!

As for writing to the models directly, we do not give out addresses, however we will be happy to forward fan letters to them.

—AFD

TICKLE LOVER

Thanks for the great story "Taft Tickle Torture" in *Drummer* 104. The story and especially the drawing by Etienne which showed a man in bondage being tickle tortured was my favorite. My problem is that the magazine got thrown away by mistake. I'm not sure how to get a copy. Are there any plans to have any other articles or pictures on my favorite torture—tickling?

S.B./Louisville, KY

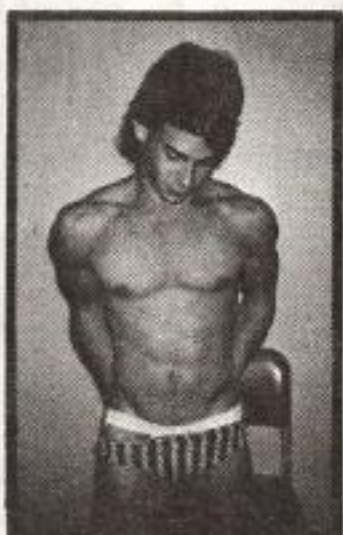
Ed.: *Drummer* 104, and almost all back issues may be ordered from us. See page 88 in this issue for order information. There are no plans at present for another feature on tickling. But we are open to submissions. Send us stories, photos,

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drawings, etc. on the subject and, if they are up to the standards, we'll be happy to publish more.

—AFD

UNCOMMUNICATIVE PERSONALS

In your personal ads why not include "please answer all letters received." If not interested drop a line saying so. Even a "no thanks" is kinder than not knowing where your letter has gone.

The personal ads can almost be matched up issue to issue. Do the same guys really run the same ad over and over and over? It makes me wonder if you just print them to fill up space. Many guys I know feel this way. If so I'd love to run an ad.

Now for good words. I really like *Drummer*, that's why I buy it. I also really enjoy the "Tough Customer" pages. I wish it were possible to expand it. I also buy *Foreskin Quarterly*.

A.R./N. Miami, FL

Ed.: I know that an advertiser should respond to all legitimate answers he gets to his ads and we will adopt your suggestions to make that statement in the ad section. It is the correct and polite thing to do. However, I currently have two quite different ads running in *Drummer*, and know that I just don't have time to respond to the answers I get as quickly as I'd like—they do get answers, but often it is a month or more later. Then there are some that I will not answer. If I am advertising for a "torture victim", to flog and shock the balls off of and I get an answer from someone who is only interested in licking my boots and getting his ass fucked, I ignore him. Similarly if I ask in the ad for some specific information and the reply I get is "I was really turned on by your ad. Call me at ----" without giving the information I asked for, I ignore the letter. If the guy answering doesn't bother to respond to the flavor of the ad, or to specifics asked for in it, why should I bother answering? The one that pissed me off most was the guy who sent a 5 page form for me to fill out without providing a bit of info on himself! Definitely wastebasket filler!

Yes, you will see many personal ads repeated from issue to issue and NO we do not just keep running them as filler. We NEVER make up ads and the only "filler" ads are real ones we allow staff members to place for themselves. These can be dropped if space requires but, none the less, are legitimate ads. The repetition you have noticed is because Leather Fraternity members receive an ad in 12 consecutive issues. They are allowed to change this ad at will, but many keep the same ad for all 12, or more. That does not mean that their ad is any less valid in its 12th insertion than it was on its 1st. I know some men who have run the same ad in various publications for 5 or more years. If it works

why change it?

Your comments on "Tough Customers" are the same as we get from many sources. "We like it. Why isn't it longer?" The answer is simple — because we don't get enough photos from you to make it longer! We publish virtually all of the TC photos we receive (Some are not publishable because they show insertion, or are of too poor a quality.) You want more? Send in your photo, get your friends to send in theirs. We are now also planning special *Fetish Beat Tough Customer* sections. I hope we get lots of photos for these too.

—AFD

BONDAGE PHOTO EMBARGO

First, congratulations on *Drummer*. My reason for writing is to draw attention of other *Drummer* supporters who are also bondage enthusiasts to the current situation. Your first editorial, in issue #99, announced that as a result of the Meese report and pressure from your distributors, there will "be less and less photos of men in bondage" in future issues. Of course we all accept that political and economic compromises are often necessary. Of course discretion is often the better part of valor when dealing with the intangibles of vague laws (and their deliberate misapplication). Of course it is best that *Drummer* should reach the widest possible readership.

The aim of this letter is to clarify the embargo and ask if you, the publishers of *Drummer* are willing to give column space to a full and balanced discussion of this ban on one specific aspect of the general *Drummer* scene. If the answer is "yes, I would like to see the broad subject of bondage debated by *Drummer* readers (whether they're active in SM or they see "bondage freaks" as an embarrassment and a threat to the public image of their own particular "gay lifestyle). Input by people with different views on this topic will serve to widen general understanding of a very complex area of sensual gamesmanship. The diversity and subtleties are often lost because of generalized inherited prejudice.

Both gay and straight people are heading for a time of unimaginable changes in sexual norms. Safe sex and alternative forms of sexual gratification are being explored. I personally have been invited by a government-controlled Public Health Authority in Britain to contribute to a review of safe sex alternatives for both hetero- and homosexuals. The first step will be to reappraise popular prejudices against "Fetishes," "Kinks," "Perversions," and so forth. Taboo subjects are already being discussed publicly by political and religious leaders. Condoms may soon be available to men in British prisons. Deep-rooted prejudices and ignorance must be the first targets.

The successful move to ban photos of men in bondage seems to be based entirely on a misunderstanding of bondage as sensual play. If in the columns of *Drummer* the case can be argued that non-violent, consensual physical restraint can provide a whole spectrum of erotically pleasurable and "safe" sexual gratification, this information can be made more widely available. And those of us who march to the rhythm of this particular drum can again be fully catered for in the pages of *Drummer* — because, as every good editor knows, one picture is worth a thousand words.

I hope this letter from a maker of bondage equipment doesn't look like an attempt to protect my markets or promote sales. Primarily I am a bondage enthusiast who likes, more than anything, to see strong men physically restrained, to restrain them, or be subdued and restrained by them.

Jim Stewart/Fetters/London, England

Ed.: The answer is definitely "Yes," we would like to hear from you on this. And as Editor, I get to go first!. As anyone who has seen me work knows I am definitely also someone who "likes, more than anything, to see strong men physically restrained, to restrain them," but I think that Jim is missing the point here. This is not a "move to ban photos of men in Bondage," it is a move to ban anything "kinky." Bondage photos are just one of the group that will get the distributors of magazines up in arms.

Drummer readers debating the merits of bondage, in and of itself, will be most interesting. But it will do nothing to solve this problem because the problem does not come from *Drummer* readers. It comes from a coalition of the fundamentalist right that opposes anything that goes against their own morality and a major branch of the feminist movement that sees any form of forced sexuality, even pretend forced sexuality by gay men, as violence against women (don't ask me to try to interpret the reasons for THAT one!) They have created an atmosphere that invites local public attorneys trying to make a name for themselves to seek out the "vile pornographers" and charge them. Even with defense by the ACLU and other organizations likely to prevail, no one really wants to bring down all this shit on themselves. So the distributors bow to the intimidation, cover their asses, and refuse to handle anything they consider too "far out." At the moment many of these have decided that photos of men in bondage, men who could conceivably have been forced against their will, are too far out for their tastes.

The ones we need to debate with are not others of our community, not even the distributors; it's the ones promoting the intimidation we have to counter!

—AFD

RENEGADE

by TIM BARRUS

This is a chapter from the forthcoming book, Genocide, published by Knight Press.

When shall we three meet again. In thunder,
lightning or in rain. When the hurlyburly's done.
When the battle's lost and won.

—Macbeth.

Moses had at first not really wanted the Harley (they called it the Hog). He trusted himself but Sean was always in trouble. Moses had not wanted the Harley but his black soul knew deep down somewhere in the black confines of the black bones in his black bloody bowels that eventually he'd have one. The bike was a given. One of many. They called it the Hog because it was a hog; it ate up the road the same way some men eat midnight. The Hog and Sean were made for one another. They fit. "Okay," Moses had said at the time to his whiteboy loverboy, "you wanna Harley, whiteboy? You're gonna to have to learn how to use it or it sure as shit will learn how to use you." So there it was. And Sean learned well because Sean was trouble.

Sean could not remember how long he'd been on the bike. It seemed like forever. The wet ribbon of bibleblack blacktop floated beneath him effortlessly. The Hog ate and fed. Eating road eating road. Eating and feeding. It rained when Sean had left Manhattan but then it would. The wet chill had bounced off his leather. Sean could glide and manipulate his way in, around and through the Greenwich Village traffic snarl, breeze-on by New Jersey, head the bike west and hog his way to freedom wherever freedom was. Sean was a renegade but then Sean had always been a renegade. Trouble. He was stopped by Highway Patrol somewhere in the Mid-West. Farmer country and hot as an old crone's tit in August. Sean wanted to be half-naked. It was hot enough to be half-naked. But Sean could not afford to look like a faggot. And he made sure the cop caught a glimpse of his old Marine Vietnam ID card—turning raggedy—it also turned the trick. And the cop let him go without too much hassle, which was a good thing for the cop.

Sean could have killed the man but he didn't.

It was fullmoon late and somehow his body seemed glued into

position on the bike. He should have ached but with that much power between his crazy legs he never ached. He just ate road. He had left Chicago at twilight and was well past Rock Island at coolblack silent midnight. Awesome midnight. Leather midnight. Totally alone midnight blue. One man one bike and the road, eating road. Sean knew that eventually he'd have to find a place to pull over—perhaps sleep if sleep would come—if he could find a hiding place somewhere within the anonymous sacrosanct shadows of the fullmoon. Somewhere in the trees. It would be a half-sleep. The kind of sleep he had grown used to in Khe Sahn. Half asleep. Half ready to fight.

Listening . . .

It was after three somewhere off the road. Somewhere quiet and inviolate. Somewhere where the owls stood watch. The Harley cooled with an almost evil seethe. Sean could hear the soft enigmatic sound of a train in the raving distance. The whistle of the train. The trains were always full of faggots. Sean did not look like a faggot. And so far he had managed to avoid the trains. He could still sense the heat from his bike. And he simply rested, listening to the night scream her sounds of trains, trains filled with faggots, midnight trains on their midnight way to wherever it is such faggot screams in the bibleblackness swallow themselves whole like bible tongues stuck down a man's throat during his last final squirming exploding moments.

Moses had known for a long time that eventually he'd be found. It was a given. One of many. "How long do you think we can hide?" he'd ask, although it was not really a question. Not long: the answer hung between Sean and Moses with a promiscuous tension. Unspoken. It was a time when men did whatever men could do to—survive. You hid you vanished you allowed the earth to suck you up you survived because surviving was all that



PHOTO from DRUMMER FILE

had been left to you. It was a time of roundups and trains and the sick stink from ovens at the edge of town any town would do and quarantines and horror and let's go quietly arrests in the hushed bloodless faggot night. It was a time of fear and piles of bodies and brothers who dies faggotnaked thin in your arms in camps in trains in ditches dug into the ground by the men buried there, men who were buried by men who would be buried elsewhere themselves. The final extenuating irony to genocide being the fact that the dead had to be buried by the living. It was a time of business as usual. You dug someone else's grave. Someone else dug yours.

Sean was off before sunrise. Heading west. "Eventually you'll have to go, Sean" Moses had said many times. But Sean kept putting the moment off. It wasn't really happening it couldn't possibly be happening. Not here. Not now.

"Come with me," Sean would say. And his whiteboy sultry eyes would lasciviously beg, Moses liked it when Sean begged.

"Don't beg," he'd say. "It's hard enough, you don't have to beg. Whatchyou thinking anyway, whiteboy, a black motherfucker like me riding all fuckfree with some white dude like you, pigshit Sean, we'd get picked up before we'd get halfway to Chicago. You got to think about going NOW. And not with me, whiteboy. Not with me. LOOK AT ME! Motherfucker, I'm a blacknigger stick-it-in-yer-face Namvet heroinqueer and you cannot hide me cause, Sean, I cannot be hidden. Get this fuck through your whiteboy skull I love your candy ass, whiteboy, now you've got to fucking go..."

Sean had refused to go. Moses had hit him. Sean did not often cry.

That had been the last time they had made love—fucked—oh, they had fucked in some of the most sublime places through some of the most sublime and tortured of times. They had fucked in Nam. Both men were sweaty ripe for it. Fucking was a given. One of many. Sean had teased Moses because Sean was trouble. And he paraded his tight whiteboy butt in front of Moses' face until Moses finally had him late one night in their airless deathsmelling bunker. Some of the other men watched. It had to be done. They had fucked somewhat obsessively after Nam back in the States. They had, of course, fucked on the Hog. It was a given. One of many. It was easier for them than most to go underground with it—with themselves—with the fucking when so many of their kind—faggots—started being daylight caught, rounded up, quarantined, put in camps, put onto trains. It was easier for them than most to lose themselves because losing touch with who you were in order to survive had become so much second nature. They could do this in their sleep. They lived in a basement for a long time. It was never too smart to remain stationary for very long. From the basement they had moved to an attic where often it was difficult to escape the sounds of the screams from those who found themselves surrounded. Caught. Rounded up. Put on trains. They had spent six months undetected in an abandoned building on the Lower East Side. It was here that they fucked with abandon for the last time.

They had been abandoned and as a result they managed to learn how to abandon themselves to one another; they were all they had. The last time being as raw as intractable as giving as—turbulent—as the first time.

The room was small, cold and concrete. A single mattress lay in a corner on the floor where the two men were naked; there was nothing small, cold or uglyhard about the love and the sense of bonding they possessed and which possessed them. Sean impregnated his wet disingenuous tongue deeply into his lover's sexually absolved shithole. Whiteboy ate and feasted his honest way into the black motherfucker's giving bowels. Moses reached up and pushed Sean's face into his black crack—eat my ass. The white renegade's pink tongue danced over darkly curled rectal hair. Moses opened his hole and told Sean to fuck him. Sean had never fucked him. And now that that war was over and another war had taken its place Sean had still never fucked Moses.

"Fuck me," Moses said.

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Sean mounted the man and fucked him, Moses' black liquid eyes never leaving the eyes and the soul of his whiteboy candyass renegade lover. Sean spermed. He gasped. He spasmed shot screamed came and collapsed into the strong masculine black arms of the man he was leaving to an uncertain fate. The one man he trusted. The one man he had been with for so long but now that was over. The one man he had committed himself to. Commitment. His face rested on Moses' muscular chest. A slow singular drop of sweat formed on Moses' left tit and languidly seemed to fall, to drop sweetly, to merge with the rest of his male black wetness. Sean kissed his lover's black breast and slept.

In all of their years in all of their jungles and in all of the wars they had seen it was the first time Moses allowed himself to cry. Sean left in the morning. Moses could not bear to see his whiteboy go. Sean had to go if he was going to survive. Commitment. If he was going to avoid being put onto a morgue train to midnight madness. Moses would not survive the madness, the morgue or many more midnights—life was ephemeral. Moses was black queerblack heroinblack faggotblack bad and black as midnight on a moonless sea so forgotten even the gods will sing. And there it could not be hidden. He would be discovered. It was a given. One of many. After Sean was gone Moses went out in the grey daylight street and stood soaked in the pouring rain.

□ □ □

Sean's hog purred with a growling sort of perfect perfection, eating blacktop, eating miles. He stopped only when he had to stop. He answered questions with answers that were not really answers. He moved. He was not stationary. California 139 winds its way north of Susanville toward towns with names like Adin, Lookout, Canby, Fall River Mills: towns no one had ever heard of. Towns no one had ever been to. Towns no one had ever seen. Smalltown mountain towns off the beaten path. Just being in such a place reminded Sean of his father. He had put up fence posts with his father then — just like the fence posts he was passing now — h-o-w many years ago? Sean had been trouble, then. Sean was trouble, now. He went back although he did not know why he was back. He had been impossible, then. He was impossible, now.

The Lookout, California high school is located just outside of town on the road to the Whitehorse Indian Reservation. Sean circled the school on his bike and stopped near the rear of the empty parking lot. Timewarp. He could hardly believe that he was here . . . this place. What was happening to the world w-h-y had he come three thousand miles to this empty place. Even though it was summer Sean could see his mountain breath. He kickstarted the Harley and drove through the empty midnight California village. The same place which years ago had branded him—renegade — the place which had set him free. The road which skirts the reservation itself turns to dirt three miles after you leave Lookout. Same shacks. Same white trash. Same sense of isolated depression. Same rusted cars in the same front yards. Sean was fairly sure that he knew he way to Jimmy Dog's and that Jimmy Dog would be there because where the fuck else was Jimmy Dog going to go?

It was before Vietnam. Before Moses. Before the trains. Before the now of now. It was before Sean had seen or tasted anything of the world. "And don't you forget me, Sean," Jimmy Dog had said. And Sean had forgotten this other—renegade—this man this first man who had taught him how to love and make love to other men. "You know where to find me if you need me," Jimmy Dog had said. He did not want Sean to go but Sean burned with a desire to see everything there was to see, to feel everything there was to feel, to ride his Harley ass bibleblack at bible fullmoon midnight. Sean enlisted. He shipped out to Vietnam and he saw everything there was to see, he felt everything there was to feel, and now he was back, older, broken, scarred, still a renegade, riding his Harley ass bibleblack at bible fullmoon midnight. Jimmy Dog answered the door in his underwear.

Jimmy Dog had seen Sean park the bike in the back in one of the sheds. Someone might see the bike and get suspicious. Jimmy

Dog was above suspicion and he intended to keep it that way. There was beer and story telling and back-slapping. There was laughter and old times and remember when we were busted that night for one fucking joint? More laughter. And how they'd kept us in jail until our fathers came to collect us only our fathers never did come to collect us. So eventually they just let us go. And remember how we used to go fishing where we'd sneak off skipping school sucking dick in the woods—fishing. More laughter.

"How bad is it," Jimmy Dog asked. "We hear the stories . . ."

"Bad," Sean said. "I—I left someone . . ." There was a long silence between the past and the present. "Someone who could not be hidden."

That Sean needed to hide was a given. One of many. "Someone you loved," Jimmy Dog said.

"Yes." Just yes.

And they talked nonstop until the sun rose in the east and Sean passed out unconscious on the floor of his Indian brother. Jimmy Dog put a blanket over the man who had made such an unexpected appearance at his front door. He put a pillow under Sean's head and watched Sean sleep for what seemed like hours. It was a time of midnight visits and old friendships and old promises and old vows and old commitments and broken men. It was the time of living underground undetected. It was the time of fear and trains and being turned in by people who you thought cared but after all they cared about not being put onto a train themselves. It was a time of digging graves so many graves the earth seemed scarred and burned and twisted and cut the earth bled blood and the earth was bloody tired of humanity.

Sean stayed with Jimmy Dog undetected. He rarely left the small house. The Harley stood unused and stiff in the shed. Sean slept on the floor and dreamed of Nam and after Nam and Moses until the night he crawled into the bed of Jimmy Dog. Jimmy Dog, knowing it would only be a matter of time, it was only a matter of time until Sean made love to his Indian companion, the soul who had given him such committed refuge. The Indian raised his legs Sean mounted and fucked and fucked and fucked. Losing himself again. It was a time of great sorrow and great love and great passion and commitment. It was a time of fuck one man into another. The sound of slapping male flesh filled the room. The smell of one renegade giving himself to another filled their souls with lust and they laughed because they were still capable of laughing. Jimmy Dog sucked Sean's tongue down into his Indian throat and Sean shot and spermed and tried to scream. It was a time of great fucking fucking being all that was left to them. It was the time of midnight sounds of faggot trains in the raving distance.

Jimmy Dog went into town because it had been decided it was somewhat safe for Jimmy Dog to go into town. He rode the Harley because he wanted to ride the Harley. There was this midnight thrill to the feel of all that power between his Indian legs. Sean sat by the fire and waited for Jimmy Dog to return. Commitment. They caught Jimmy Dog as he was leaving the hardware store. Jimmy Dog fought back because it was the time of fighting back. But the fighting back in the final analysis was merely symbolic. The men who took him took him because taking him was their responsibility and such men take responsibility seriously they are responsible contributing members of the community and none of them were faggots.

Jimmy Dog said nothing to the man among the men who took him that this man's renegade son was hiding at the home of Jimmy Dog. Jimmy Dog would never see his home again. Jimmy Dog was a faggot and not only that but he was an Indian faggot.

He could not be hidden.

Sean sat by the fire until the fire went out. Commitment. It started to mountain rains and Sean felt a chill creep into his renegade soul. It was a time of much breathless midnight running. It was a time of war and love. When Sean realized in his renegade faggot bones that Jimmy Dog would not be coming back he went outside into the dirt road and stood soaked in the pouring rain. □

TIES THAT BIND

by GUY BALDWIN, M.S.

NEW
IN
DRUMMER

Sacred Cows Make the Best Hamburger

Much to the surprise of many who do not share our particular interests, we Sexual Frontiersmen do think about "A RELATIONSHIP" about as often as, say, the rest of our gay bretheren. Some people I know believe that leather men don't enter relationships as often as "vanilla" variety gay men. But I certainly have the impression that relationships and how to form them are on our minds a lot, especially in the face of AIDS.

It will be my intention in this space to share with you both my clinical and personal insights into some of the issues and problems that men pursuing the S/M lifestyle or S/M sexualities encounter as we make our way into the relationships in which we become involved.

Currently, I am a licensed psychotherapist in private practice. Most of my reading, research, writing and public speaking has had S/M as its focus. In short, S/M has long since become an obsession for me. I consider myself, therefore, blessed. Fate might have chosen any number of boring preoccupations for me, but I was spared!

In my capacity as a therapist, I have spent some 10,000 hours talking with kinky gay men about a wide variety of issues, including their relationships. Naturally, during the course of so many hours of talk, patterns begin to reveal themselves. My hope is that in telling you what I have learned, you will look at your relationships with a fresh perspective, and perhaps come to a way of thinking about them that you may find more workable than before.

"Workable!" What the hell does he mean by that?

I mean, does it work for you or against you? Is it part of the solution or part of the problem? Does the relationship add to everyone's life or not? *Is the screwing you're getting worth the screwing you're getting?*



PHOTO BY ZEUS

I had to laugh when Fledermaus suggested I consider writing a column on relationships for *Drummer*; for years I've had a suppressed desire to bomb their offices! Many of you readers have the experience and sophistication to know that *Drummer* has been primarily a fantasy magazine. But I know from my experience as a therapist that many readers of pornography have tried to pattern their relationships (and sometimes their lives) after the stories they have read, occasionally with disastrous results.

This happens most often among younger guys who have just stumbled across the scene and felt a deep resonance within themselves. In the course of trying to respond to these feelings, they soon come across *Drummer* and commonly report that it was like finding the Motherlode. That is, until they went out in search of —

Well, needless to say, most of these newcomers have some

pretty unreal notions about who they want to marry. And for good reason. The role models in S/M fantasy stories, for both Tops and bottoms are more like icons than real people. They don't live real lives. For the most part, they populate worlds where no one works or gets sick or has parents or professional reputations to deal with; where no one has emotional hang-ups, fears, weaknesses or feelings of being trapped or insecure.

Young people in particular, but also large numbers of the not-so-young, need role models, of course. Role models somehow tell us how to be. And for those just coming into the scene, the sight of men in leather can be so intimidating that newcomers often just plain don't talk to anyone. Magazines seem instantly more accessible and more controllable. They appear to offer the novice the kind of intimate, insider-

type information that he craves in order to give form to those powerful feelings he has banging around in his head and shorts. (He's probably still wearing shorts at this point.)

Unfortunately, such a person is not always experienced enough (just in life, let alone the leather scene) to distinguish between probable fantasy and possible reality. These early feelings have a funny way of acting like a template or yardstick against which the validity of later feelings will be measured. I remember so well the experience of seeing my first Tom of Finland icons. I have never truly recovered at some level: some part of me compares all men with those internalized images... and with the predictable results. Stories can work the same way.

In fact, when it comes to role models for S/M relationships, the one-handed stories we read often do not even suggest that relationships are possible. Perhaps with the occasional exception of some Mister Benson-type stories that have appeared here in serial form, one could easily conclude that S/M relationships just don't happen. When I came out into the S/M-Leather scene (the earth was still cooling) it was a common saying that S/M relationships could not and did not last. S/M couples who had been together even a few years were spoken of in reverent and respectful terms.

As I began to meet couples who were in the S/M scene and was allowed to slowly learn about how their relationships REALLY functioned, I saw that they bore no resemblance to anything I had ever read about in the underground world of S/M publications. It turned out that, for the most part, what makes for good fantasy did not look much like anyone's reality.

The reason, of course, is that man does not live by fantasy alone. As it happens, man does not live by reality alone, either.

(continued on page 21)

REPORT

SEND YOUR ENTRIES TO DRUMMER REPORT
PO BOX 11314, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1314



PHILADELPHIA CENSORSHIP

Michael McGettigan reports in his DOWNSHOUTER column in the *Philadelphia City Paper* that Art Now / Gallery

FLORIDA GOES AFTER ADULT VIDEO

Variety reports that Florida prosecutors are making use of the Racketeer-Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act to arrest people in obscenity cases. One couple who owned a video store in Cocoa Beach has been sentenced to serve 30 months of a ten-year sentence. State Attorney Norm Wolfinger has distributed letters indicating 31 obscene adult videos, based on previous court decisions. He said that was all he was permitted to do in regard to warning video dealers.

Meanwhile in L.A., UPI says a distributor of explicit videos is being charged with violating obscenity laws by distributing videotapes which simulate sexual torture and degradation of women. The two tapes leading to the charges are "Dianna's Destiny" and "Abducted and Trained."

Guide, which has for years been the road map for big-city gallery-goers with its just-the-facts style refused to publish a paid ad for Nexus gallery which contained a photograph by Daniel Perry. The photograph titled "Couple Showing Exotic Paraphernalia" from the showing listed as "SocioPhoto" was promptly returned by the *Guide* as unsuitable for publication.

Carole Kabakow editor of the *Guide* finally admitted that "I feel it's violent and objectionable." Most interesting, Kabakow said that Perry's photo was the first to be rejected, or even considered for rejection, in her five years at the *Guide*. Would she say that speaks for the power of the image in the photo? No, it's just one of those weak, objectionable photos, apparently.

The Nexus gallery substituted another Perry photograph, "Joan Crawford Look-Alike With Raw Meat," which shows a contest winner being presented with a box of steaks. This was accepted. I understand—I think.

NOT SO GAY IN CHINA

Chinese records give hints of homosexuality as early as the Shang dynasty (1122 BC) according to *The Economist*. The chronicles of the Han dynasty, at the time of Christ, named emperors and their male favorites. By the time of the Norman conquest of Britain, male prostitution and public transvestism were commonplace in China. Respectable Hong Kong Chinese refuse to believe it. They see homosexuality as a western problem, and think the law protects innocent Chinese youths from promiscuous westerners.

In China itself, by contrast, there are no laws against homosexual acts; the Communist authorities think the question too small to worry about. The Communist authorities for decades proudly claimed to have eradicated prostitution in

China. In Canton they are now registering the prostitutes, both male and female, who officially do not exist.

POSTAL SERVICE RAN CHILD PORN STING

Chief Postal Inspector Clauson and Attorney General Meese announced recently that Project Looking Glass, a Postal Service sting operation that sought to find purchasers of child pornography, had resulted in over 70 prosecutions, according to the report in the *San Francisco Examiner*. Postal inspectors sent out solicitations purporting to be from a foreign mail order firm to mailing lists identified in previous investigations, and sent catalogues to those who responded. 229 people sent in orders, and inspectors obtained court orders to search 170 locations in 38 states.

CANADIAN PORN LAW FEARED

A law proposed in Canada, bill C-54, is causing concern among writers, artists and film makers, *Variety* (Aug. 26) reported. Opponents claim the bill would force artists to show that their works have "artistic value. Members of the Committee for the Defense of Freedom of Expression, a Quebec-based group opposing the bill, say the bill has resulted from the focus on the Meese Commission in the United States. The bill defines pornographic acts, and sets penalties of 5-10 years in jail for violations. The group says that many of the most popular feature films could be banned under the proposed law. They are working to pressure Prime Minister Mulroney to withdraw the bill.

POSITION FILLED

University Hospitals in Cleveland has received 1200 responses to its request for 40 volunteers to test a new drug, LY163502, that improves sexual desire. Fifteen other institutions are also testing the drug.

CONTROVERSY OVER S/M GROUP

The *Chain Link* reports that the Albuquerque, New Mexico group People Exchanging Power (PEP), a relatively young S/M group which incorporates Lesbians, Gay Men, and Heterosexuals in its membership, has created quite a stir in the gay community of Albuquerque. From their inception, they had been meeting in the local community center, Common Bond. According to the Common Bond Ink, the newsletter of this organization, the steering committee began last December to question the propriety of allowing this group to continue meeting in their facility. Some within the steering committee were opposed on the grounds that there were straight men in the group, while others seemed to object to the presence of SadoMasochists at all.

The latest response of Common Bond has been to schedule a citywide forum on the issue, where "proponents and opponents of S/M" could make brief presentations; the issue would then be opened for general discussion.

EROTIC '976' CALLS LOSE IN COURT

The U.S. Court of Appeals in San Francisco has ruled that phone companies need not allow businesses to set up erotic '976' services, the *San Francisco Chronicle* reported. In a 2-1 decision, the court found that Mountain Bell's ban of sexually-oriented phone message services was legal. The case derived from a challenge by two Phoenix, Arizona adult phone services to a Mountain Bell ban on erotic phone services. The court said that a private business, even where regulated by the government, may ban such message services, and that such a ban is not discriminatory or illegal. Pacific Bell and the Public Utilities Commission in California have yet to decide what policy to follow on adult phone services.

ARTIFICIAL SEXUAL ORGANS

A bill before the Illinois State Senate would outlaw the sale of dildos and artificial vaginas. The bill, up for final confirmation, follows majority approval by the House of Representatives (98 to 10). Prohibiting over-the-counter sale of "artificial sexual organs," the bill was created to stop adult bookstore business in the district represented by Rep. Linda Williamson (R-Franklin Park) who claims seeing these discarded items in the store's parking lot and on neighboring lawns where children might find them. The owner of Male Hide Leathers, Robert Maddox, disagrees: "I think they are way off-base, not from a business standpoint, but from one of personal health. If a person wants stimulation, it is certainly safer to play with a piece of plastic than with another person."

LION'S SHARE ARE EROTIC CALLS

Pacific Bell states that 62% of all charges and 50% of all calls for the special '976' billing numbers for July 1986 through May 1987 in California were for the erotic phone services, according to the *San Francisco Examiner*. The phone company collected \$64.2 million for all '976' services, and of that \$40.1 million was for erotic telephone calls, either live or recorded. After erotic calls, the highest revenue producer was the "party line" category, where people are connected to other callers for general talk.

There have been several moves by Pacific Bell and the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) to do away with the adult phone services. The Public Utilities Commission refused to permit Pacific Bell to regulate the content. Pacific Bell is also asking to drop the live calls because they require monitoring because of disruptive callers. The FCC had threatened or initiated prosecution against adult phone services which did not have a method to keep children from calling them, but no recent prosecutions seem to have occurred, and there seems to be no shortage of adult phone services at present.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL POLICY SHIFT

In a reversal of its past policies, Amnesty International is conducting a worldwide study on torture and imprisonment of homosexuals. The organization, long criticized for avoiding these issues, will use the study results in discussions of policy changes which could result in references to persons imprisoned for their sexual orientation or for advocating gay equality as "prisoners of conscience." Reports of the study will be published at the next meeting of Amnesty in Brazil this October.

HARSH AIDS MEASURES FAVORED

A Los Angeles *Times* poll (Aug. 2) has found that 29% of Americans favor tattooing AIDS carriers, 42% favor voluntary testing, and 49% favor mandatory tests for those people at high risk. Further, 42% believe that some civil liberties must be suspended in the war on AIDS. Only 38% said no. 68% favor criminal sanctions against people with AIDS who continue to have sex.

CREATIVE ACTION AGAINST AIDS

Virtually anyone, whatever their skills or available time, can do something to help in the fight against AIDS.

That's the premise of a new booklet, being prepared as a non-profit, cooperative effort by a number of publishers and writers. The booklet, titled *You CAN Do Something About AIDS*, will be widely distributed next spring, free of charge.

"I think huge numbers of people in middle America, including many who a few years ago didn't know what AIDS was, are now eager to do something about it," says Sasha Alyson. His company, Alyson Publications, is coordinating the all-volunteer effort.

"Unfortunately, most of those people assume there's nothing they can do. The point of this booklet is to give them some ideas, to get them started, to encourage them to think creatively about the options open to them."

The booklet will emphasize

A Gallup Poll (July 13) found that 52% of Americans favor testing of all American citizens for AIDS, 90% favor testing prospective immigrants, and 80% favor testing marriage license applicants. 43% of respondents said they are or plan to avoid suspected victims, 42% are avoiding elective surgery, 28% are avoiding public rest rooms, and 20% have or will stop donating blood in order to avoid contracting AIDS.

BIAFRA JURY DEADLOCKS

In the trial of Jello Biafra for distributing a poster thought "harmful" to children, the jury was split 7-5, and Los Angeles Municipal Court Judge Susan Isacoff ordered all charges dismissed in the case, *The San Francisco Chronicle* reported. This means the case will not be retried. Jurors indicated that they split along age lines, with a number of them being punk rock fans. Those jurors asked for copies of Biafra's Dead Kennedys album *Frankenchrist*.

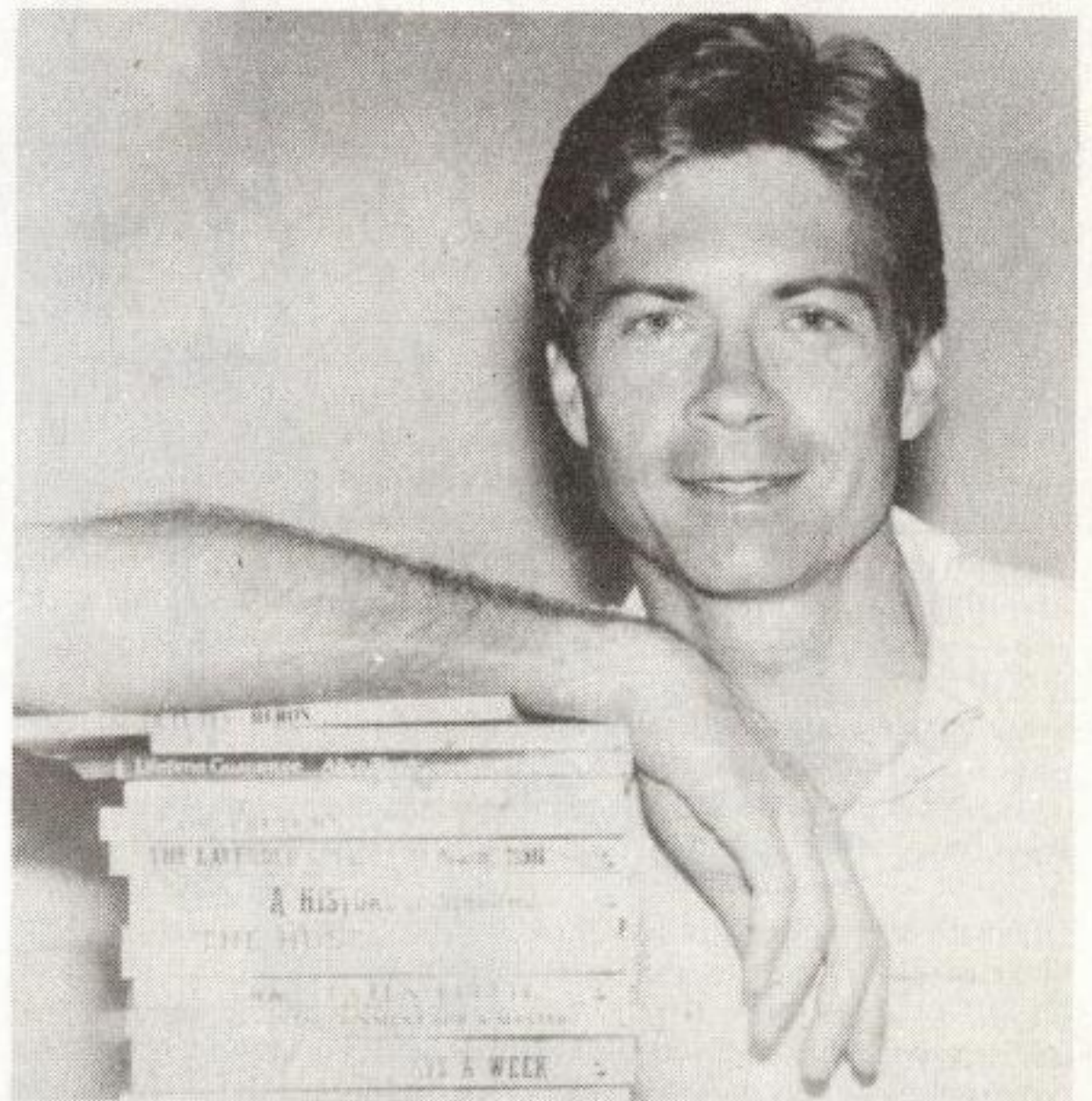
The trial had included the testimony of art experts, who indicated that the poster in question, "Penis Landscape,"

dealt with the mechanization of sexuality and exploitation, and was not a turn-on. One witness, Professor Joan Weinstein of the University of Pittsburgh art history department indicated that the poster correlated with the lyrics to some of the songs on the record album, and together they dealt with social issues.

MISSISSIPPI LAW AND ORDER

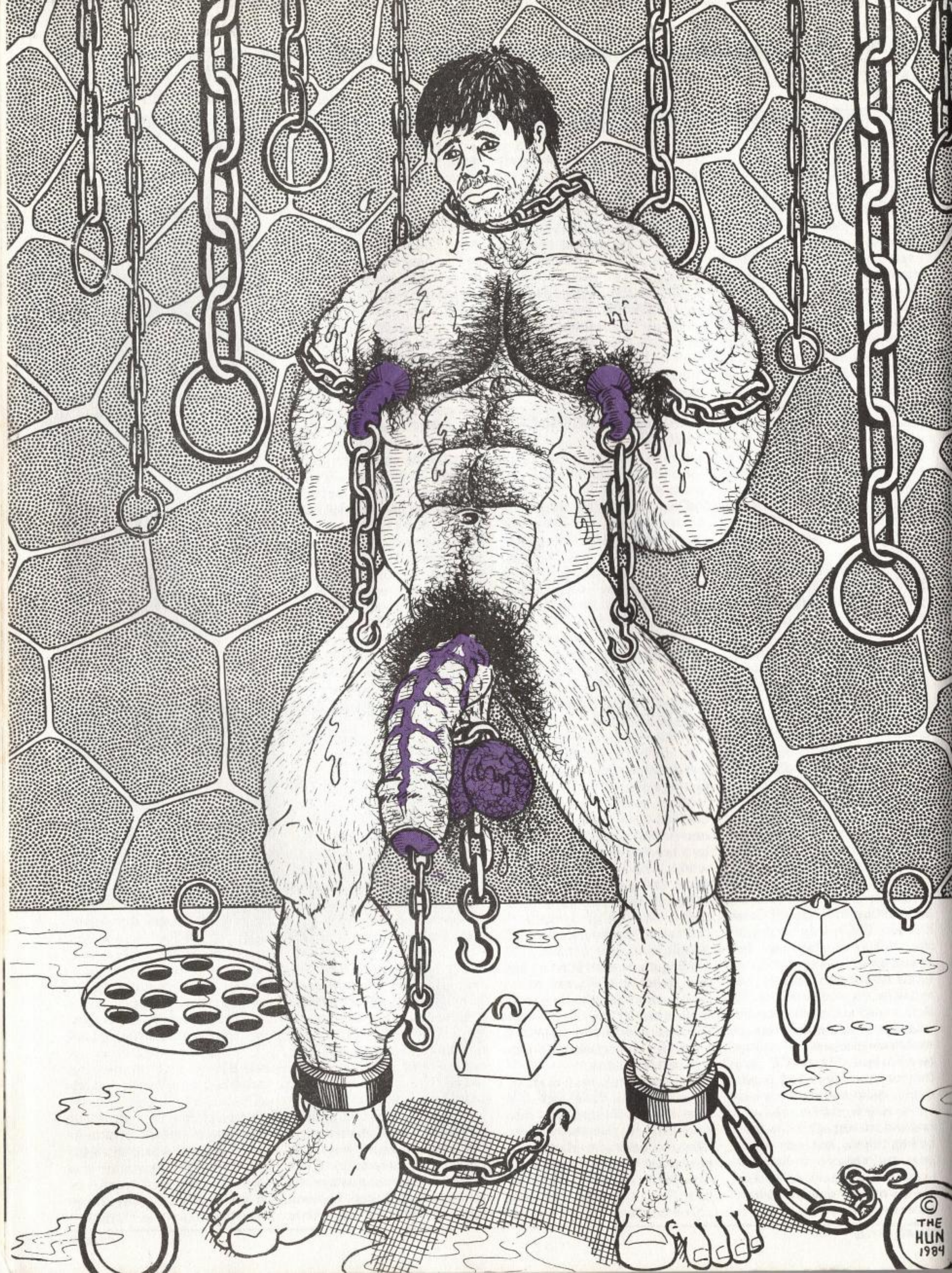
Charles Graham and two others were assaulted by thugs armed with baseball bats outside of Graham's bar, Poppers—the only gay bar in Meridian, MS. The response of the local law authorities was to charge one assailant with simple assault and release him on \$522 bond.

Police Chief Walter Tucker had a novel solution to Graham's problems. He suggested that Graham close down Poppers and move out of town. Graham did close the bar, but he plans on opening another one just outside the city limits. *United Press International* reports "several of the residents have called to tell me how happy they are," says the gendarme.



the wide range of ways that people can help fight AIDS. There are a lot of ideas already, but more are needed. Be creative in exploring the many

steps, big and small, that individuals around the country can take. Suggestions? Write to: Alyson Publications, 40 Plympton St., Boston, Mass. 02118 □





SOFT IRON

by DALE REES

The shackles gripped me tightly in their lover's embrace and though I faced the stark reality that my efforts were useless, I strained toward freedom. As a prisoner within the confines of the Jedid's castle, I felt the fate which had been that of my companions must surely be mine—though I could only wonder why I alone had been spared.

Heavy footsteps sounded on the damp stones beyond the faint flickering of a single candle. A shape formed out of the darkness. Dressed as he was in a leather jerkin and leggings, I took him to be another of the warriors who had taken me captive. Then his eyes met mine. They fixed themselves solidly, refusing to loosen their rigid grip. It was one of the few times that I claim to have felt fear. "You are comfortable?" he asked. The words fell sarcastically and flatly. He was well over six feet in height and his great black mane hung loosely over broad shoulders. It was the Jedid.

"I will see your blood coat the stones over which you walk," I answered sharply.

"Strong words from one who hangs chained to the wall." He paused. "What is your name, boy?"

I had at first thought not to answer his questioning, but even then I was aware of his compelling power to pull whatever he wished to the surface. His hard muscled arms reached out. Wide hands moved upward along my bare sides. The fingers spread themselves across my flesh. They moved slowly, as though testing

my body's firmness.

"Alae." The answer was dragged from me.

"Alae, the sight of you pleases me."

"I am owned by no man."

"Too much spirit will make it hard for you." His hand continued its journey across my chest, stopping to twist one of my nipples. Pain slithered through me like a serpent long dormant and now ravenous. Raw, physical power issued from his presence—this was not some overly-confident tyrant who thought the world ended and began with him. Even in distant Soundas we had heard of him, though he had seemed more shadowy legend than reality. "The guards will come to lower your chains, then you may rest. Tomorrow you will be brought to me." He turned and faded back into the darkness.

Later, as I lay on a pile of foul-smelling straw, my thoughts lingered on the events which had led me to that damnable place.

Dry yellow grass crumbled beneath our feet as we entered the plain of Kelven. Behind us, like a ragged beggar unable to continue the march, lay the Wordal Mountains. We had left the coastal city of Dara five days earlier and were on our way back to Soundas when the warriors attacked. We did not hear their muffled movements until it was too late. Of the thirty men in our party, I alone live to tell of the butchery that took place. The Jedid's

men out-numbered us three-to-one and it was obvious from the start that we could not hope to maneuver against such odds. Sunlight flashed on our weapons as we slashed with hopeless courage against their forces. Thunderous cries of victory rose finally as we finally fell beneath the sharp blades of the attackers. But my heart gladdened at the thought that we were able to see their blood run brightly upon our swords before defeat—a soldier must make account to his gods.

I was taken captive, bound in chains, and forced to witness the succeeding carnage. The ambushers' laughter drowned the piteous cries of their victims. Hard, heated cocks tore unmercifully between stretched-out legs; men were castrated while still alive; and I hazily remember my childhood friend, Tubar, screaming in anguish—his limbs tied to stallions as he was dragged apart by their frantic hooves. With their throats slit, the bodies lay like wind-tossed debris, meat left for the scavenging jackals. Atop a nearby hillock stood a dark figure, his face dimly shrouded beneath a hood. He watched unmoved as the carnage progressed, and I saw him still there as I, revolted and horrified, was dragged from the scene.

Now the Jedid wanted me. There would be no tenderness in this man. He took what he wanted.

Slowly a light sleep came over me and I was lost to a more peaceful world.

"Wake up, dog."

A sharp pain lanced through my side.

I watched in silence as one of the guards unlocked the chains that bound my feet, leaving the shackles on my wrists. The first guard pulled me roughly to my feet.

"Bran," the other guard said, "if you damage him the Master will be angry."

"He's a savage, and worth nothing except sport, as were the others."

"That has been taken out of our hands." He turned to me. "Come, the Master does not like to be kept waiting."

"Where are you taking me?"

The guard who had kicked me brought his hand swiftly through the air, striking my face. "Slaves do not ask questions."

I stiffened, my bound arms useless. I was left with no choice but to follow them up the rough hewn steps and out into the gray light of dawn. As we crossed a large courtyard, I noticed the goods we had traded for in Dara lay scattered about. We passed under a high stone arch carved with figures of men in chains bound in various positions, their tortured expressions clearly captured by the sculptor. The guards stopped abruptly. "Annu, wait here with this pig from the dung pits. I will speak with the Master."

Just as Bran turned out of sight, I heard the first of several screams; screams which threatened to burrow beneath my skin and affix themselves permanently. Annu seemed not to notice the horrid sounds.

"Bran does not seem to like you," Annu said, "but that is to be expected. You will do well to watch yourself."

"I do not fear him."

A queer look came over his face. "The Master desires you. Beyond that, do not trust too far."

It seemed this man was different from the other. The hatred that ran through Bran did not seem to eb in Annu, but could he be trusted? There were so many questions I needed to ask. Would he answer? "You are not like Bran."

He lost what faint smile he had attempted. "The Master wants you, as I have said. Do not forget your position within these walls depends upon that single fact."

His words only made me wonder more. I thought again of the man who had visited me the previous night. Like a solid shadow he had stepped from beyond the darkness. I was about to speak when Bran returned.

"You are to be taken to the baths."

I was led to a large pool of green and black marble. The water within the bowl shimmered in the rays of the awakening sun. Bran had been right about one thing: I did smell like the dung pits. Now, however, the water's warmth soothed my limbs as I washed with

the soap given me. The soap had a strange, not quite flowery fragrance that reminded me of the plains' grasses. I thought of the low, rolling, pale golden hills which surround Soundas. Like a chain reaction other thoughts passed through my mind. I thought of Ledlan, my lover, and his face as he waved upon our leaving for Dara. Would I ever see him again? I wondered if he would hear of the slaughter and think me dead, also.

"Alae!" The voice startled me. It was the Jedid. "A slave does not take liberties with the few moments given him."

I looked at the man who stood on the edge of the pool. In the light of day he did not seem so fearsome. What I had sensed in the beginning was still there, yet the natural light gave him a look of realism I would not have suspected. A loose cloak was draped over his shoulders; the thick arms exposed, the veins standing out as if carved in stone. I wondered for a moment if this were, indeed, the same man I had seen before. His face, hard featured, was handsome. Then some attraction drew my attention to his lean waist. I saw the knife which hung from his belt. It was the one with the silver handle Ledlan had given me before the journey. This man dared wear what was given in love!

"Your eyes question." He moved across the stones toward a bench draped in red silk. "Come, your bath is finished. Later, when I say, you will be dressed. Until then, the sun will dry your silken skin, slave."

I felt embarrassment at having to parade in such a manner before the guards. "I would prefer my own clothing."

"Your preferences matter not to me."

I approached him.

"You will sit at my feet."

Did he think I was a lap dog to do as he commanded?

He rose. "You're not in your own home, boy. The walls around us are my possession." His hand moved to my chest. And extended finger traced the narrow path of light hair down my stomach to where it spread and darkened at the crotch. "Regardless of past freedoms, you are now my possession also." His green eyes looked steadily into mine. He brought his hand up, then dropped it swiftly, striking my face.

I staggered at the impact. Righting myself, I lunged at him. Instantly, the guards were upon me.

"Take him to the Accur," he ordered.

"Now, little swine," Brand whispered in my ear, "you will taste of the Master's delights."

I was dragged into another open yard. In the center of the space stood two heavy wooden posts. "Chain him!"

A collar of iron was placed about my neck. A chain ran from a ring on each side of the collar to the posts. Once my neck was secure, my hands were chained high above me.

The Jedid faced me squarely. "You will hang here until I command otherwise. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Yes, Master!" The force of the Jedid's blow brought tears to my eyes.

"Yes, Master."

I was left alone. No sound came on the faint breeze which rose as the morning turned into afternoon, then into deepening night. My arms felt as though they would pull from their sockets. The iron about my wrists tore at the skin. My weakening legs refused to support my body any longer. My throat ached for moisture. I wanted to cry out—to shout for the guards to take me down. The night grew blacker. It passed into dawn as I watched the stars move across the sky.

From behind me a voice spoke softly. "It is my wish you be taken down." Though I could not see him, I knew it was the Jedid.

I was taken back to my cell in the dungeon. For several days I saw only the guard who brought my food. I was left alone with my thoughts. It seemed my captor wished me to think well on my actions.

Finally the Jedid visited me. I was sleeping when the sound of a closing door awakened me.

His form was a dark cloud which left me without shadow. "You

have had ample time to ponder your actions at the bath. Have you learned from these past days alone?"

My skin was still burnt from the full day's exposure to the sun, and my jaw still throbbed from the force of his hand. I had not forgotten why. "You have had your justice."

"I did not seek justice. Had that been my motive, you would be lying on that field with your friends."

Until now I had not actually thought of why his men were ordered to attack our party. It seemed as though it was simply for our goods.

"Why am I not there?"

"Revenge was the motive behind the attack. Before you were a spark of lust in your father's eye, he ordered a raid on our village. I was a child. Most of that village was slaughtered. Though I was young, I remember well his warriors running through our village taking the women, butchering innocent children. I swore revenge that day and revenge I will have!"

"I do not understand. My father has been dead many years. Why am I here?"

"Because ghosts make unsatisfactory subjects for torture."

The reasoning behind his motives slammed into my brain. But I still did not understand why he had not ordered me killed.

"Why have you waited so long for revenge?"

"In Soundas, I was not able to seek him out, but my spies watched and kept me informed. When I heard of your birth I knew some day you would be mine." Squatting, his fingers brushed my leg. "I did not know then what a fine piece of flesh you would turn into."

"Is that why I'm alive—to be something for your games?"

"You will learn that such games are enjoyed by both sides!" He reached for me. I shrank from his touch. His face hardened. He rose and left without saying a word.

The next few days passed as slowly as the others. Then I was brought up from the dungeon. I was taken back to the Accur, and again I was hung from the posts. I wondered if my punishment

would be the same as before. But this time, the Jedid did not leave. He stood in silence for some time, simply watching. Then he began to disrobe. Once he was completely stripped, he turned to the guards, speaking softly. They left.

He walked toward me, a half-smile on his handsome face. From one of the posts he lifted a whip, the presence of which I had failed to notice. The whip snaked along the ground as he pointed it downward. He brought it up with a sharp snap. No one had ever used such a thing on me. Though we did not own slaves in Soundas, I had seen what the bite of a whip would do to a man's skin.

He pressed the handle against my groin and pushed. Pain exploded through me. His hand cupped my balls. Slowly, with ever-increasing pressure, he squeezed. Tighter he forced the tender orbs between his fingers. Writhing, I clenched my teeth, refusing to scream.

"We will see," he said. It was then that I saw the guards returning. Between them they carried a small chest. They placed it before me. He turned to face them. "You know when to return."

"Yes, Master," their voices sounded in unison.

When they were gone he dropped the whip and opened the chest. I watched him move. It seemed there was no portion of his body that did not contain layer upon layer of muscle. His chest rose and fell before me as he stood upright. Thick black hair covered the dark skin of his upper torso. His rigid cock thrust itself toward me.

"How much do you think you can take, Alae?" It was only the third time he had said my name. I did not like the way it rolled off his tongue.

In his hand he held a thick leather thong. He began to wind it around my growing shaft. I found the roughness of his handling exciting. Confusion flooded my mind. I hated this man. I knew why he did this and what he wanted from me. But there was also the awareness of his commanding physical presence. The thong



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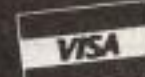
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completely engulfed my cock. He bound it tightly, allowing the ends to hang free, then returned to the chest. From within those secret confines he pulled a large weight. This he fastened to the loose ends of the thongs and dropped it. My cock was jerked violently downward from the head. It strained against the weight. Fully hard now, my stiff pole pressed into my balls.

"My touch excites you, slave." My head was jerked back by the hair. I faced the full force of the sun; its light burned my eyes. He pressed his lips against mine. His tongue forced itself into my mouth. As I opened my mouth to allow its passage, his tongue fucked my throat.

He backed away. From the swollen head of his manhood dropped a milky stream. He picked up the whip and moved behind me. I sensed what would follow—the whip would slice into my skin, attack my senses, rip them to shreds, leave them scattered.

He raised the whip. I felt it flick the back of my leg. Would he begin there and slowly work his way up? The next blow did not touch me. Had he missed completely? Time after time, the leather bit blank air. Closer it came; still it refused contact. Then it dug into my back. I felt blood. The next strike touched the nape of my neck. Was he playing a guessing game? Was I to wonder where the next blow would fall? I found I wanted its touch. I wanted to feel the sting of leather against my skin. He worked the whip with the precision of the Master that he was. It cracked against my ass. Again and again, its stinging length found my flesh. My arms reached toward the cloudless sky as beneath that vault of deep blue the Jedid used the whip to seek out those desires he knew lay buried. The collar about my neck, the roughness, all served as links in the chain he was forging which would bind me to him. The whip cut into the tight muscles of my ass.

My cock exploded. All of my pent up desires were released with that touch of leather. Pain worse than any the whip could inflict pounded into me. The tightly bound thong served as a dam against the flood. Only small spurts of cum were allowed to drip

onto the ground. The whip continued to find its target. Each one different. Then it stopped.

I hung waiting for long moments. Had he lost interest in the game? I craved the contact with him the braided strip gave.

The whip sliced the tense air! My body jerked with each blow. I felt myself nearing the boundary between pleasure and pain. I crossed over. There was no longer the feeling of intoxication, but of terror. Pain burst within me in a hundred places. I screamed. My lungs emptied themselves. He dropped the whip. He had won!

I felt his cock press into the curve of my bloodied ass. His hands gripped my sides. With a single violent thrust he buried himself. His hips slammed into me. My head was again pulled back. My neck strained. "Scream!" he commanded. "I want to hear you beg! Beg me to empty myself into you." His hips pounded harder against me. "Beg!" His cock seemed to grow inside me. It tore at my fuck passage with an ecstasy I had never before experienced. "Yes, Master! Yes! Fill my ass with your cum. Let me feel it wash over my insides." Is lammed my ass back to meet the push of his strong thighs. He released my head and sank his teeth into my neck. I felt him empty himself into my bowels. He flooded my insides. His hops hammered against mine. He slowed, then stopped. His chest pushed against my back with heavy breathing. Thick, milky drops of cum followed his cock as he pulled himself free.

I hung from the chains lifelessly, all energy drained. He had brought from within me those desires he had wished. I was his slave; his to command. There would be nothing I would not do if he so ordered.

"One day, slave, you may prove worthy." He turned without looking back and left the yard.

I am still learning. The Master is good to me, and I try to please him. I later discovered that Bran had been his favorite before me. But Bran is weak. I do not intend to allow anyone to take my place. □

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(continued from page 13)

Typically, the couples that report feeling good about their involvements are those in which the partners together have created a blending of fantasy and reality, or at least a way to ease the transition back and forth between the two.

By now I have counseled many couples who have struggled mightily in their efforts to achieve this blending of fantasy and reality in their lives. There are no models for how to do it except, perhaps, for those particular couples themselves. Since there are so very many ways to be involved in the S/M scene, there is therefore no one correct way to do it. But there are some ways that don't seem to work well as far as I can tell.

Couples (triples? quartets too!) in which anyone consistently tries to press the relationship into a fantasy mold that is not shared by the other partner(s) commonly experience troubles, which usually express themselves first somewhere in the sex.

When these people turn up in the therapy room, my usual diagnosis is "porn-itis." The condition is usually correctable unless there are widely variant values or attitudes about what the relationship should be. Quite often I discover that a partnership was formed and agreed upon before any such joint exploration of ideas and attitudes ever happened. Such exploration usually is not considered hot, you see. So it often doesn't happen until there's a problem.

A relationship has to be written by both Top and bottom as they get to know each other, not lifted out of some hot story. Tops are not mind readers. Some are frighteningly intuitive, but very few are psychic. Bottoms should not expect their minds to be read unless they come complete with an owner's manual. Few do. Many Tops also enjoy protecting the facade that they are mind readers, but they invite trouble when they do.

My point here is simply that no matter how valuable fantasy material is, from whatever source, it offers little of substance to a partnership in need

of practical, day-to-day operational strategy.

I seem to recall in an article somewhere in which Fred Halsted, a Top, pointed out to readers that his bottom/lover of many years (Joey) took care of their auto maintenance, while Fred himself was better at doing the housework (or something like that). I remember being struck by the paradoxical beauty of their arrangement, and I doubt it was copied from any story they had either read or written. The flexibility to be real, and not be bound by stereotyped fiction, is a common theme in all the long-term relationships that I have been privileged to become acquainted with.

In fact, there is a lot to say for the slow, cards-on-the-table approach to building a relationship. It allows both Top and bottom to get down to a little reality before dabbling in the fantasy. Thus the blending process can start at the beginning of a relationship, and not be scrambled together when the fantasy founders on the rocks of reality.

And think about this: with our understanding of ritual, leathersmen can have a lot more fun with the mating process than perhaps anyone on the planet! For instance, a Top who orchestrates a courtship can enable both himself and his bottom to become familiar with each other's needs, wants and points of view. Honesty is vital. Tops who dangle the promise of sex like a carrot can create sweet tension if they are sincere, but can damage their bottoms and their reputation if they are not.

A Top and a bottom who play their cards honestly can steadily gain each other's trust and friendship. And the kind of relationship, and the SEX, that can blossom in an open, trusting exchange can be exquisite. Honesty and reality will also protect the interests and feelings of both partners as they move in or out of that relationship.

Guy Baldwin, M.S., has a private practice in psychotherapy in Los Angeles, where he works primarily with those on the sexual frontiers. □



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ROUGH STUFF

by SCOTT TUCKER

Just Say No — To Censorship

Adolf Hitler was named chancellor of Germany on January 30, 1933, and he lost no time establishing his Thousand Year Reich. On May 6, a Nazi campaign against "the un-German spirit" was announced, and the first target was the Institute of Sexual Science, described as "an unparalleled breeding ground of dirt and filth." The Institute was, in fact, respected world-wide for sexual research, and was a leading force for sexual reform and enlightenment. The founder and head of the Institute was Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, a gay Jewish sexologist who was allied to the democratic left. Nazi gangs ransacked the Institute library and on May 10 these materials were thrown on a bonfire, along with a bronze bust of Hirschfeld.

James D. Steakley documents this most infamous of the Nazi book-burnings in his book *The Homosexual Emancipation Movement in Germany*, and he writes, "One week later, Hirschfeld had the unusual sensation of seeing all this in a newsreel shown in a Paris cinema; he wrote that it was like watching his own funeral." Hirschfeld died in 1935. The Nazis who had come to power burning books went on to starve, shoot, gas and burn Jews, Jehovah's Witnesses, political opponents, gypsies, mental patients and thousands of gay people who wore pink triangles on their concentration camp uniforms.

Censorship may be imposed by force, but it always shows a certain weakness on the part of the censors, because they fear that their own ideas and values won't prevail through free speech and democracy. It is this fear and weakness which moves the Sandanistas to shut down the opposition forces in Nicaragua and which moves Ollie North and his conspirators to run the shredding machines late into the night in Washington. Fear and weakness moves fundamentalists to throw books and records on bonfires and to

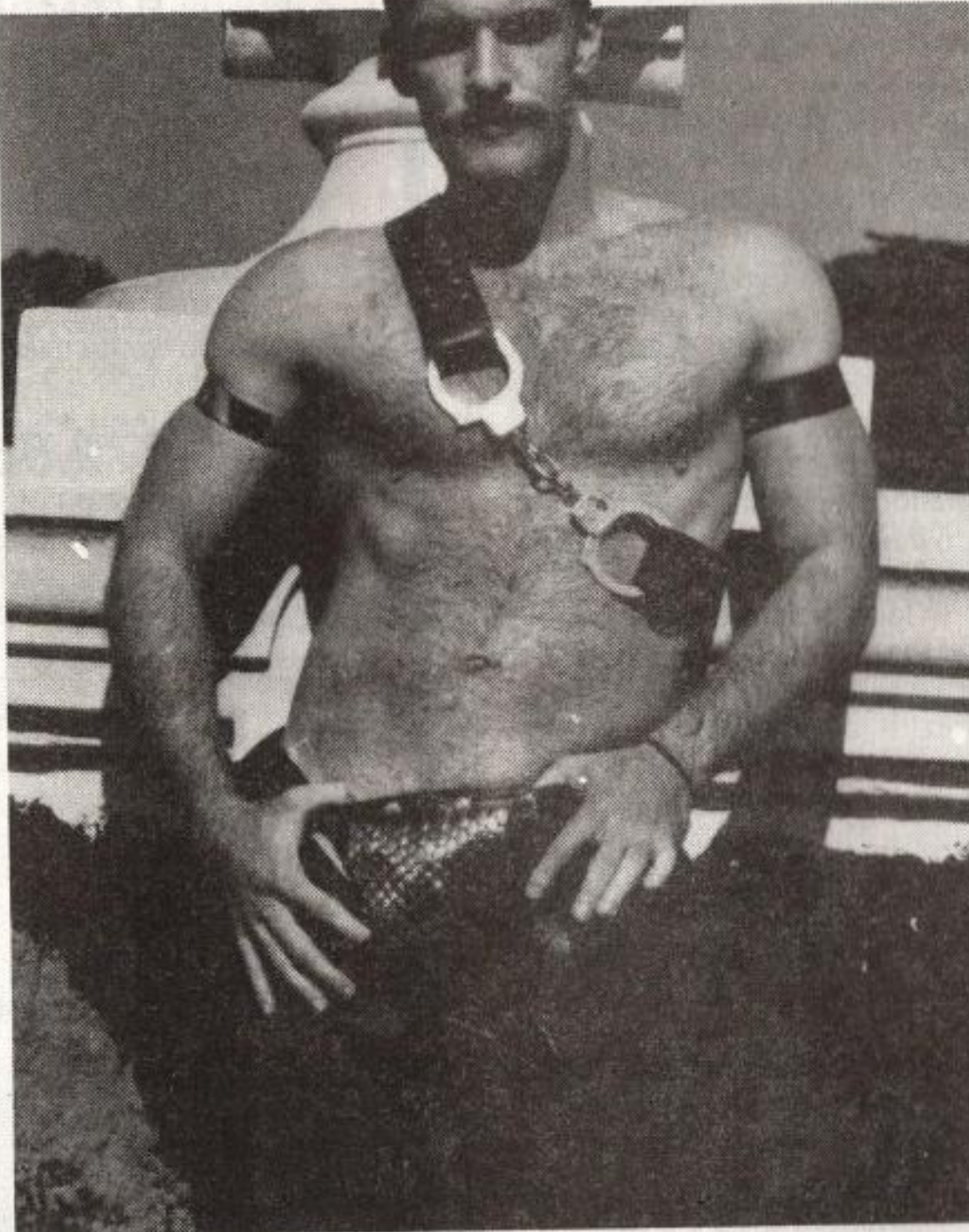


PHOTO BY ROBERT PRUZAN

cancel science textbooks in public schools. Fear and weakness produces Attorney General Meese's Commission on Pornography, chaired by an anti-vice prosecutor.

That commission played fast and loose with the actual facts and economics of the sex and pornography industries, and it proposed vague and dangerous definitions of "degrading" and "violent" pornography. Writing in *The Nation* in August of last year, Carole Vance noted, "The commission called no witnesses to discuss the nature of S&M, either professional experts or typical participants. They ignored a small but increasing body of literature that documents important features of S&M sexual behavior, namely consent and safety." She added, "Its recommendation to target 'violent' and 'degrading' material will be variously interpreted in different localities. . . . However, the target in most jurisdictions will probably be

S&M images and lesbian and gay images."

Sure enough, the tug-of-war between censorship and the First Amendment continues in local skirmishes around the country. On national TV news, a Federal "sting operation" was recently reported against makers, distributors and even collectors of so-called "kiddy porn." Age of consent laws vary from state to state and it cannot be assumed that youngsters do not have minds of their own, as well as sexual and economic needs of their own. When exploitation and coercion is, in fact, involved in the production of pornography, then by all means prosecute. But who will defend the sexual and economic rights of the young? Certainly not Attorney General Meese. And the far right's idea of sex education can be summed up in the same slogan it uses against the use of drugs: "Just Say No."

The American Civil Liberties

Union has already criticized the Federal agents involved in this sting operation for entrapping collectors of pornography by placing advertisements which were then used to gather names and lead to arrests. Like the stranger offering candy in the playground, these guardians of morality have their own bait. Indeed, the government claims it is merely seducing the seducers. The government is choosing to target people whom it hopes the great majority will regard as a caste of Untouchables: collectors of "kiddy porn" and "child molesters." In this case, I insist on placing those words in quotes, because they are frequently used in dishonest and damaging ways.

At the age of fifteen I seduced a teacher over twice my age, a married man and the father of seven kids, much respected in the school and the community. If some meddling vice-cop or FBI agent had brought our affair out of the closet, it might have ended with my older partner in jail and myself in a reformatory — where kids are known to rape each other. In fact, our affair ended as it began: in secrecy, but with consent, pleasure and respect. The sexuality of youth is a complex topic and truly deserves the most open exchange of views. But here again we face the spectre of censorship.

In 1978, Canada's excellent gay liberation magazine, *The Body Politic*, published an article titled "Men Loving Boys Loving Men." Anita Bryant had begun her crusade to "Save Our Children" from homosexuals the year before and Canada had its own home-grown anti-gay crusaders. But Canada had no First Amendment protecting freedom of expression, nor quite the history of rowdy free speech rights we've had in the United States. Consequently, police raided the publication's offices, confiscated materials which it never returned and *The Body Politic* proceeded to fight for free speech in

several battles in court. They won at last, supported by artists, writers and civil libertarians from around the world.

In Philadelphia, where I live, a gay bookstore received bomb threats and had windows smashed when a pamphlet it sold describing sex between youths and adults was passed on to a politician, who in turn urged that the pamphlet should be officially banned. During special hearings at City Hall, this academic pamphlet — written by a former sex researcher at the Kinsey Institute — was described as "child pornography." Wearing a T-shirt saying "I READ BANNED BOOKS," I testified against censorship at these hearings, but the politicians were too busy performing to care about the First Amendment. The gay bookstore, in any case, was too intimidated to fight out the case in court.

The only way to counteract free speech we may not like is to speak up freely ourselves. In 1979, I joined in street protests against the movie director William Friedkin and his film crew who were shooting the movie *Cruising* in New York's West Village.

An early shooting script had been leaked to the gay community, and after I had read the truly twisted plot, I blew my whistle and chanted slogans with hundreds of men and women who were equally outraged. Since the streets belonged quite rightly to the people, we made Friedkin's movie scenery that much more lively while at the same time driving up his production costs. The original script gave a one-dimensional picture of the leather and S/M scene, reducing it to pathology and murder. In its final form, the film looks a bit more benign, due in part to those very protests.

But even then I had reservations and questions about our action. Most of the extras in the film were leatherguys who had been recruited from the bars without really knowing the story of the film. At the same time, some of the protesters were feminists of the kind who support outright censorship of all pornography, and others who were simply afraid that S/M would tarnish an All-Am-

erican gay public image. Writing about the protests in *The Body Politic* at that time, I asked, "Did we feel betrayed by these men being in leather in the film or did we feel betrayed by them being in leather at all?" As one of the protest organizers, I was asked by certain feminists to condemn S/M along with the movie, and I refused. I would have been happiest to see leatherfolk making a serious feature film about their own lives — but how many folks have the resources of Hollywood? Free speech can cost plenty.

At that time I never dreamed I'd be a leatherguy myself one day. But I did suspect that I would part company with some of those protesters. Certain feminists even then were already following the path of censorship and in recent years have gone so far in that direction that they have formed unholy alliances with far-right religious and political forces. Feminists Andres Dworkin and Catherine MacKinnon have joined right-wingers in trying to ban pornography as "a violation of women's civil rights." Such an ordinance even passed a vote of city officials in Minneapolis twice in 1984, but was twice vetoed by the mayor.

If the day comes when the government raids my home, I'll be in big trouble. They'll not only find Thomas Paine and Karl Marx on my bookshelves, but also photos of Cord Briggs and Rocco de Vega in bondage. Hell, they'll find my ass on the cover of *Drummer*! Paul Goodman wrote, "If you can think it, you can write it; if you can write it, you can publish it." That is the ideal I follow, even when some things I see and read in these very pages give me pause. When I saw photos in *Drummer* of a guy who had the racist slogan "WHITE POWER" tattooed on his arms, I was somewhat stunned. But it made me think: of what kind of guy he might be, of what turns people on, and finally of freedom. Because the bottom line is that I want to know what is on a person's mind, especially if he makes his own skin an open book. Did such photographs deserve publication? Absolutely.

Just say no to censorship. □

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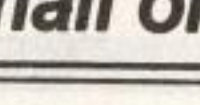
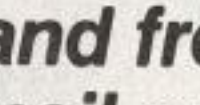
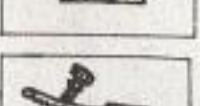
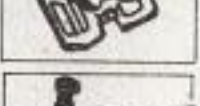
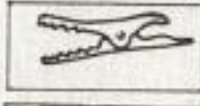
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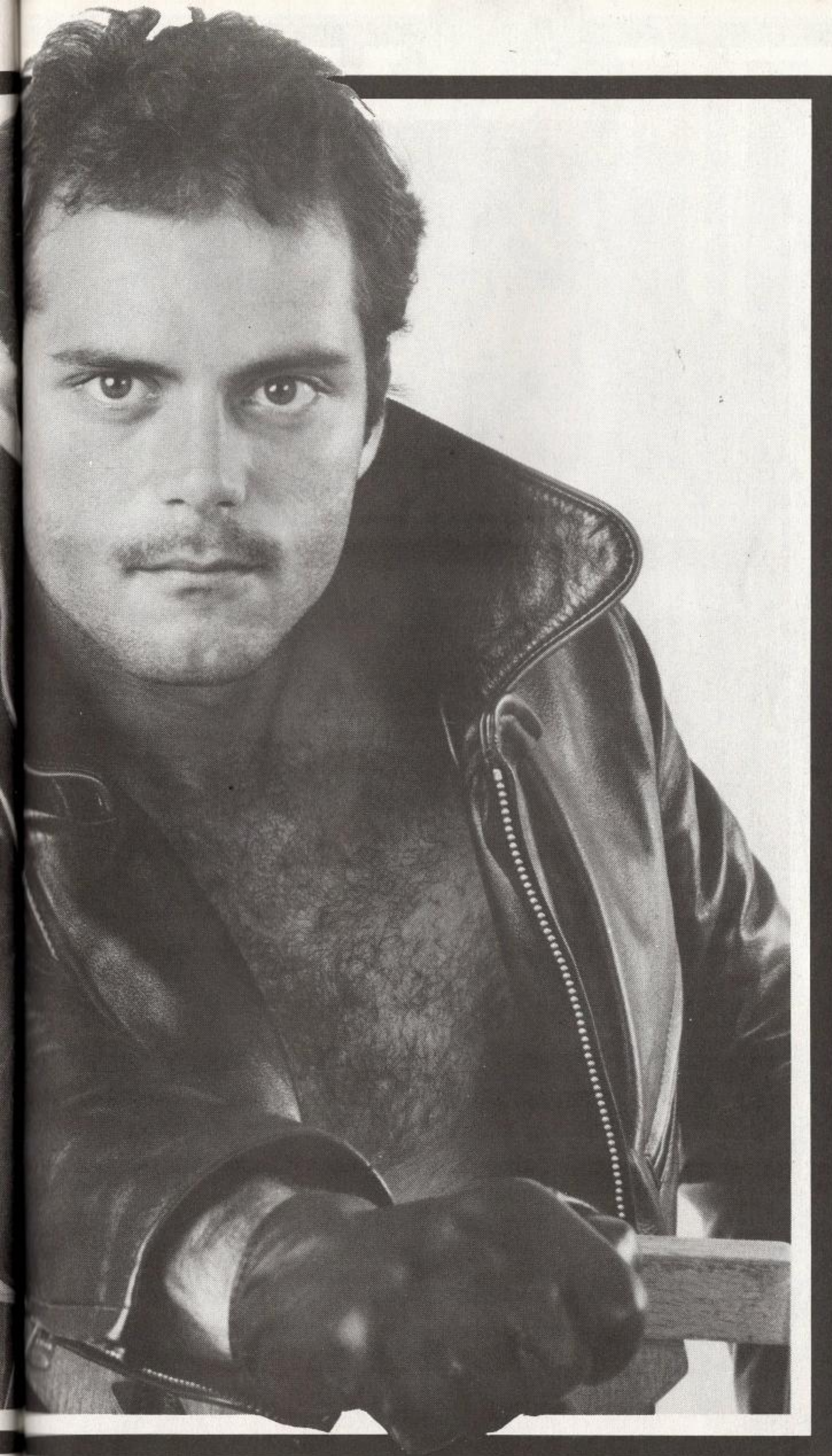
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FLIP side

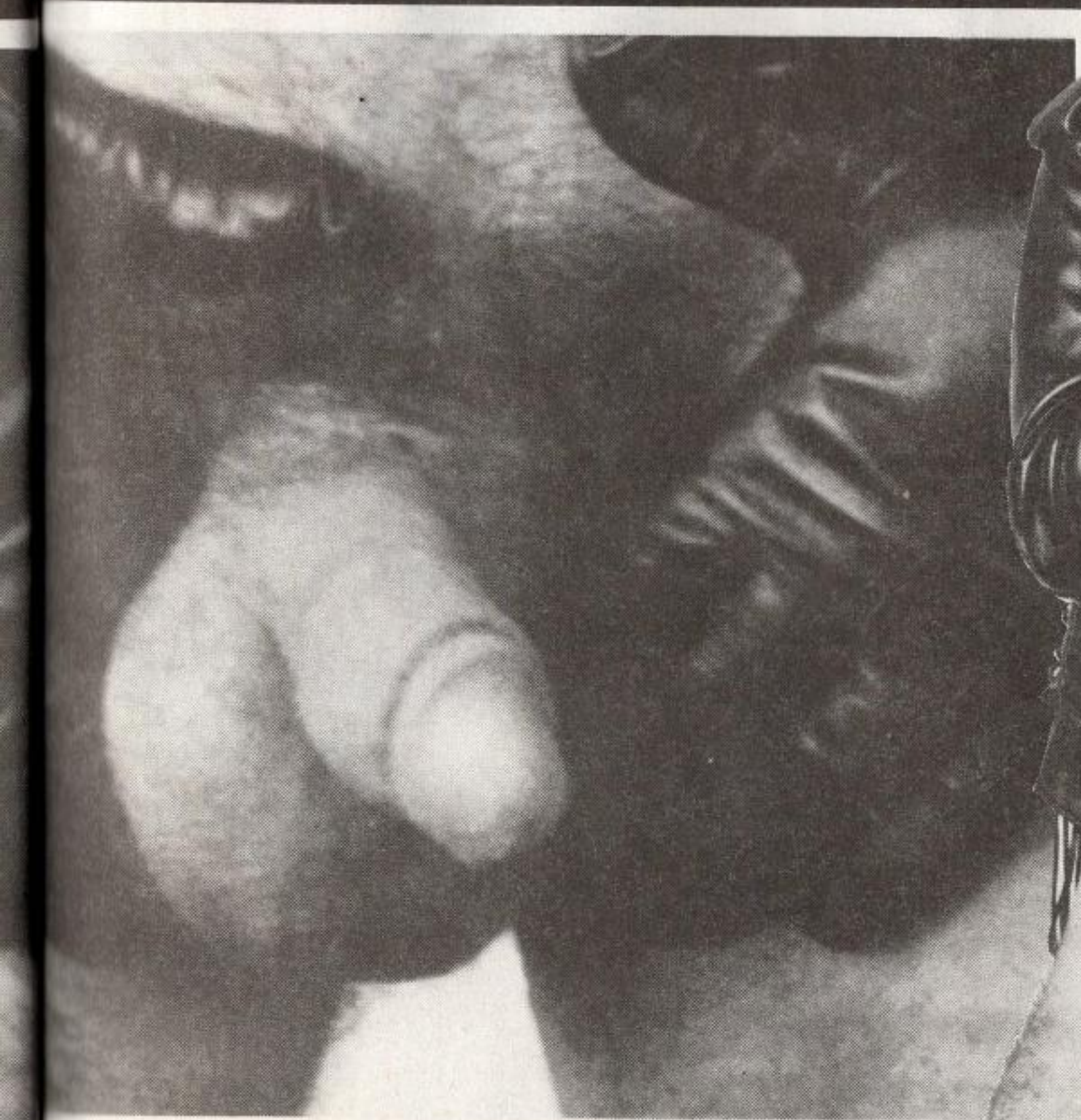
Photos by Jim Wigler

Eyes . . . brown and bright, staring directly at you . . . Daring? Challenging? Inviting? Rough stubble on his chin and cheek, hairy arms and chest. That shining black leather jacket! Thin black leather stretched over his fists. Fists! Fists for pounding, for punching, for caressing. Eyes . . . Daring . . . Challenging . . . Inviting.

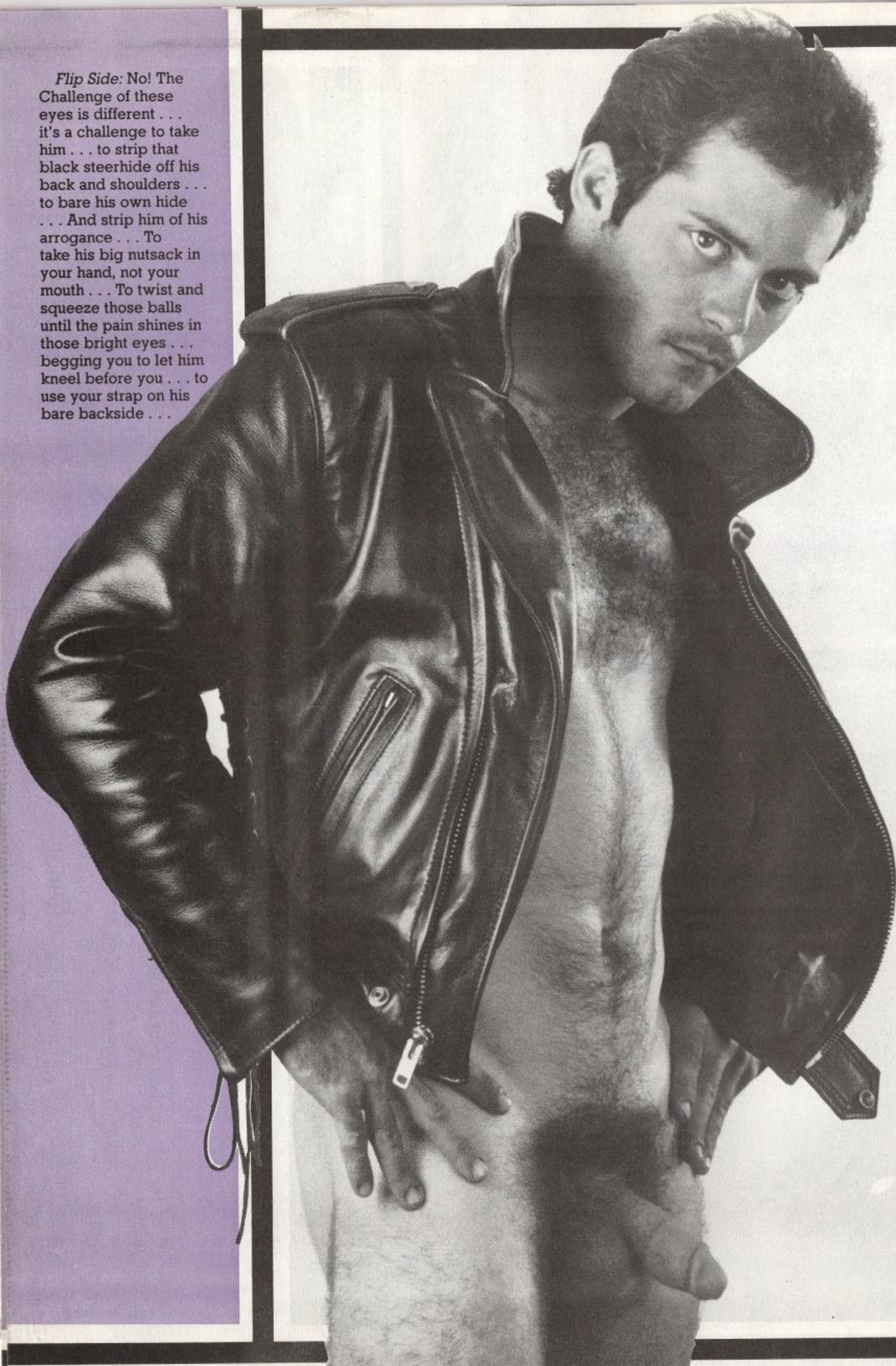
Flip Side: Tight hairy buns topped by acres of black leather. Buns inviting. Inviting a tongue to probe the crack, lapping up the mansweat. Inviting a hand to caress the skin, to massage the muscles . . . slapping again and again until the imprint of each finger is vivid red on white.

Flip Side: Eyes again, staring directly at you, squinting slightly at the curl of smoke from his cigarette . . . or hidden behind dark glasses . . . But now the meaning is clear. You will serve . . . On your knees before him, the strap in his hand tells you—you will suffer for him. Leather gloved hands cup his large balls and command you to take them . . . Your nose savors the aroma of his sweaty crotch as your tongue hungrily pulls his balls into your mouth . . . Black leather gloves grip the back of your head as he drops the length of strap over your bare back and ass, teasing . . .



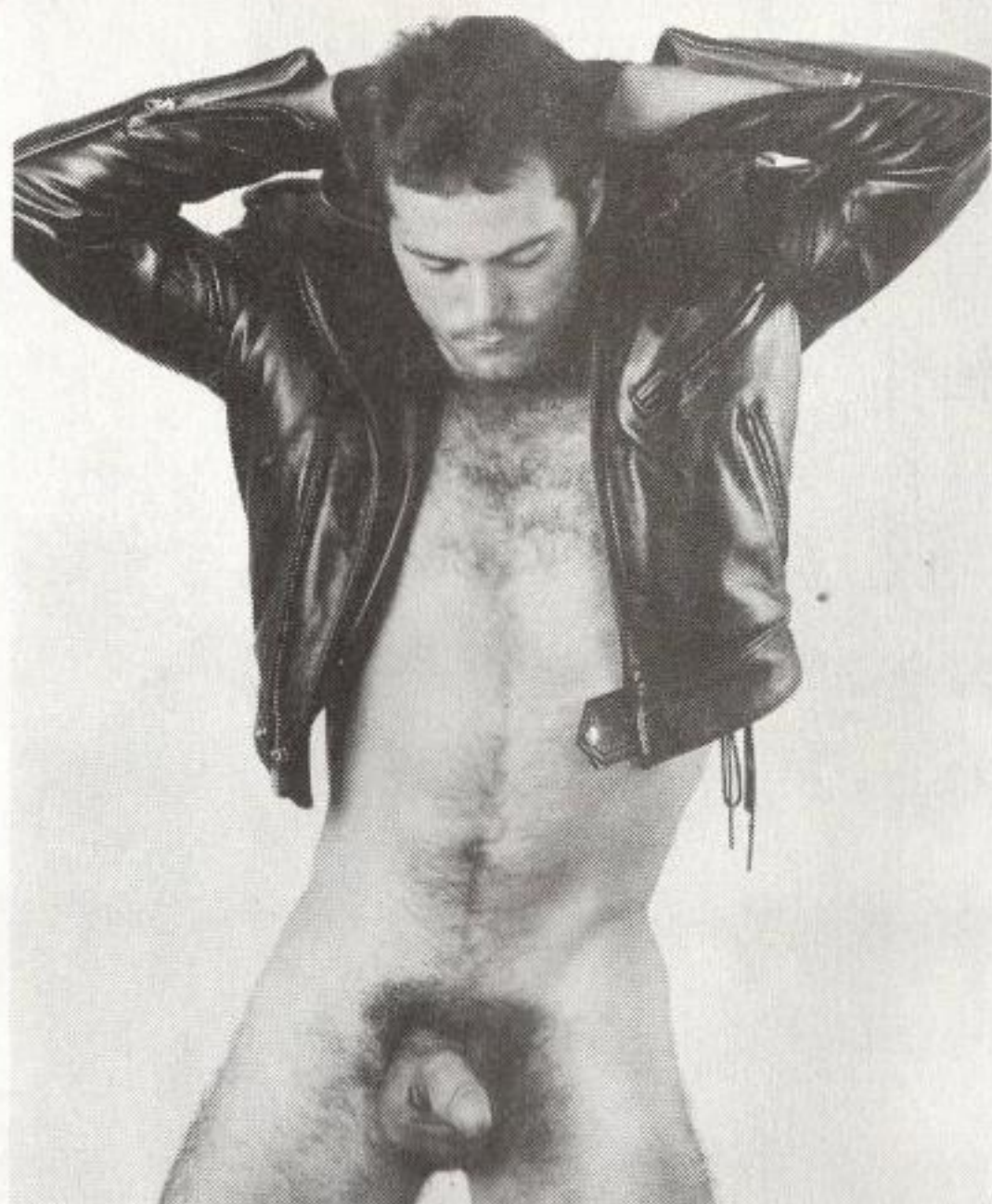


Flip Side: No! The Challenge of these eyes is different . . . it's a challenge to take him . . . to strip that black steerhide off his back and shoulders . . . to bare his own hide . . . And strip him of his arrogance . . . To take his big nutsack in your hand, not your mouth . . . To twist and squeeze those balls until the pain shines in those bright eyes . . . begging you to let him kneel before you . . . to use your strap on his bare backside . . .



Flip Side: To be
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TOUGH SHIT



Pope-A-Lack-Dick

A DIVINE DUTY?

During the course of the Folsom St. Fair in San Francisco, several strangely dressed persons were selling "Pope-A-Lack-Dick" with staples through the condom, Pope on a Rope, Pin the Tail on the Pontiff, Thou Shalt Noughats, Christ on a Croissant, St. Veronica's Can-

onized Paper Towels, and Pope Puddles (Holy Water) to the crowd of festive fair goers. Their literature asks that you send any original sins, queries, and donations with a S.A.S.E. to: Divine Dutiful Daughters Order of Dymphna, (3D.O.D.), 241 Clara St., Cell C, San Francisco, CA 94103.

AS LONG AS IT'S TASTEFUL

A male Canadian WardAir flight attendant has recently won the "right" to wear an earring while on duty. Robert Elder's employer claimed passengers might presume thereby that he is gay and "associate him with AIDS." His union had information to the contrary, that passengers responded positively to the earring and that WardAir was restricting Elder's personal freedom unreasonably.

It sounds as if the airline's customers deserve a bit more credit—if not for their fashion sense, then for their savvy according to Stephen M. Perkins of *Frontiers* magazine.

USEFUL INFORMATION

As a result of the AIDS scare, according to *Clinica*, the condom manufactured by Radia-tex, is distributed free to patients in Petersborough (UK) who practice anal intercourse. Known as the Red Stripe, it is longer and thicker than most condoms and has no teat. Its thickness is between 60-80 microns.

USELESS INFORMATION

In France only 7% of the sexually active population use condoms, as compared to 37% in the UK and 68% in Japan. Or so says the *Journal Of Irreproducible Results*.

BEER BELLIED BEAUTIES

A Yankee anthropologist, Steve Barnett discovered the southern love of beer bellies when he videotaped rotund rebels trying on clothing and caught them preening their paunches in private. According to the article in *Magna*, a fashion magazine for big and tall men, Barnett, a consultant with a New York market research firm called Planmetrics, "felt if you looked at how they tried clothes on, you'd find out what's important to them. We discovered people were quite proud of having grown that belly."

Barnett was conducting a survey of consumer buying patterns for a department store client when he made his mind-boggling belly breakthrough. The department store wanted to know which types of

leisure jackets their customers selected most often and what seemed to motivate them in their choice.

"If you asked men which kind of jacket they liked, they'd tell us — but what they said didn't resemble the buying pattern," Barnett reported. "So we used a video camera in a trying on area to watch what they did in order to show us what they really like."

"We found that a man with a paunch would select a jacket that went to the waist, and zip it up to just over the belly. If the jacket was tight, he tended to like it. But if it was too loose and covered up his belly he'd reject it."

"In the South, it seems that the acceptable male figure has a belly, especially over the age of 30. It doesn't seem to inhibit the ability to attract women." (Or men either!)



YEA! BUT WHICH PART IS WHICH

In case you have not seen the futuristic movie, *ROBOCOP*,

you should but one of the turn-ons in the movie is *not* the basket shown in this ad.



Urine the Money

GOLDEN SHOWERS OF PROTEIN

According to *City Paper* of Washington, D.C., one man's urine is now another man's treasure. While researchers all over the world have rushed to develop ways to synthetically produce human proteins, the scientists at Michigan-based Enzymes of America (EOA) have begun tapping into outhouse urine to salvage some of

the 40,000 different proteins that are normally flushed into oblivion. EOA separates the proteins from one another and then sells them to pharmaceutical companies.

EOA was not the first company to collect proteins from urine. As long as 20 years ago, Italy's Serono Laboratories processed 200 tons of urine each week for the fertility hormone pergonal. Serono collected ur-

ine from a group of Italian nuns. A Serono spokesman says the nuns were "ecstatic to be involved," ... The spokesman said they also provided high-grade samples because they didn't drink, smoke, or get cervical cancer.

A healthy person's urine is sterile—native Alaskan Aleuts wash their newborns with human urine—yet if a person is sick, infecting agents can pass through the kidney's filters and into the urine. Prose says EOA has tested samples for bacteria, the AIDS virus, and other pathogens, but its researchers found "absolutely no evidence" of possible contamination in the final protein product. Since EOA does not actually produce pharmaceuticals, its products do not fall under the federal Food and Drug Administration's regulations.

HAS THE A.U.A. BEEN HERE?

These posters have graced the walls of the New York City Port Authority bus terminal. There were many of them, and strangely enough, they keep disappearing! □

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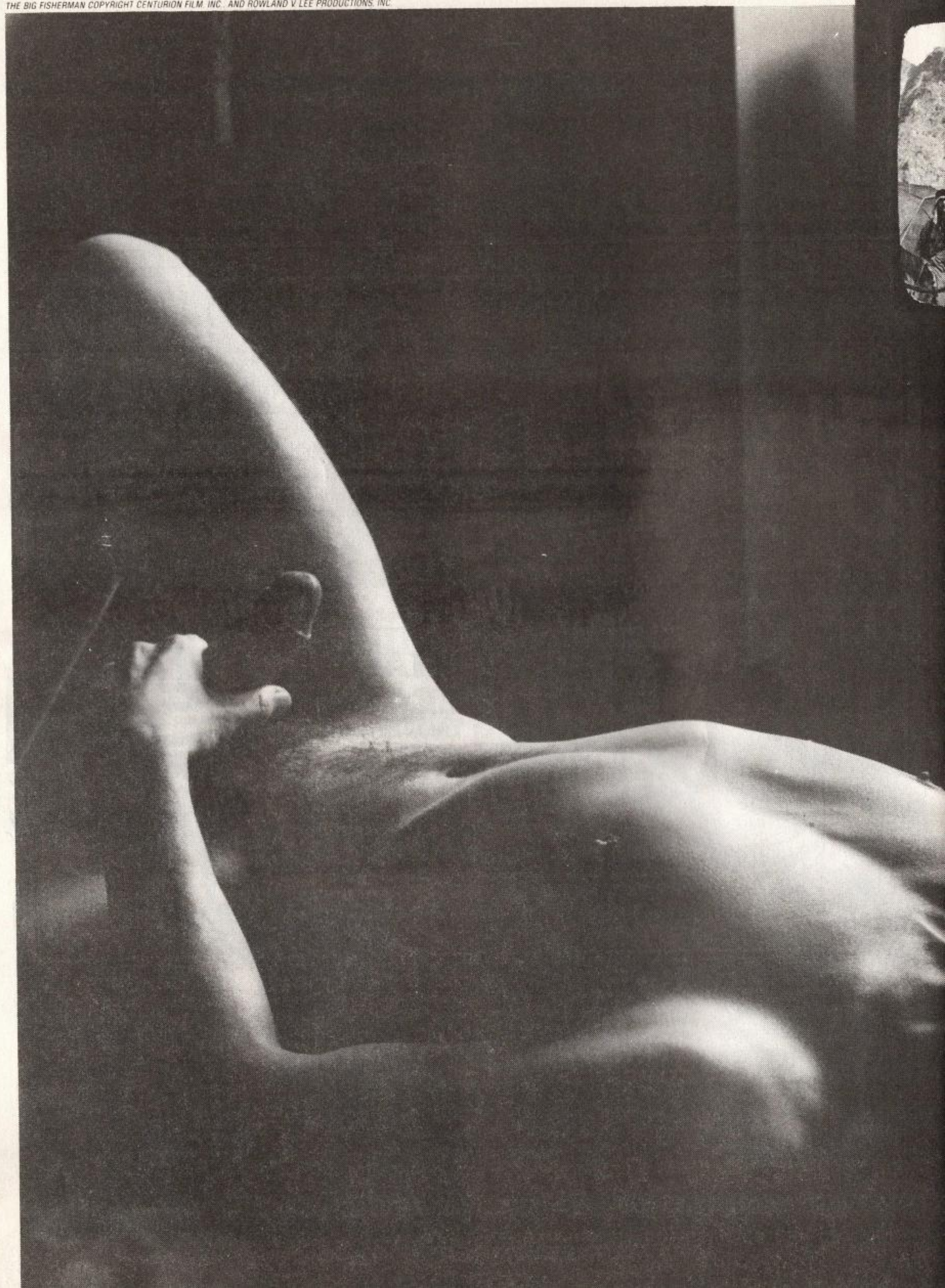
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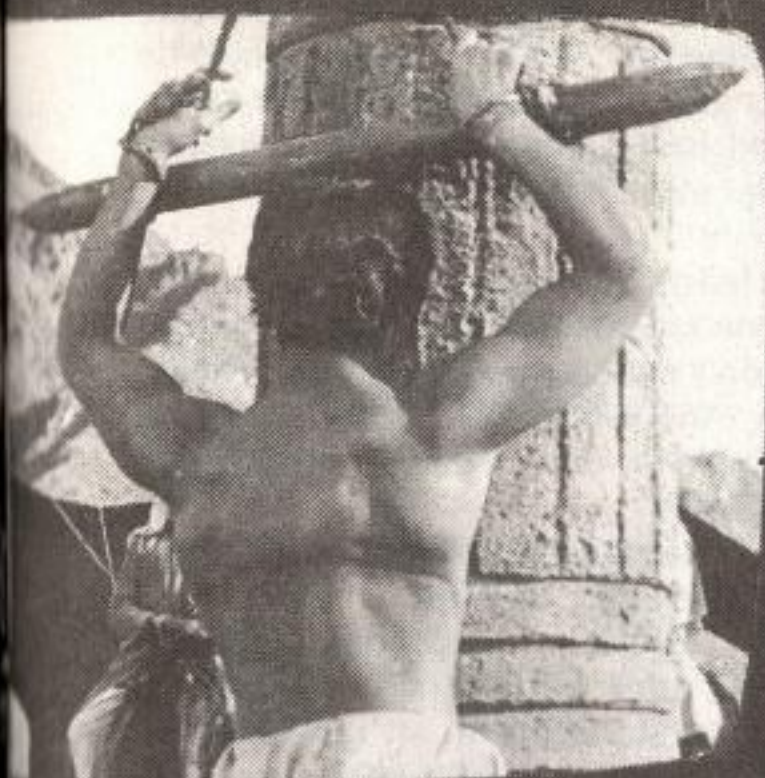
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WHIP

by MICHAEL AGREVE

PHOTO by STEVEN ANDERSON

David sat in front of the television set, his eyes fixed on the flickering black and white images. He stared at the moving figures filling his line of vision.

"You have dared to offend the gods, Demetrius. For that you must be punished."

He held his breath.

"I will show you how we deal with traitors."

Automatically, his hand moved toward his crotch. His jogging shorts were wet at the point where his piss slit had leaked its juices onto the sweaty cotton fabric.

"Let us see how the Mighty One takes the sting of the whip."

David's mouth went dry. He released his swollen dick from its protective covering. Without thinking, he took its thick flesh in hand and began the up and down movements that would soon release its pent-up juices. The words coming from the screen became garbled as he watched the hooded figure lay stroke after stroke on the back of the tightly bound gladiator. Part of his brain felt shame as he saw himself masturbating to the image of the now-cringing body builder. Another part of his brain began to absorb the words and laugh as he watched the actors move their mouths out of sync with the dubbed-in dialogue. But still another part of his brain sat watching in ecstasy as he imagined himself in the gladiator's place, his body being tortured with each lashing, his mind overflowing with a combination of pain and pleasure. Like poor Demetrius, he didn't know why he was being whipped. He hadn't done anything wrong. But unlike the pumped-up giant, he knew that for himself, the act of being whipped was right and yes, well deserved.

"Behold, Demetrius. See where your disobedience has gotten you."

David moved his eyes back to the screen. Thick white gobs of cream lay across the heavy glass picture tube, their cloud-like patterns misting over the image of the supplicated giant. David watched the welts on the man's sweat drenched back. He knew the dripping blood was makeup, but the knowledge didn't prevent him from becoming aroused once again. With one hand quickly wiping off the cum-stained television screen, he rewound the video tape, well aware that the sight of Demetrius the Gladiator being whipped was bound to release another steaming load.

For David, sex is not enough. Somewhere in the recesses of his mind, sex and punishment combined to form a single whole that defies analysis. He's not alone. Somewhere within the world of sexual sub-groups, there are thousands of Davids, all dreaming about the images conjured up by a cat-of-nine-tails, or a coiled leather whip resting at a cowboy's hip. For many, the identification with instruments of torture began the day they first found out that too often love came in the form of a firm hand on a bare buttock. But for others, the affinity came through nights spent in the darkened corners of back room bars, listening to the whinings of enslaved males as they felt their masters' hands tearing across their faces repeatedly.

In a culture that prides itself on its righteousness, brutality—especially the willingly inflicted or received kind—threatens the balance of mind over mindlessness. But when the mind and body crave more, ordinary definitions of love become meaningless and the notion of giving a partner what he craves the most becomes the new definition. Can whipping be an act of love? Can torture be the measure of a relationship? Is the bridge between sanity and sadism such a shaky one, or is it held up with the belief that punishment can hold up the flimsiest relationship? In the minds of the interested, the answers are automatically understood.

For David, there's never even been a question. Not since his father first stood over him, switch in hand, his crotch bulging with the erotic notion of punishing his own son. Their eyes met for a moment, and in that sudden flash of recognition, both knew that what they were playing out was an elaborate game, with each one on the receiving end of some much-needed physical and mental stimulation. Abuse never came into question. As he lowered his pants and doubled his pre-pubescent body over his father's knee, David knew that the way his cock grew to its full boyish size was no accident. Even as he stood in front of the man, his ass cheeks red with the repeated lashings of the switch, David knew that sooner or later he would be doing something very bad. Something very bad.

"The problem with you, David, is that you equate love with

physical punishment. It's a classic case. Young boys push the limits further and further, hoping that sooner or later they'll be caught doing something wrong. For many youths, it's the only way they ever get attention. Sad, isn't it, that so many boys have to get their faces slapped in order to get some attention from their fathers."

Sad. For the psychiatrists, at least. But for the boy whose waking dreams revolve around Hollywood images, the sadness comes when those screen images don't match up with the ones filling their everyday lines of vision. And what about the others? The ones who wield the whips? The latter-day de Sades, dreaming of 120 days in Sodom? Where do their yearnings come from?

"The need to compensate for a lack of control during their early formative years of childhood. The child, deprived of some or all ability to make decisions for itself during various stages of development, compensates by later forming a framework in which he or she is in control of situations at all times. Anger, however, often manifests itself in the form of a need to punish others for the controls inflicted on the child by its parent. Still a child in many way, he or she lashes out at the world around it. Sometimes figuratively. Sometimes literally."

Oh yeah. Let's hear it for lashing out. Let's hear it for the boys who beat. Boys like Roy. Big boys. With equally big clubs resting between their legs. The legs hidden in turn under layers of sweating leather. In the world of the whippers and the wimps, attitude is everything. What good is being brutalized if the beating doesn't conjure up images of hog-tied cowboys sweating under the Arizona sun? Or Amazon explorers staked to the ground as a cauldron of water is slowly brought to the boiling point? Roy knows all the frames of reference. All the ways to being a man to his knees. And when all else fails, he can always expose his hairy chest and beat a man into submission with his sweat drenched body.

For David, that has always been enough. Ever since his father first exposed himself in the shower, the sight of hair nestled between two half-hidden nipples has always been enough. With his head no higher than crotch level, the little boy watched in fascination as his daddy's dick swung itself freely under the steady pulsations of the water jet. The slap of towel on baby butt cheeks was enough to seal the fate. Swinging cock and matted hair became one with the sting of cloth on bare ass. And in the world of darkened backrooms, David sought out the image over and over again. Until Roy came along and resolved the longing once and for all.

The spunk had hardly dried on the picture tube before David felt the need rise up again inside his body. Not even the simple act of cumming could relieve the dull ache of want that moved downward from the brain and held the body captive. Even with the tape rewound and ready to play itself out once again, David knew the fantasy was a poor substitute for what his body so desperately needed. No image, no matter how hot, would replace the sting of a whip across his bare butt. Or the slap of a hand across his face as he was forced to take imagined punishments in very real blows to his stubbled cheeks. No, Demetrius would have to wait for another night's showing. As he stuffed his legs into the deliberately torn jeans David knew that the gladiator inside him had done something very wicked. And like the wicked boy he was, David knew that he would not be able to escape the inevitable punishment. All that remained was to find the ways and the means to beat the dickens out of him. And the man to do it.

Fortunately, with his hot looks and equally hot willingness to take his punishment like a man, finding a willing daddy was the easy part. All he had to do was look around the bar and spot the man lurking in one of its darkened corners. Roy knew he was being watched. He was used to it. He also knew that the other man watching him was a bottom. That too was expected. Even as David moved over to where he stood, arms akimbo, Roy knew he was going to be served. Like a spider who weaves its superfine webs around its future victims, Roy had woven a web the minute he stuffed his rock hard body into the tightly fitting leather jeans.

He didn't need chaps the outline the equally hard contours of his man-sized dick. He didn't even need his hefty piece of meat to enslave some unsuspecting sucker. The way he stood, with his legs wide apart, said it all, said "welcome," in a way no simple statement could. And like the fly he was, David moved in closer.

Nobody questioned the sound of the belt reverberating across David's denim-covered buttocks. It was a regular part of the sounds that filled the place each and every night. Nor were the half-naked bodies surrounding the duo anything out of the ordinary. Their presences, like the punctuated sounds of whipping, was as much a part of the overheated room as the dried urine coating the floor. Only love didn't belong. And that, like all sought-after fantasies, could be turned into something kinky and accepted. Accepted, like the sight of David's pants being pulled below his waist; little or no consideration being given to whether his skin came with them. And then, within the time it took to lower a zipped, Davis was naked in front of his new-found daddy, his lips pleading for the punishment he knew he deserved.

All eyes moved to the pair as Roy spun his verbal web, first commanding his body slave to lick his boots clean, then forcing the boy's head up to crotch level so he could suck in rhythm to his master's commands.

"Suck that meat, pig face. Lap up all those juices like the cocksucker you are."

David knew all the words by heart. Few masters could come up with new combinations to tease his ears with. Pig face. Shit head. Dirt bag. He had been called them all. Cocksucker. Dick slave. Raunch face. Nothing new under the sun. And certainly nothing new under a man's dangling balls. Just the same old sweat. And extra inch or two. More or less. But sometimes, in the newness of the combination there was heat. And excitement.

"Suck the sweat out, fuckface. Lick your master's sweat."

David looked up at Roy's oversized cock. He could see his spit trickling down the engorged head. His tongue massaged the piss slit, allowing him to taste the few drops of recycled beer that collected in the open hole. He had done his job well. He had served the man just the way he had wanted him to, and now he waited for some word of praise from the man standing above him. Instead, David looked up at a raised hand holding a studded leather belt. With one quick swallow he prepared himself for the feel of sweat drenched leather across his back. Instead, the man wound the belt around David's neck, almost choking him in the process. There would be no praise; no rewards. Only a dull ache in his genitals that told him he had found a man with no mercy. A man worthy of being called his master. A man deserving of his love.

"You know, David, you can't go on like this. Sooner or later you're going to meet someone who's going to pull a slick number on you. Then where will you be? Up shit's creek without a paddle. Or with the paddle stuck up your ass. Now if you ask me . . ."

But he never did. He never expected anyone to understand. To understand why his body craved punishment like most men's bodies craved caresses. How do you tell someone that a whip gives a very tender kiss, indeed? That blood trickled from a cat-of-nine-tails is a lover's gift? That pain is the pleasure worth sharing? You don't tell anyone. At least not in the world where shadowed figures gather around two human animals going through a deadly courtship ritual. David saw their eyes and the satisfaction that makes men and women huddle around the corpse of a recently-hanged man. It was the same satisfaction he got from watching the gladiator's back run red from repeated lashings. Only now, it was even greater. Now it was David's turn at the stake. David poised for the blows that he hoped would come before the man discharged his pent up spunk inside his willing mouth.

Slowly, with the image of his hairy father misting before his eyes he began the chant. His chant. "Beat me. Beat me, Daddy. Beat me. Daddy. Beat me." The words repeated, mantra-like, over and over and just barely audible in the din of sucking noises.

But Roy heard it. His ears opened as the pleadings filled the

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inner canals that led to his brain. One by one his brain cells fired messages to his hand. "Beat the fucker. Whip his ass. Make him beg for you to stop." And as he felt his load rising through the stiff cock shaft resting in his slave's mouth, he held the belt aloft and brought it down on the kneeling man's ass. Over and over again, until it seemed like no other sound dared break the reverence of the moment. Only when he felt his cock cream come spilling out of the spit drenched piss slit did he allow his hand to break its unceasing rhythm. Only then did he look down to see the raised welts criss-crossing the man's bare ass. And only then did he feel the triumph of the performer as shooting cocks rained applause on the piss soaked floor.

David knew the blows were just a beginning. He knew that the welts would fade within an hour and the sting of the belt would be a memory in even less time. With his knees now soaked in a pool of spilled-out jism, he realized that from that point onward, he would be a marked man. His battered butt would tell everyone in the bar that he was more than anxious to take a beating and beg for more. The welts would be his Scarlet Letter, announcing to the world within the converted warehouse that here was a grade-A masochist, ready for whatever someone with an excess of anger could dish out. But with his face staring into Roy's dangling slab of meat, David did a thing he rarely ever did. He raised himself up and looked into the face of the man who had just undeservedly beat him. It was the look of a kicked dog. Or a cat thrown out in the rain. It was a look that said, "I want more." And as his mind said it, his lips repeated the thought. He asked the man to take him home. His home, or any home he could bring him to. He asked the man to claim him for the night. Then either discard him in the morning or let him become an object for repeated use.

And as the words came streaming from his lips, he saw the look in the man's face. The look told him it would be possible. That what he wanted would come to pass. That dad was resurrected, if only for the night, in the form in which some day he hoped to find him.

All eyes watched the look of triumph on the slave's face as his master led him out into the night. No gladiator went more willingly into the lion's den, or into the path of an onrushing opponent. With one nod of his master's head, he was Demetrius reborn. The ancient Roman repeating his past life over and over, with an ever-present whip dangling nearby. And just like in the ancient days, the crowd parted before the triumphant warriors, their bodies still naked and their wounds still gaping. Once outside, an ancient yellow chariot bore them to David's tiny cubicle. Its taciturn driver watched as hands grabbed crotches in the back seat. Like the eunuch he was, he could only guess at where they had been or where they were going. He saw only the leather and the dangling chains, which told him it was ritual the passengers were after.

It was those chains which announced the triumphant entrance into the ancient city. Chains and the oversized heels of leather boots reverberating on the staircase. One person knew what the ritual would be. He had heard it all before, through the leaking steampipes. He smiled to himself and gripped his crotch as he heard the boots stop overhead. Then, like a rush of clanging steam through a radiator, he heard the crash of belt on butt over and over again until he had relieved himself on the cracked linoleum.

But long before the cumming, there had been the awkward pauses. The moment to regain the equilibrium established in the bar. The resumption of the birthright poses. Top and bottom. Suppliant and Sadist. Little Boy and Daddy. But it had begun. And it had built. The setting changed now. Dark corners filled with street-found furniture. Couches instead of piss-drenched concrete. Hooks strategically placed in doorways, tempting the top to play his rope tricks. And still the magic worked. It worked the minute Roy removed his shaft from its protective leather sheeting. It worked as David dropped to his knees and started filling his mouth with spit stained leather. And just to drown out the sounds, a movie, replayed past the point of cumming that had occurred only brief hours before. Going far beyond the cinematic

version. Going far beyond what would have been accepted on screen. And just barely going to the bottom's limit.

It stopped just short of scarring. But just barely. For one frightening minute, David wasn't the least bit sure he would walk away from the ordeal without a set of marks to attest to his servitude. It was a recurring nightmare that haunted his waking sleeping. Sometimes, in the early morning hours he saw his body hopelessly bruised beyond recognition, its smooth surface pitted and lined with the earmarks of repeated lashings and burned ends of snuffed cigarettes.

"Sooner or later, David, there'll be a price to pay. And I don't want to be there to witness the results. I've seen what can happen when someone goes too far. I haven't been a nurse all these years without coming across every kind of pain one human being can inflict upon another. And some of it hasn't been pretty at all. Not the least bit pretty."

But it was hard to think about such things with your hands tied behind your back or your mouth stuffed with someone's raunchy jock. And friends were notorious for being envious.

"When was the last time you got your butt stuffed?"

The question broke the reverie. Unfortunately, with his mouth full of stretched-out cotton jock, it was hard to come up with an appropriate answer. David knew instinctively that most of a master's questions were rhetorical. But had he been able to answer, he would have given some small protest about not being into anything anal.

"It looks like that's about the only hole left to stuff."

Somehow, he didn't think the choice was his, after all. Resignation came easily to a bottom man. Resignation and the surrendering of control. And sometimes, but rarely, trust.

"Wonder if this belt would slide up your hole or not."

David knew that it would. Ironically, his ass muscles were of the gaping kind. Convenient, but not all that convenient considering he ordinarily liked to fill it with nothing more than the bulbous end of an enema tube. But as the greased up belt slid deeper and deeper into his gut, he tried to relax those ass muscles and please the man who was slowly but surely becoming a man to be reckoned with.

"Now maybe we ought to make some use of those hooks you've so conveniently put up for me. That ass of yours is real red. Just like a side of beef. Maybe we ought to hang you up like the piece of meat you are."

The thought had occurred to him. Often. Now it was in the realm of the possible. With his feet barely touching the floor and his hands secured to the corners of the door frame, David could do nothing but let his mind wander. Secure in a leather hood, his fantasies stayed inside his brain, punctuating the new silence of his leather-framed world. He could feel his body being used. Weights dangled from his stretched-out nipples. More weights were suspended from his equally lengthened nut sac. Then, as the belt was slowly pulled out from his anus, David knew it was time for the ritual whipping that he had hoped would end the night's activities. When it did come, it was no surprise. But surprise or not, the pain was more intense than he had counted on.

With his ears firmly encased in the hood, he could only hear the muffled slaps of leather on flesh. He tried to make out the words his master was saying in rhythm to each raised movement of his hand. He had heard the words often enough to be able to figure out their gist. David was well versed in verbal abuse. Mad he wanted to do so, he could have mimicked the words and become a top man himself. But he knew it would be only mimicry. His role in life was to receive rather than give. And receive he did. With each lowering of his master's arm, he could feel the welts on his bare butt cry out under the savage pain. The man was not about to stop. At least not until he had vented whatever secret anger it was that drove him to take frustrations out on some picked-up stranger.

"All right, fucker. Let's see that ass of your move. I want to watch that hole of yours cry out."

The intent, if not the accuracy of the words was there. The man wanted to see red. Red welts. Red blood. And red puckering at the

point where the ass cheeks converged, like two hemispheres of a brain. Slowly, even the studs on the belt began to leave their marks. David could feel the spot where the raised pieces of metal had begun to cut into the flesh. Panic rose in his throat as he thought about the marks those gouges might leave. But panic was soon forgotten as he filled his brain with one thought and one thought only . . . he was being punished. Punished by a leather daddy who knew, as only leather daddies can know, exactly what he had done to deserve such cruel punishment. Somehow, the past and present had been bridged in a few short hours. The man understood. He understood without a word being exchanged. Like the little boy he was, David could not name the nebulous deed. He could only imagine its existence and reason that it was the cause of the ache in his now-bleeding buttocks. And with that understanding, he cried. Cried to the man who was giving him so much pain and pleasure and cried to a man whose face was distantly familiar.

Roy heard the sobs that choked in his slave's throat. They were nothing new. Many slaves had cried under his whipping. It was ritual. It was expected. But something in the way the boy said "Daddy" over and over again wore at the defense of coldness and cruelty he had perfected. He knew he wasn't the daddy being called for. In the stillness of the moment he could hear his own voice resounding through an empty room. It was a voice long since buried under protective layers. A voice that came out only as he looked into the pleading eyes of some new conquest. And as he looked into the mirror placed nearby he could see the image of the man who had made that voice come out some many times so many years ago.

Like a ghost, the word hung in the stagnant air. David looked over from his bent-over position to watch the shadow appear and leave with one last blow against his skin. So quick was its movement that, once seen, it was soon forgotten. It remained only in the drops seeping from the ribbon-like bruises crisscrossing the upended butt. Like converging telephone lines, they

told a story that would be too much for most people to fathom. Not even psychics would dare to read the lines or smears which formed as Roy lifted David to his feet. Only the ghosts that lived in the room's sharp corners knew what they meant. And their laughter, as they watched the two men fall into each other's arms, was all that filtered up the steampipes at that moment.

That, and the understanding that somehow there was more than just mutual gratification in the connection. The blood had flowed too deeply. The blows had been too heavy. The tears were much too real. Not even Hollywood could duplicate the ending. All it could do was come up with a weak facsimile; two bodies dancing into the sunset, one dragging chains and ropes, the other carrying a cattle prod as it did its twostep. Neither one aware of the performance or even that they were performing.

But all movies end. And as the open reel clattered the end of its contents onto the projector, our heroes lay contented; one on piles of cushions, the other with a can of beer poised between his open legs. It was now time again for Demetrius. With one push of a button, the gladiator rolled into view again, his muscles oiled and ready for the inevitable lashing. Even as his lover passed, her hair a Medusa-snarl of dyed black curls, his face remained frozen. Not the lions who snarled around his feet as if that were their fetish, and not the ancient rule who had betrayed his one-time servant. Only David smiled, his fantasies contented and laid to rest for the moment. There would be hours before he'd have to think about morning. And by then he might be dead. Torn apart by roving packs of wolves or made victim to the seated watchers in the corners. In the meantime, there was reassurance in the ache. He could hold his butt up to the mirror and know for certain that someone had been there. Like the soreness, the glow would last into the week. Beyond that was mere conjecture. And at the moment, not important. What was important was the film. And there were still so many trials and tribulations for Demetrius. And with his hand wound inside his master's thighs, David had every intention of watching the movie until its finish. □

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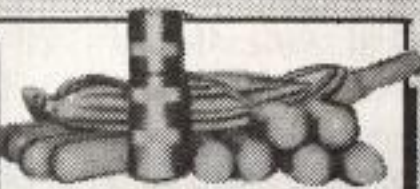
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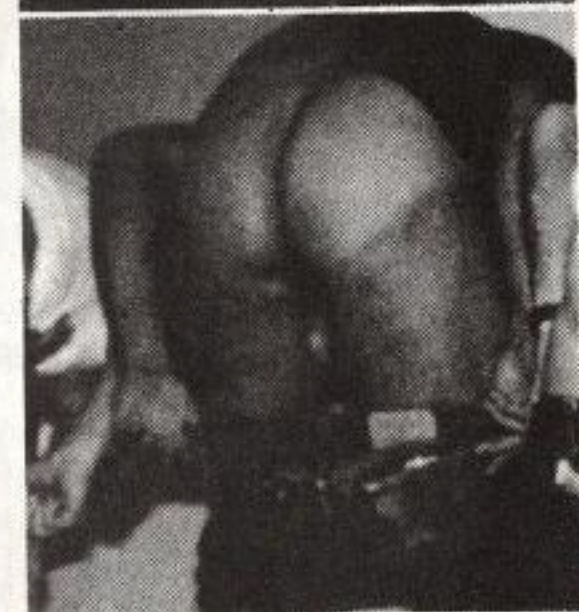
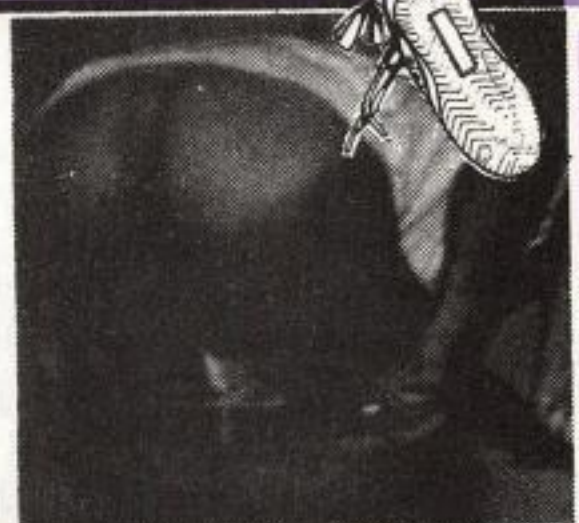
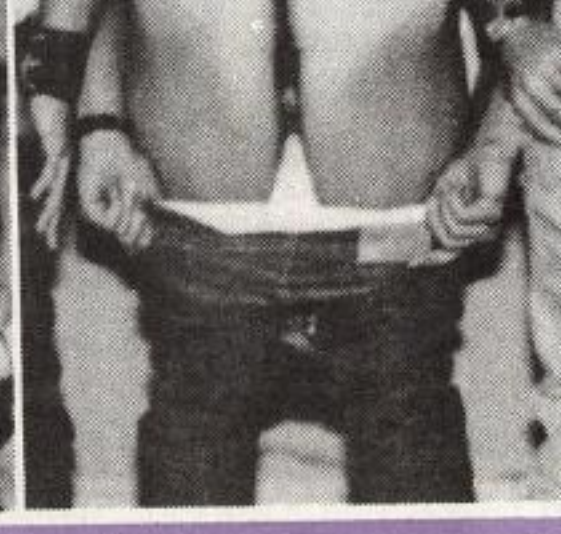
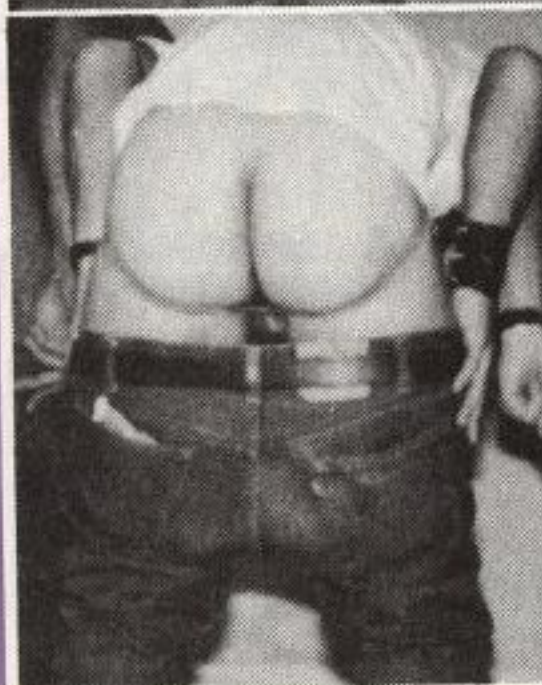
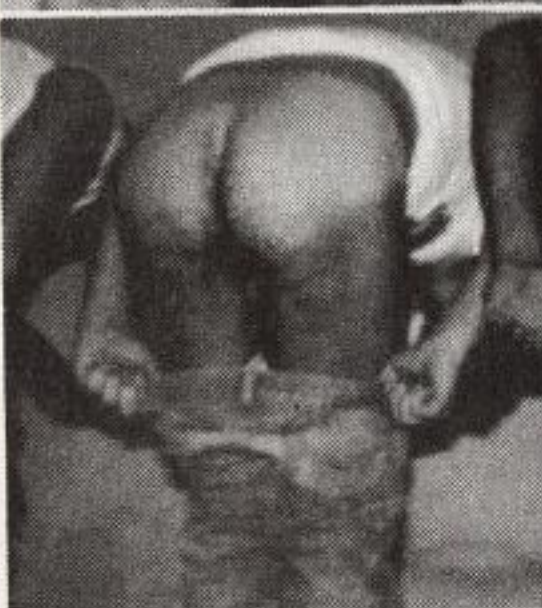
Fetish Feature is a new special section that will be found in most issues of *Drummer*. Each issue will focus on a special turn-on, including news and information, fiction, photos, art, etc. for each fetish. A special feature will be the Fetish Tough Customers section. Send in your special photos for the Fetish TCs and send in your stories, etc. for these upcoming fetishes:

Drummer	Fetish Feature	Deadline
#112	Tattoos	Nov. 20
#113	Boots	Dec. 1
#114	Hair & Shaving	Jan. 1
#115	Wrestling	Feb. 1

Because *Drummer* 108, which originally announced this feature series, was held up so long by the printers, there are no Fetish Tough Customers in this issue. For this same reason, we have pushed the schedule back one issue and will not have a Fetish Feature in *Drummer* 111.

HOT BOTTOMS

Hot Bottoms is a magazine for male spanking enthusiasts produced by Control-T Studio. Issue #13, the most recent one we have seen, is 38 pages, 8½×11" photocopied typescript with some photo illustrations. It includes several short stories, several pages of letters to the editor and 79 personal ads, a few with photos. Cover price is \$5; no subscription rate is listed. For more information, contact Control-T Studio, 13624 Sherman Way #475, Van Nuys, CA 91405.



VIDEO TAPE REVIEW

This month Fledermaus sent me (count 'em: 5!) spanking videos to review. The first thing I did was throw my shoulder out of joint during a marathon solo jack-off session. My arm was in a sling for a week. Told the doctor I tripped while walking the dog; he did not believe it, either. Anyway, I'm back to using both hands, so I'll get on with the business at hand (so to speak). Three of these tapes are from CONTROL-T STUDIOS and two from MAN'S HAND FILMS (see addresses at the end of this review). I've seen a number of productions from both of these companies and this set of tapes is among the best they have ever produced.

First of all, I'd like to make some general comments about both of these outfits and compare their styles. Control-T Stu-

dios tapes usually have better resolution and better lighting. What good is a group of hot men if the tape is so dark you cannot make out the details you are looking for? They also have a better-looking stable of actors, especially if you are into young dudes. They could use some older, "daddy" types, not only for believability but for those of us who have other tastes. The story lines and plots are pretty good, such as they are. They set up the situation quickly and get down to action. After all, we are not watching these for the likes of Ibsen or Chekov. The one thing that bothers me the most about Control-T is that they seem to go out of their way to keep from showing a man's cock. I know that in spanking tapes the primary focus is on the backside,

but attached to the reverse of every ass is a cock I would like to see as well. Perhaps they are going for a PG-13 rating. When the actors slide their pants down, all too often the underwear still covers an important part of a man's anatomy. Come on guys—show us what you've got! The sets for Control-T are usually an interior room, often with a blue tarp for a backdrop. This could be overlooked but I would like it if they would keep the cables on the floor out of the picture and be a little more careful about shooting out of the defined set. As I said above, the lighting lets you see everything that happens in great detail and I find that a big plus. The camera angles vary to keep interest and work quite well. The opening montage of scenes from other movies is a great

teaser, choreographed and timed perfectly to the music. Cinematography gets an A+.

Man's Hand Films vary greatly in quality from one another, even on the same tape. They use outdoor shots in setting up the scenario and real rooms for sets. This adds to realism but the result is often loss of detail and very poor lighting. I only review original copies of the tapes as supplied by Fledermaus, who gets them direct from the companies. The difference, I suspect, is the result of using a movie camera rather than direct-to-tape. The noise of the movie camera is obvious and annoying. Man's Hand does, however, let you see the whole actor—including his cock. The age range of the actors is greater and I see that as a big advantage.

Now some comments about the individual tapes.

CONTROL-T STUDIO

Comment: Highly recommended.

The Punishment Room
(Control-T Studios FMO #2; 75 min. ©1986, \$79.95)

This is a single story tape, but what a story! The Punishment Room is in a boys' reformatory school. Rule infractions are dealt with here. This tape is a series of sessions between the bad boys and the warden or his guards. The warden looks the part of a political appointee but does not fit the role of a stern disciplinarian; he looks more like a teddy bear. He does have good technique and can deliver a firm and effective spanking. If only he would keep his mouth shut. In the initial contact we have with the warden, he is explaining the rules of the room to the guards: they may use their hands but to use any of the instruments they must get his permission first. The very first spanking session violates this rule. We must assume the guard obtained the required permission off-screen, but it would be a nice turnaround if the warden punished

the guard for his infraction.

Comment: Highly recommended.

The Spankmasters
(Control-T Studios CTS #28; 60 min. ©1987, \$69.95)

This tape does not have any plot at all. It is a series of three sessions that can best be described as hot, hotter and hottest! One of the sessions disturbs me. The top consistently and repeatedly hits the boy too high. He keeps hitting the tailbone. This can cause great pain; not the pain of a good spanking but as in hurting somebody. If this spot is used with a wooden paddle or heavy instrument, the coccyx could be broken. This type of thing on video tape offends me very much. Those people that buy this tape and are novices could get the idea that this sort of thing is the correct way of spanking somebody. It is not. This is not just a difference of opinion or style but an issue of safety. Producers of any sort of S/M tape should have the ethical responsibility of presenting only correct technique. Some

of the things done in tapes are not safe sex as portrayed on the screen, but you must give them the freedom of fantasy vs. reality. I refer you to the Caution Statement in the front of each issue of *Drummer*. On the whole, we are fortunate that many areas of S/M do not include the exchange of body fluids and have always been safe sex. This is especially true with spanking. Please, your bottom may not be able to sit down for awhile, but don't hurt him. There is one other character in this tape I want to comment on. The bad boy in the second and third session in the hottest body in any of this month's tapes. He starts off by saying "You know why I'm here and I know why I'm here, so let's get down to business." And they do. If he is not into the scene as much as he appears to be, he does a great job of acting. Only his ass is not acting, it's RED! This is the man I lust for and fantasize about. I'd like to see more of him in future tapes. If only he didn't lick the tennis shoes. Use boots next time!

Comment: Highly recommended.

(continued on page 48)

Sassy Student & Neighborhood Thieves

(Control-T Studios, CBV #1101; 60 min. ©1987, \$69.95)

This tape has all black actors. It is good to see Control-T using all their efforts and abilities to produce an all-black tape equal to the best they have ever done. The first segment involves a teacher catching a student going through the teacher's desk. The student chooses the alternate punishment rather than being reported to the dean. Both of these guys are good looking. The action is hot. And the result is the student learns a good lesson. The second story is a man coming home to find two thieves ransacking his house. Rather than a report to the police, the two thieves also choose a spanking. My imagination was stretched a bit by one man ending up spanking the two so easily. There is a lot of good action and by having two butts to work on, the action is varied. As the top says, those brown butts turn red. The one thief that wears boxer shorts (something for everyone) does have a hard time keeping a straight face. His laughing hurts the fantasy that is already spread thin.



SEAKING

FETISH

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SPANKING

FETISH FEATURE

GIVE & TAKE

A SPANKING PARTY GAME
any number can play

This game puts your butt on the line. It is only for the most adventuresome. Any number can play, but groups of three to ten work best. A one-on-one situation can be used but larger groups will give the bruised butts a chance to cool between sessions.

Step 1.

EVERYBODY plays—no voyeurs!

Step 2.

Everybody takes a number to set up the order of play.

Step 3.

Shuffle a deck of cards and man #1 picks a card. If the card is a black suit, he gives a spanking. If the card is a red suit, he takes a spanking. The number on the card determines the number of swats. (Ace is one; deuce is two, trey is three; on up to Jack, Queen and King as 10). The man drawing the card picks his partner. The man giving the spanking chooses the instrument and position. Administer the spanking.

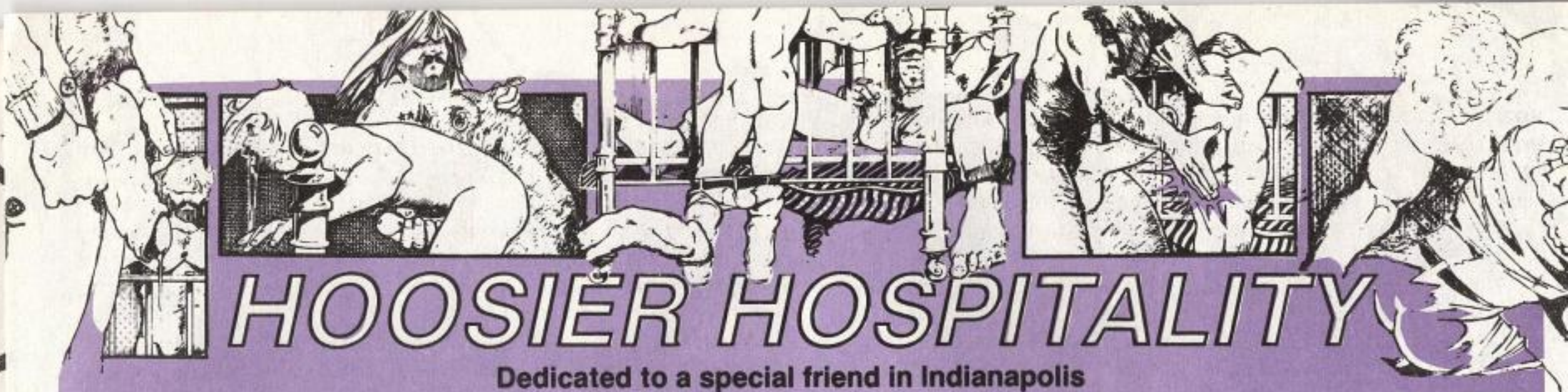
Step 4.

Man #2 picks his card and follows Step 3, above. Each man in turn picks his card and follows the same procedure. A complete round is each man picking a card.

It is possible that after round one there may be some butts still unspanked. However, after several rounds, this possibility decreases dramatically.

Bottoms up!

©1987—Andrew Kaye



HOOSIER HOSPITALITY

Dedicated to a special friend in Indianapolis

by Erik Youngblood

A tear came to my eye. I had read in the paper that the first new 65 MPH speed-limit sign in the state was put up just south of Chicago on I-55. On a quick weekend trip I was looking out for this historic marker. Finally the nation had ended the second "Great Experiment" of the century. As the sign came into view, a tear swelled in my eye as I put the pedal to the metal and reset the speed control. Little did I know then that that same tear would be in my eye the very next weekend, but for a very different reason.

The next Friday night found me again getting out of the big city, this time heading south on I-65 through the great wasteland of Indiana. I must admit that I've always thought that Mr. Webster was being overly generous in describing a "Hoosier" as a dolt or country bumpkin. My education was lacking and soon to be completed.

The trip down was uneventful, if not boring. While the rest of the country was moving quickly to the new increased speed limit, Indiana was, as usual, behind the times. These people were still holding up progress at the old 55 MPH speed-limit. The weekend of fun and sun was so good that I developed the proverbial car trouble and called my boss to tell him I would not be in on Monday. All good things must come to an end, and on Monday morning I bid my friends goodbye and set out for the trip north. I hooked up with a convoy of semis and set the old cruise control. A tape in the cassette player helped pass the time and the miles.

As we approached Indianapolis the road widened to three lanes, and traffic picked up. I pulled out to the left and was the middle car of five. We all were cruising past trucks when I found out why they had slowed down. Why wasn't I paying attention? All the signs were there, but I was too caught up in a Vivaldi Concerto to notice, until it was too late. There he was. Ahead of the first truck was one of Indiana's finest. There was nothing to do but keep in the line of traffic. After all, I was in the middle, and he wouldn't pull over all five of us would he? As I passed him I looked over to see him looking straight at me. We made eye contact. He smiled. Was that a friendly smile or a sinister one?

The five of us passed him and pulled back in the right lane. As I watched in my rear-view mirror I thought I was off the hook. Just as my adrenalin pump slowed down, I saw him. He had turned on his lights and swerved over to the left lane. Before I could even ponder the possibilities, he was behind me right on my bumper. I was caught.

I was running the usual excuses through my mind as he walked up to my car. As I watched him in the mirror I thought what a hulk this kid was. He asked for my license and went back to check me through his on-board computer. Why was he taking so long? I knew I was clean, no priors, no warrants, no nothing. Why was he taking so long? By the time he returned I was a raw bundle of nerves. He leaned in the window and said I was lucky the computer found nothing. I breathed a little easier. The bit about keeping up with traffic got me nowhere. He was still leaning on the window looking at me through those mirrored sunglasses that cops favor so much.

That was when it all started. The tone of his voice changed and I could tell the climate was changing as well. He tried to sound as if he was pissed off. He was due to get off duty in just half an hour and was on his way to the station to turn in his car when he stopped me. Was it my imagination or were those mirrored

lenses really staring at my crotch? One of his options was to take me in and let me wait for the judge to settle this in the morning. He stood up as he said this and was tapping his left hand with my plastic-coated license in his right hand. I was staring out the window straight into his crotch this time. I found myself lost in lust for this fantasy being played out. I really don't remember what I said but it was something like promising to drive more carefully and be good in the future.

He interrupted my babbling to say if his daddy had caught him speeding he would have been taken out to the woodshed and the matter settled right there and then. My imagination was working overtime. As I stared at his belt I could swear I could make out a familiar outline in his pants. Was it growing? Could I be sure? The climate was most definitely changing. I laughed out loud and agreed with him. If I came home with a speeding ticket my daddy would have settled things as well, and did.

We quickly found out we had both been raised in a small country town where woodsheds were common and well used. That outline in his pants was growing even bigger and so was mine. The climate again changed, very abruptly. "Well," he said, "we could let the judge settle this or we could take care of things ourselves." Was this hunk of a cop making a play for me? He was ten years younger than me but still very much in charge. A quick pinch to my leg proved this was reality and not one of my favorite fantasies. Being somewhat noncommittal just in case I was wrong, I said I would rather not have a mark on my driving record. "Well then," he said with a sly smile, "I guess you'll have marks some place else!" Bingo! I was right. Maybe, just maybe, I hit the jackpot. "Follow me," he ordered. With an even more serious tone, he reminded me he still had my license.

When he got into his car he pulled around me and I followed most obediently. The lights on the car were still on and I was embarrassed by the attention of the other drivers. Was he really looking to attract attention, or was he just building my anxiety? Whatever the reason, it worked. After a couple of more exits he turned off the Interstate and turned off his lights. There was a small park and he pulled in the parking lot. He came back to my car and told me to wait for him there while he turned in the car. He would be back in an hour and I better be there. He was again tapping his hand with my license. I assured him I would do as I was told. I was in enough trouble. He sped out of the lot and I was left to await my fate.

One hour and three minutes later a car pulled in next to me. It was my real live fantasy in a loud hot muscle car. I was ordered to follow or else. Before I could start my engine, he was out of the lot. I followed as best I could. At the entrance to the expressway he was waiting for me. We took off together and headed right through the downtown area. If you have never taken Deadman's Curve in Indianapolis at 85 MPH you cannot imagine the fear I had. If I don't keep up with him I may not get out of the state. If I do keep up I may not live. I kept up. There must have been enough adrenalin pumping through my veins to perform superhuman stunts. We slowed down and exited just west of the city. After a few turns off the main road we wound our way into an apartment complex surrounding a small lake. He pulled into a parking space and I pulled in next to him. We were there.

As he got out of his car he put his Smokey-the-bear hat back on. He was still in full uniform. Dark blue shirt, light blue tie, gun belt and all. He motioned for me to follow him as he headed to his

apartment door. Unlocking the door he stood back for me to enter. The door was closed and locked behind us. The drapes were already closed and the late afternoon sun gave the room an eerie glow. It was then I again noticed those mirrored sunglasses.

"Well, boy, you know why you are here, don't you?" The game had started.

"Yes sir," I replied, "I was caught speeding." It was too late to back out now. We were at the woodshed.

"It's time you big-city boys learn you can't just run through our town." He said. "Now you are going to pay for your crime."

There he was, my dream cop in his full glory. Slowly he raised the waist band of his Sam Brown to reveal the basket-weave pattern of the uniform belt. Slowly, ever so slowly, he unbuckled the belt and slid it out of his pants, one belt loop at a time. We were standing in the middle of his living room but the atmosphere was most definitely the woodshed.

"Drop your pants." Those were the words my daddy always used. The words that still strike fear into every bone in my body. I complied. My pants were around my knees, and I reached for the elastic of my jockeys. He nodded. I slid them down. There I was, bare assed with a cock that couldn't hide my excitement. He put his hand on my shoulder to position me over the back of a chair. As he pulled my shirt out of the way he finally spoke.

"How fast were you going boy?"

There was no way I could or would lie, He knew the truth. "I was clocked at 65, Sir."

"Then," he stated, "your punishment will be the same." He stepped back and I waited.

Very soon I felt it. I screamed. Without realizing it I stood up and turned to look at him. Reality was too real. If he intended to do 64 more like that one I would not survive. He didn't say a word but turned me back over the chair. His touch was soft and gentle. How could a man with a caring touch be so cruel? He rubbed my back and then traced my spine down to my ass. His hand was cool compared to the burning from that first meeting with his uniform belt. Without a word he let me know I was safe. The leather belt was sliding back and forth across my burning butt. When he removed it I knew that number two was coming. It landed just off where the first one hurt so much. Only this one didn't hurt all that much. Was I getting used to the pain so quickly, or was he being as caring as his touch indicated?

The belt was removed from my ass and number three landed. This was not his first time in wielding a belt. I kept count silently. The only sounds were the belt hitting my upturned ass and the resulting moans and hisses from my downturned face. The strokes were varied in location and intensity. He made sure no spot on my ass was neglected. The strokes got harder up to a point and then he eased off. Always keeping me off guard, he never let me forget why we were there. The cadence was steady and the end was coming, 61, 62, 63, 64 . . . He stopped.

Had I lost count? Then he spoke. "Have you been counting boy?"

"Yes, sir," I whimpered.

"Then you know that you have one more coming to you?" he asked.

"Yes sir." I hadn't lost count.

He again rubbed my burning ass and told me that the last one would be even worse than the first. I really didn't know if I could handle it but when asked, I told him I was ready. He removed his hand as I waited. Time slowed and seemed to stop. I braced myself. The belt landed on my ass but I was on another planet somewhere. The pain had put me there. I could not even scream like I did on the first stroke. My body was rigid as every muscle contracted at once as I laid over the chair. My mind was soaring somewhere between the exquisite pain and the relief that the whipping was over.

As I came back down to earth my body began to relax and I became more aware of my surroundings. My cop had waited for my arrival. As I was shaking my head to clear it I saw him drop the belt in the chair. Again without words, he had spoken to me: it was over. Next came the hat and finally those sunglasses that had

prevented me from seeing his eyes.

He touched me and then leaned over to whisper in my ear. "Are you okay?" he asked. I reached over to touch that beautiful face as he helped me down to the floor. He put his arms around me and held me tight. We stayed on the floor until I spoke. I could finally look into his eyes. I told him I hadn't had a good whipping in a long long time but never one as harsh and as caring as the one he just gave me.

We at last could laugh together as friends and equals. He got up and told me to get out of my clothes so he could put some lotion on my tenderized backside. By the time he returned, I had gotten up and was looking around to see the results of his work. The anesthetic ointment he used was like ice compared to the fire he rubbed it on. After his ministrations to my wounds he asked me if I would like a drink. Only if he had a stand-up bar was my reply.

He remained dressed and I stayed naked. Even though the debt to society had been paid in full, he was still in charge. Besides, I loved the look of that body made even more sexy by the blue uniform with the striped trousers of the state police. We talked and found we had more in common than fathers with woodsheds. We were relaxed and fast becoming friends. When I mentioned that I would not only drive more slowly, but with the current condition of my ass I may not be able to drive at all, he asked me to stay the night. He had worked the weekend and was off the next two days. Then I told him that my supposed car trouble had already made me one day late getting back to work so maybe, just maybe, the garage didn't have the parts handy. The sun had gone down long ago but neither of us had noticed. I agreed to stay.

Since we were now friends I thought I would push my luck. "You know," I said, "you really gave me a run when I was following you. That trip on Deadman's Curve was a bit too fast."

He admitted he was trying to impress me.

"It's a good thing your daddy doesn't know about that little episode," I stated matter of factly. The game was on again, only this time we had reversed rolls. "Well," I stated with authority, "maybe your daddy doesn't know about it, but I do!" I walked over to the chair and picked up the belt. He followed me this time. I turned and faced him nose to nose. Here I was, naked and my ass burning, facing this cop in almost full uniform. He was silent but with bowed head. The game was on. I stepped aside and uttered those fearful words. "Drop 'em!" He dropped his pants and shorts at the same time. "You know the position don't you?" He bent over the chair and awaited his fate this time.

I have used a belt a few times as well as he and returned the favor he had given me just a little while ago. I duplicated my whipping on his ass stroke for stroke, including the first and last. When I went to the bathroom to get ointment, it was his turn to get undressed.

We had another drink and some sandwiches. This time we were both standing up.

We were both tired and decided to turn in for the night, or what was left of it. He led me to the bedroom. I crawled under the covers while he went to turn out the lights. He slipped into bed next to me. We looked at each other and laughed out loud as we realized at the same time that both of us were lying on our stomachs. We turned carefully toward each other and kissed goodnight. The next morning we said goodbyes and I was on my way back to the Big City.

After working only three days that week, I found myself again getting away. I looked for any excuse this time. The only requirement was that I head south. The signs at the Indiana state line that proudly proclaim that "Hoosier hospitality is no accident" have taken on a new meaning. I have learned a great deal about Hoosier hospitality and about one certain Hoosier in particular. He may have been from the country, but he is certainly no country bumpkin.

Twice now I have traveled through Indianapolis. Both times I rode the old double nickel. Not for fear that I would be caught, but that I wouldn't.

Maybe next time.



SHANK

FETISH FEATURE



M.H. Productions





EVEN & ODD

A SPANKING DUEL
for two bottoms

This game pits two bottoms against each other. A third man may be added if he is the top administering the spankings. In larger groups, this game can be used as a tournament, with the players pairing off and the loser advancing to the next round after each spanking. The ultimate loser (winner?) will be the man with the reddest butt.

Step 1.

Determine which man will be the "even man" and which will be the "odd man."

Step 2.

Determine in advance of each roll what position and instrument will be used for that roll.

Step 3.

Each man takes one die (two dice for the more adventuresome.)

Step 4.

Roll the dice.

Step 5.

Add the total number of the dice. If the total number is even, the "even man" gets the spanking; if the total number is odd, the "odd man" gets the spanking. The total number determines the number of swats. Administer the spanking as agreed in advance.

Continue playing for the predetermined number of rolls. If one of the players chickens out, there should be a forfeit paid. The duel may also be played for the forfeit as well as the spankings.

Bottoms up!

©1987—Andrew Kaye



M.H. Productions

VIDEOTAPE REVIEW

(continued on page 41)

Butts Only & As the Cycle Turns

(Man's Hand Films, MHV #107; 30 min., ©1987 \$59.95)

This is the best of the Man's Hand Films. The quality is the same as Control-T's. It is well-lit with good resolution. This appears to have been a direct-to-tape production. I hope future tapes are of this high technical quality. *Butts Only* has a military setting. There is more dialog than usual and this is a great asset in moving the tape along. The talking does not get in the way of the spanking action. There is plenty. The new Lt. j.g. does get his in the end, pun intended. There is a surprise twist at the very end that left me laughing and with a good feeling. Well done guys.

As the Cycle Turns starts out as an all-too-hokey porn flick. You do find out the idea is a movie-within-a-movie. With that in mind, the story works well. Both of the butts in this episode get worked over good and hard. And — you get to see a couple of nice looking cocks. They end up leaving the movie set to get a drink at a bar where they can stand up to drink. They will be standing up for several days. In this segment

they use a small blue paddle that I recognized and can recommend. See my comment at the end of the review.

Comment: Recommended. Would be Highly Recommended, but for sixty bucks you should get more than thirty minutes no matter how good a job they do.

Coach From Down Under, Attitude, Cry Uncle & My Roomie; (Man's Hand Films, 60 min, ©1987, \$69.95.)

I'm sorry, guys, but this is the worst of the lot. The old problem of movie camera noise, very dark picture and poor sound give this tape big problems. In *Coach From Down Under*, the sound completely disappears several times even when the mouths are moving. *Attitude with Officer Powers* is not that bad. He does a pretty fair job. There is a big construction worker type at the end that I would like to see used a lot more. What a daddy hulk; oh daddy, oh daddy, oh daddy . . . *Cry Uncle* is dull and *My Roomie* is an English import. Despite the copyright date, these appear to be quite old movies.

Comment: Borrow or rent the tape first.

Control-T-Studios: 13624 Sherman Way #475, Van Nuys, CA 91405. (Videos, photos, audios, magazines. *Hot Bottoms* — bimonthly spanking magazine.)

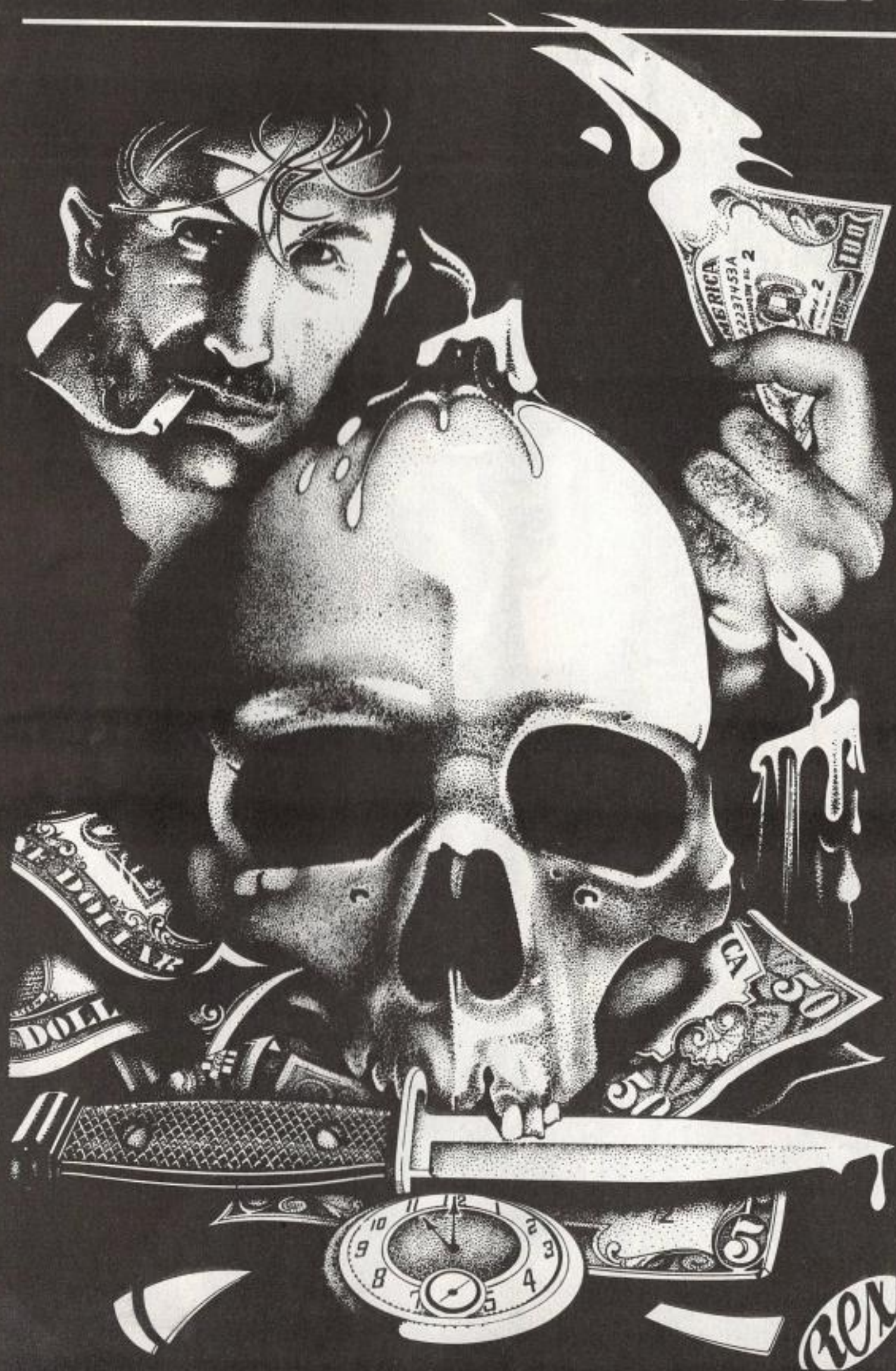
Man's Hand Films: 633 Post, Suite 500, San Francisco, CA 94109. (Videos, photos, audios.)

Comment: During the discussion of *As the Cycle Turns*, I made reference to a blue paddle. This is a very light weight paddle that can deliver some good healthy swats. It is light enough and thin enough to put several in a large manila envelope to keep in the trunk of the car or in a suitcase when traveling. Keep several. They can be broken over a guy's butt with a little practice. The emotional high of breaking a paddle can really send a bottom over the edge. Not to mention what it can do for the top. Not only can I recommend these from personal experience, on both ends of the paddle, but I can heartily support the supplier. Check the Sandmutoopia Supply Co. catalog. They are a good buy.

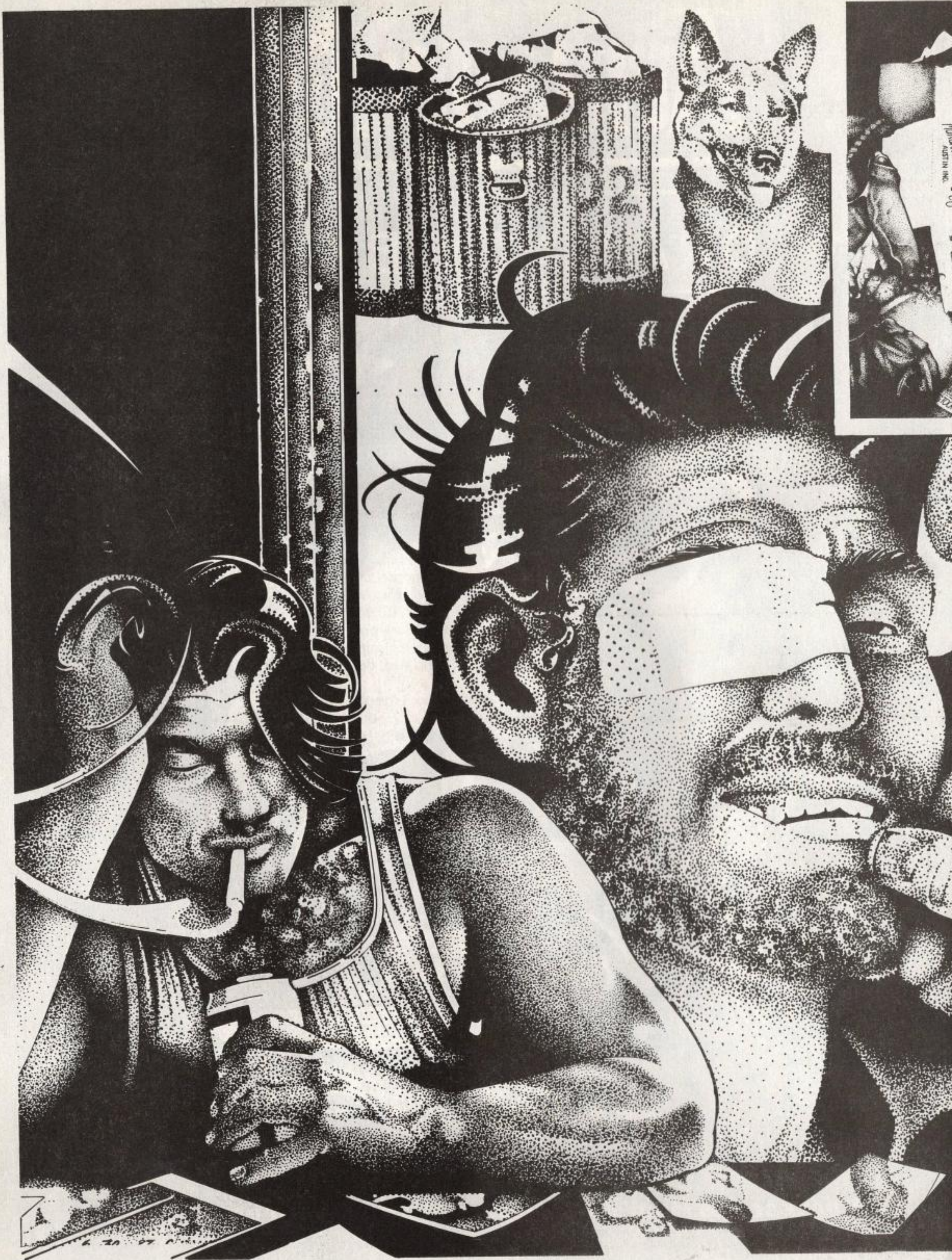
Ed.: For information on ordering unbreakable ass paddles, whips, rubber hoses and other gear, see the inside front cover of this issue. □

Armageddon

DRAWINGS BY REX



A new series from the consummate master of erotic sleaze

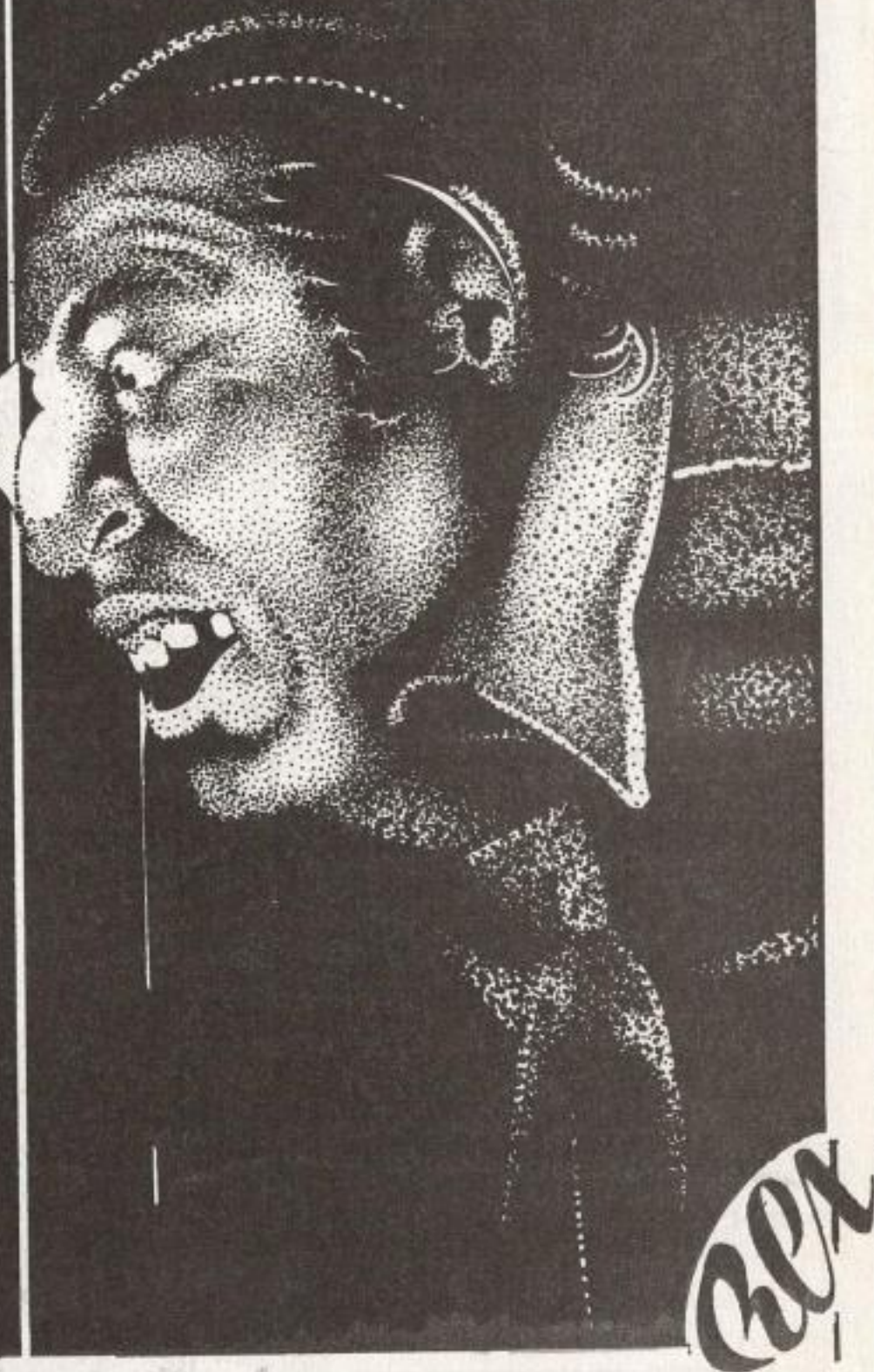




Rex Armageddon

REX . . .the signature on a drawing promises high technical quality and MEN enjoying themselves in the sleaziest of situations. Armageddon, Rex's newest set, offers it all; from a lecherous, Dickensian peeping tom to street hunks, sleeping naked in the gutter amid empty wine bottles, covered by cardboard boxes, carelessly jacking off huge uncut cocks, to dogs licking up puddles of cum, to a man and a goat - allegory?, I doubt it! —AFD

Rex's Armageddon is a set of 12, 8 X 11 prints. \$25 including first class postage to Drawings By Rex, PO Box 347, San Francisco, CA 94101.



Rex

MOVIE

TEEN PUNK VAMPIRES DOMINATE SUBMISSIVE TOWN

I walked out of my first screening of *The Lost Boys* with a cocky strut, hissing and flashing my teeth. The movie has that kind of effect on you.

"The Lost Boys" are a quartet of handsome teen punk vampire bikers who terrorize a fantasy California coastal town called Santa Carla, played in real life by Santa Cruz, complete with that town's famous Boardwalk amusement park and arcades.

The film turns on their seduction of new-boy-in-town Michael Emerson, played by smoldering Jason Patric, with his Jim Morrison deja-vu face. While Michael is ostensibly drawn into the renegade circle by a beautiful girl, Star (played by Jami Gertz), the Lost Boys exude a sexually potent allure of their own. It is only thinly masked by their casual macho posturing, easy boy-banter and the kind of head games that in-cool frat brothers play on unwary freshmen. When they look at him, there is lust in their eyes. When they call him into the night, they sound like sirens, crying across the water to a lost sailor.

One of the hottest films of the 1987 summer (it will be released as a video in early 1988), *The Lost Boys* portrays more than a ritual of male bonding. In the film, producers Richard Donner (*Superman — The Movie* and 1986's *Lethal Weapon*) and Harvey Bernhard (the three "Omen" movies) and director Joel Schumacher (*St. Elmo's Fire*) have repackaged the traditional male-vampire-seduces-female-victim story into a subtle male homosexual tale.

The elements are simple. The Lost Boys live and sleep together (in a cave-like lair, befitting bats). Yes, they keep a pretty girl and her little son around, but their only interest



SCARED SHITLESS:

Dianne Weist and Corey Haim in the film, "The Lost Boys."

in her seems to be to seduce Michael into joining them. And their nocturnal activities are lustful, although their blood-sucking is strictly violent, and not overtly sexual. Nevertheless, vampires have a long history as irresistible paramours, including in gay porn flicks.

One could easily stretch this analysis too thin, and I don't want to suggest that the film is obviously a gay tale. It is not. But the feeling around the edges is fun.

Other layers of direction and production design also tantalize. There are trappings of S/M here and there. The Boys' costumes accent leather chaps and jackets mixed with pieces of uniforms and punk esoterica. Trendy fashion is everywhere in this film. And the Boys' nighttime feeding rituals, which feel so sexual on a group of men who look like John Bon Jovi & company, in a sinister way call to mind the midnight prowls of strutting leathermen in search of rather more willing victims. But this might also be stretching things.

There is also a brief but phenomenal rock concert scene, featuring bodybuilder Tim Ca-

pello, Tina Turner's sax player, that is worth the price of admission. Capello, who has been featured in Tina's recent videos, belts out The Call's "I Still Believe" to a pretty teenage crowd, his oiled torso gleaming under the spotlights, accented by chains and leather. Your mouth may begin to water.

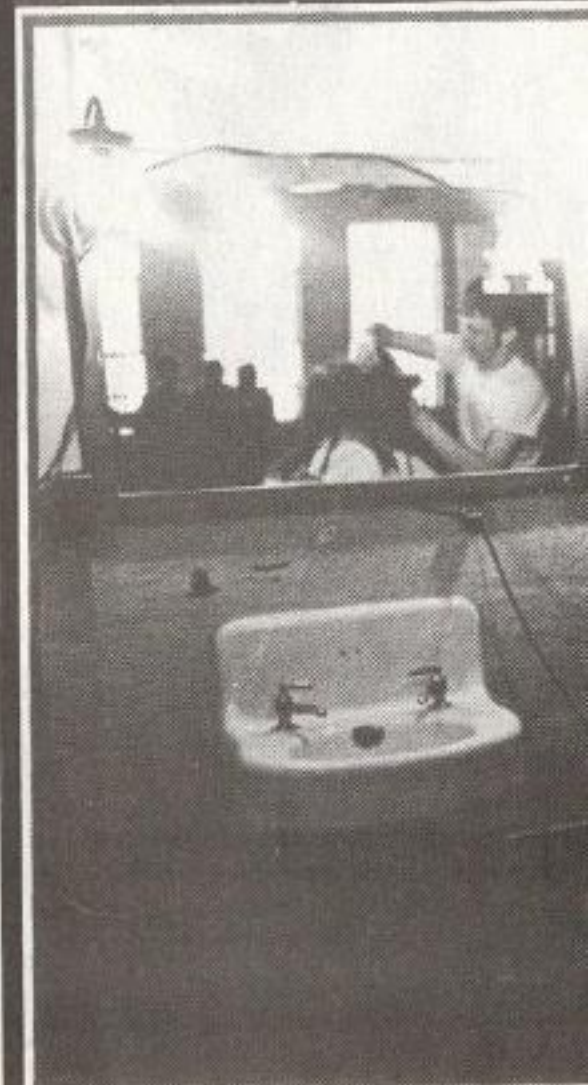
Although the Boys ride dirt bikes rather than Harleys, bike riders may also enjoy the director's skillful intertwining of the Boys' hellbent motorcycle style with their ability to fly. In fact, from the film's opening scene to its last, the audience frequently flies with the vampires. The trick helps the audience associate the vampires with freedom and power, associations that some people often connect with motorcycle men.

To top it off, *The Lost Boys* fuses a solid, clever script with fine acting and thoughtful, novel direction. The characters are sympathetic and memorable. The direction mixes delightful humor cut with razor-sharp terror and brooding surrealism. For comedy, it's hard to beat Michael's little brother, Sam (Corey Haim), singing a falsetto "Ain't Got No Home" in the bathtub. If you like surrealism, Michael's initiation on a foggy train trestle is poetic. And fright lovers will not be disappointed. Find out for yourselves.

The ensemble of excellent actors includes Oscar-winner Dianne Wiest (*Hannah and Her Sisters*) as mother Lucy, Barnard Hughes as the offbeat grandfather, Edward Herrman (who won an Emmy for his portrayal of FDR in *Eleanor and Franklin*) as Max, and Jamison Newlander and Corey Feldman as the "Frog Brothers." The Boys are portrayed by Kiefer Sutherland (Donald's son), by Brooke McCarter, Billy Wirth and Alexander Winter.

Go see it, or go rent it. Whichever comes first.

—Kevin Wolff



BOOKS

KILLING TIME LIFE IN THE ARKANSAS PENITENTIARY

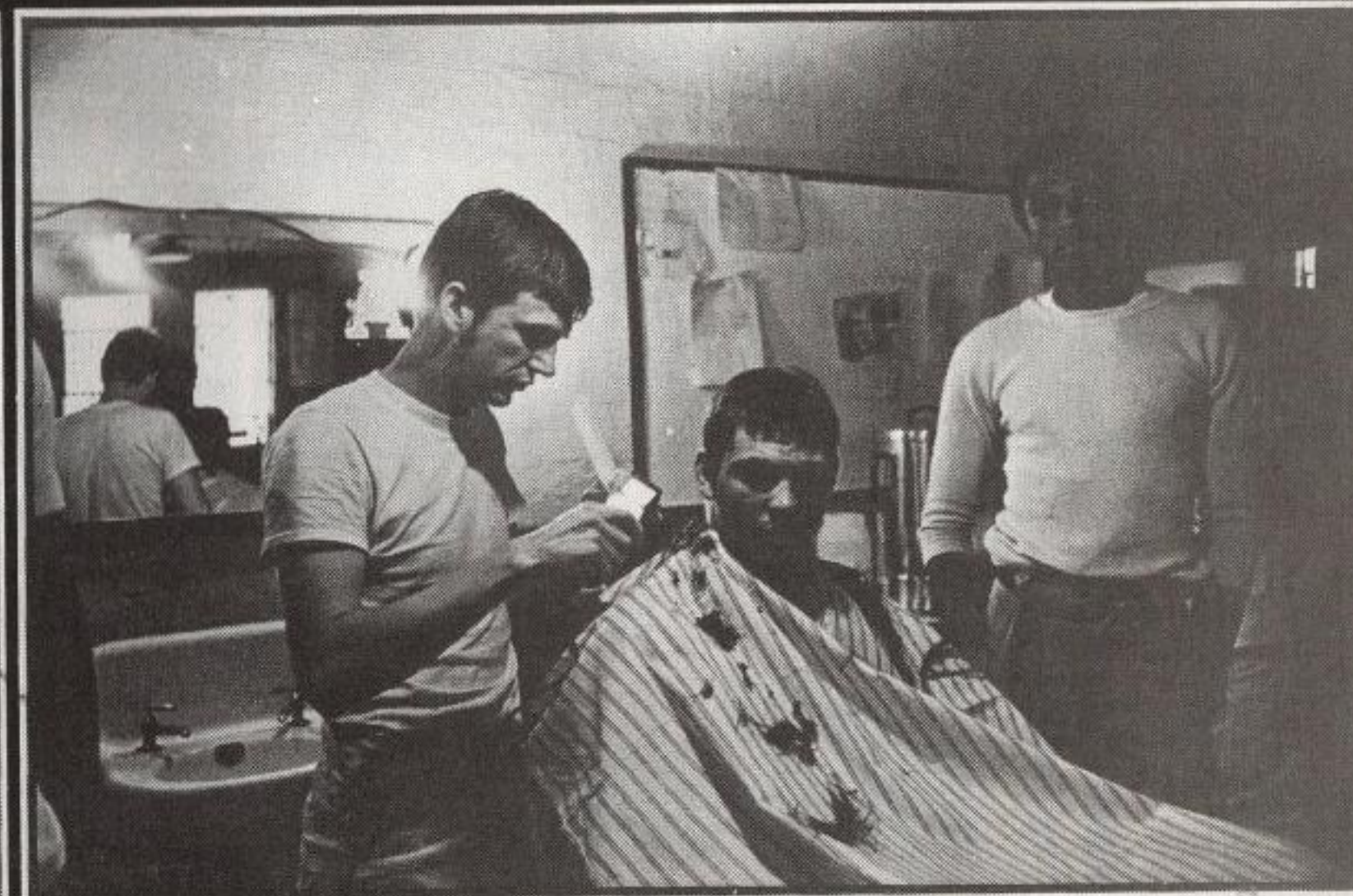
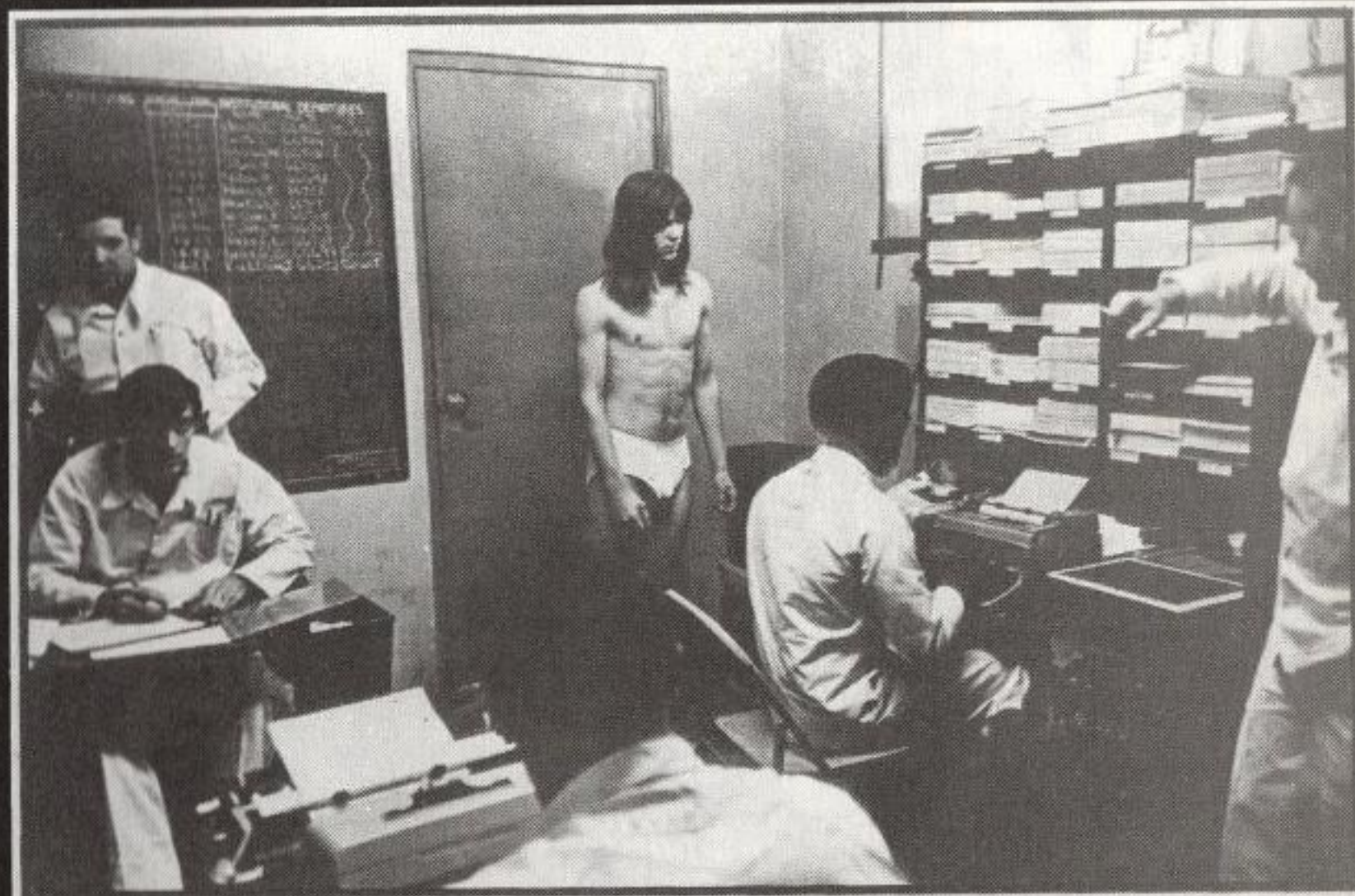
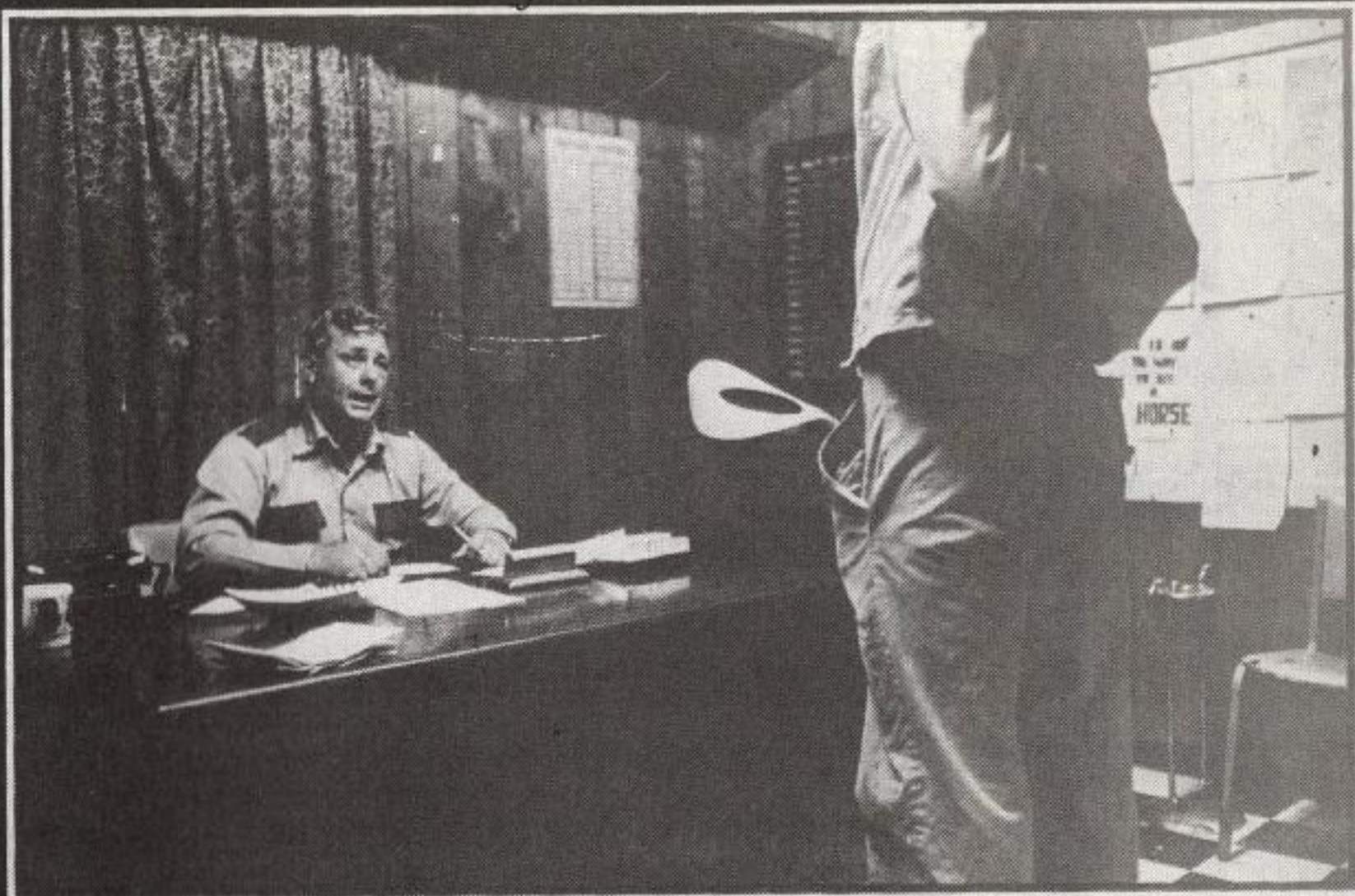
by Bruce Jackson

Compelling images and vivid words compliment one another in this remarkable book about an American prison and the men who live and work there. More than 130 full-page photographs speak eloquently about what it is like inside Cummins, the Arkansas prison farm for adult males.

These extraordinary pictures, taken by a gifted photographer over half a decade, show the spaces where life and work go on—the barracks and the cells, the mess hall, the fields, and the shops. Here are the paintings and sketches, the pinups, the family pictures with which the men decorate the tiny bits of space they are allotted and try to make their own. And the faces—whether looking unflinchingly into the camera, grinning at some horse-play, or staring off into space—are like those of people we all know.

Following the photographs is a series of documents supplying historical background for the images. This section opens with a raw and powerful memoir written by a long-term inmate who describes the brutal conditions of earlier years and talks flatly of casual killings within the prison. Other selections are drawn from Jackson's conversations with inmates, guards, and administrators; from newspaper reports and interviews; and from official prison papers. Words and photographs together create a strong sense of place, an environment, a brutal world where men work hard at the business of survival.

Available from Sandmutoia Supply Co. Bookshop. See page 13 for order information.

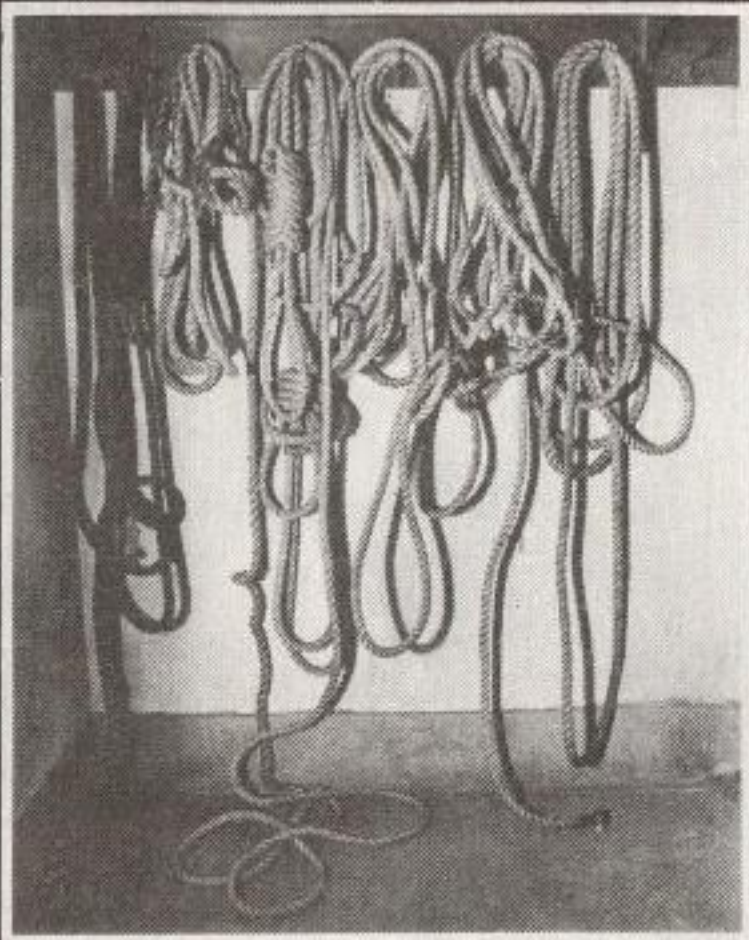
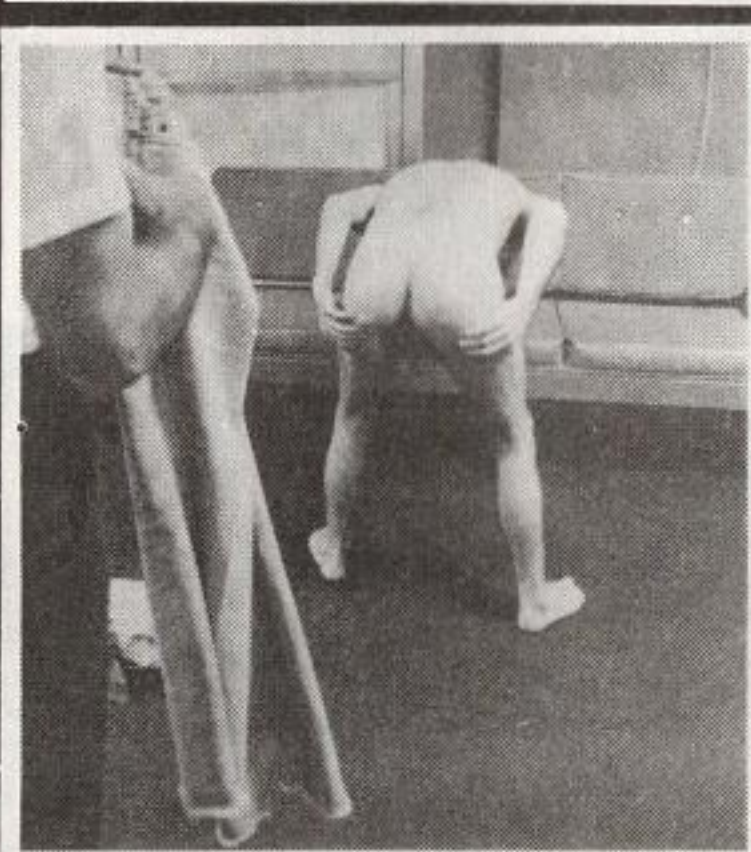
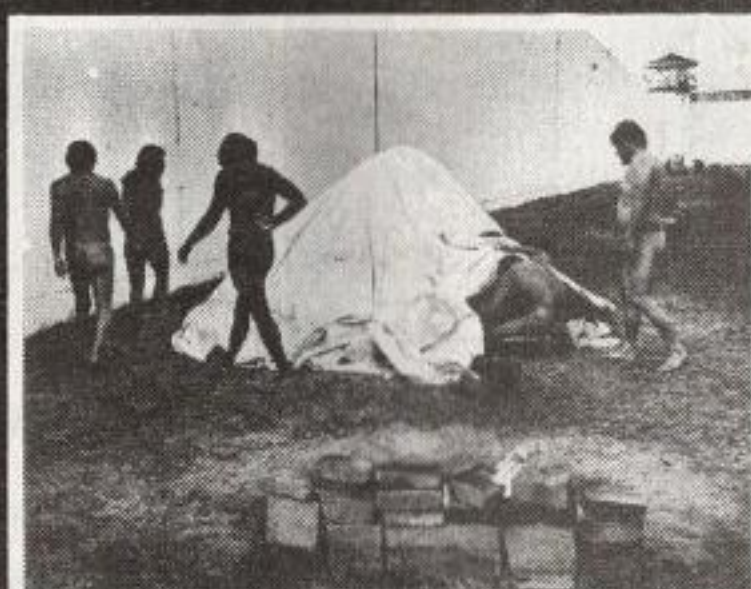


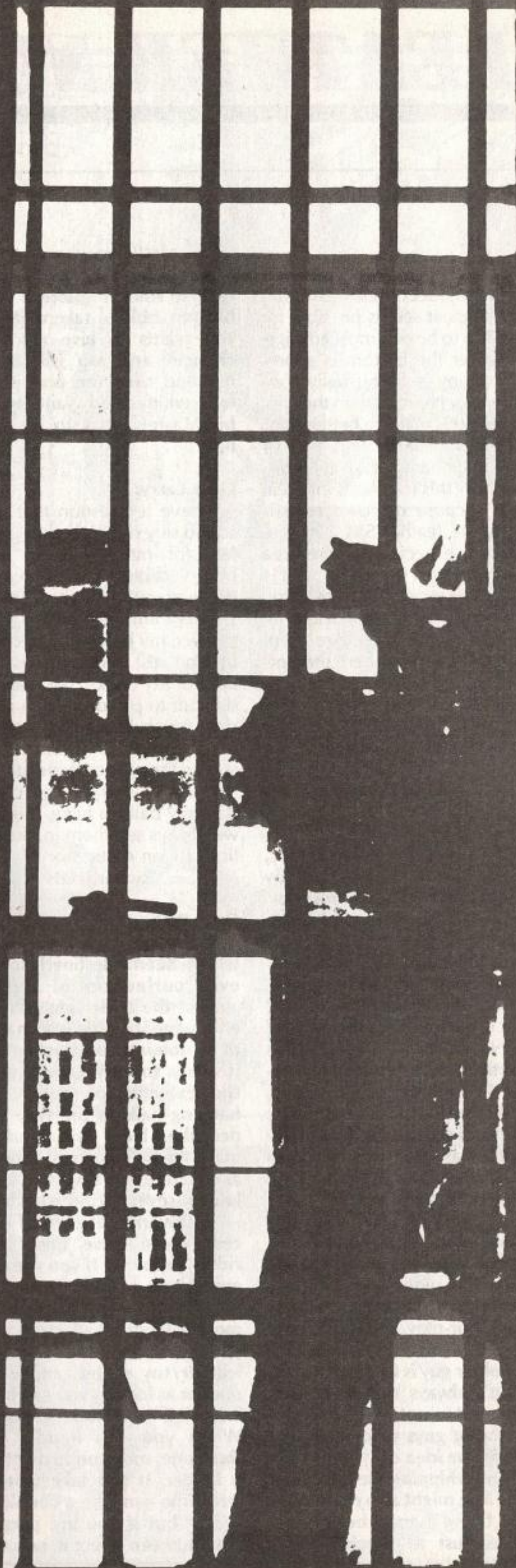
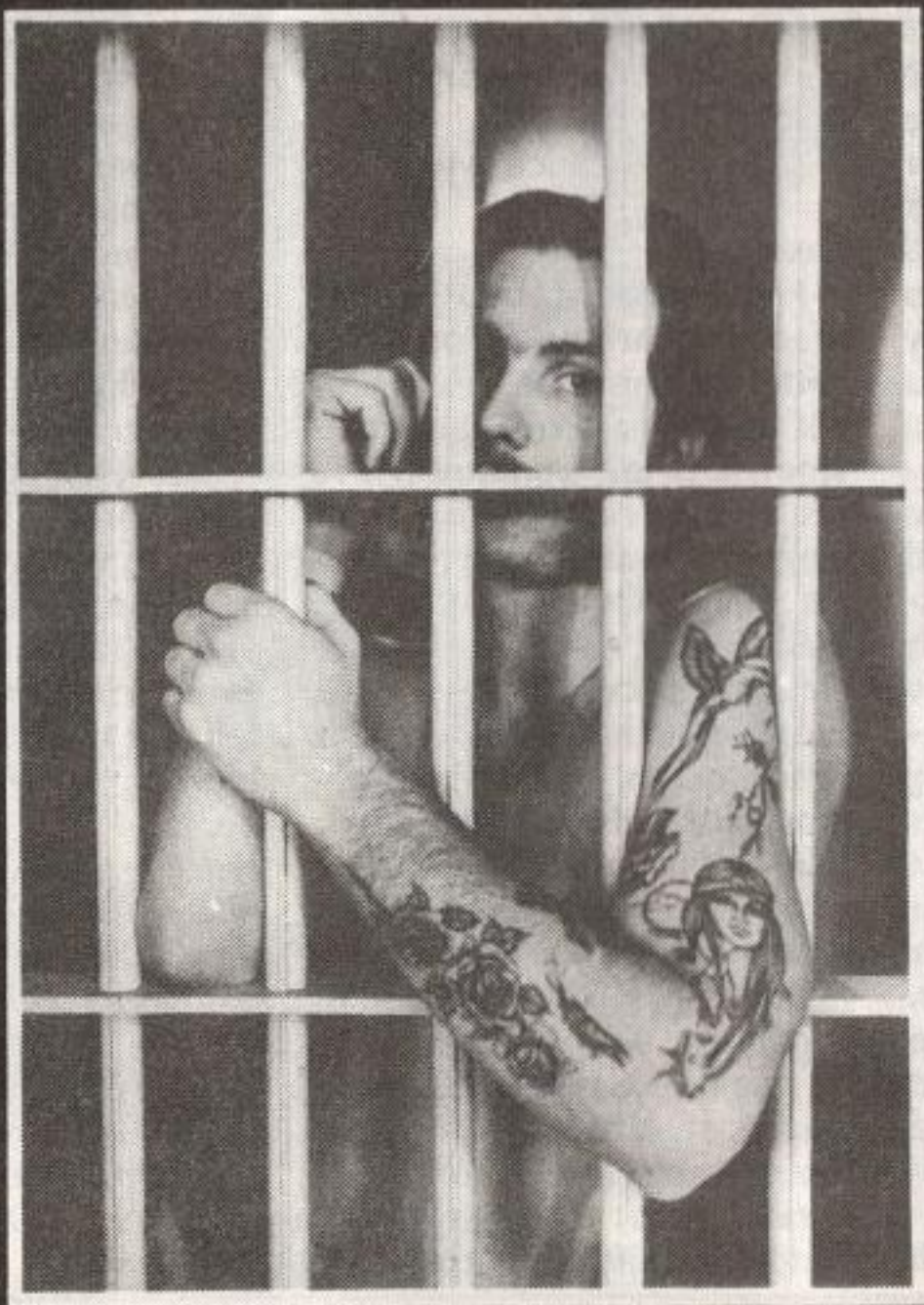
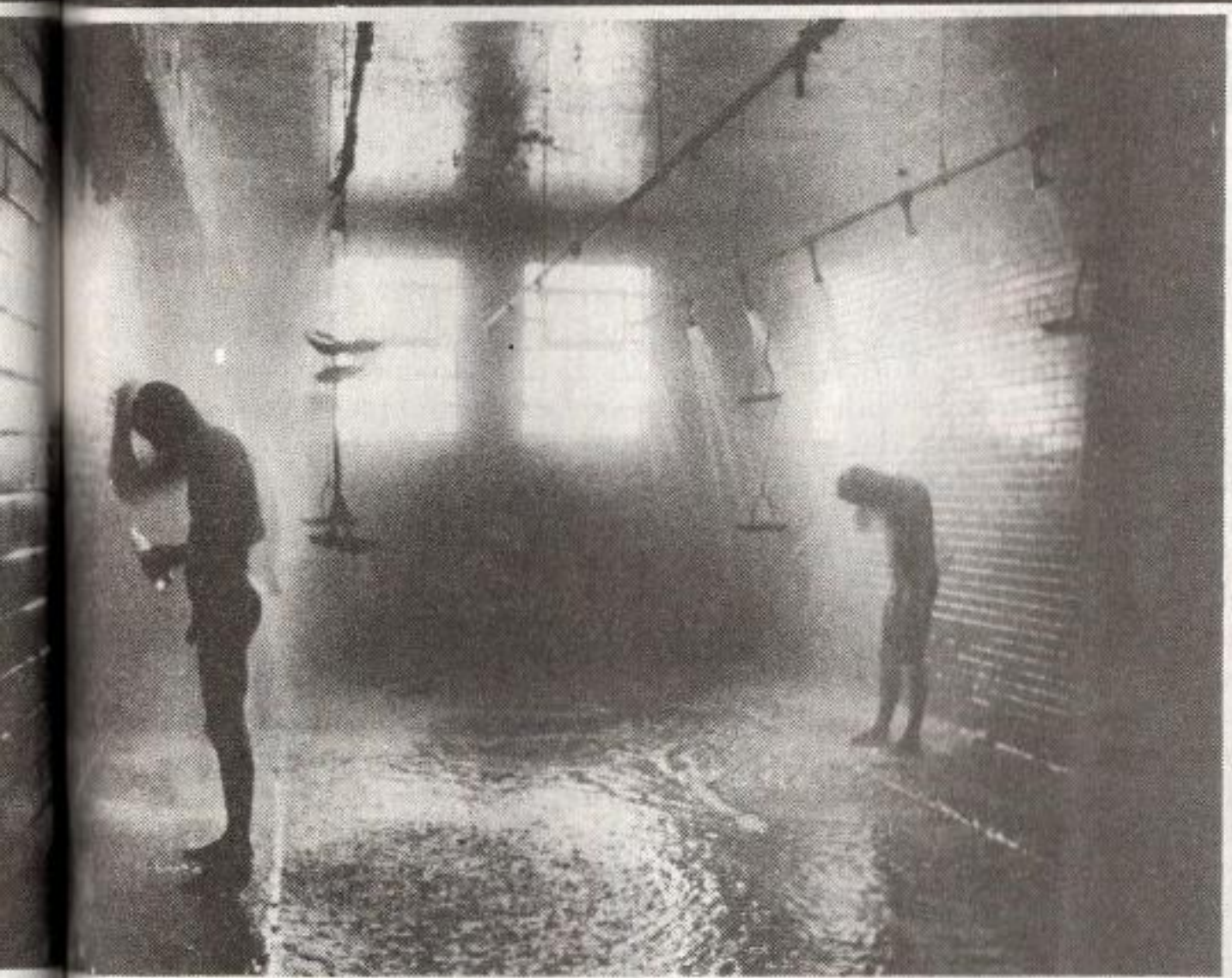
CONCRETE MAMA, PRISON PROFILES FROM WALLA WALLA

Photographs by Ethan Hoffman
Text by John McCoy

With the intensity of a documentary film, *Concrete Mama*, shows us what it is like to "do time" in one of America's meanest prisons—the Washington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla. Since the late 1960s, the penitentiary has been the laboratory for an experiment in penal reform. Inmates were allowed to make a wide range of personal decisions, and leaders of inmate clubs governed the prison alongside the administration. By summer, 1978, when Hoffman and McCoy began work on this book, this permissiveness had led to a near breakdown in prison security. In an atmosphere of riots, murders, and lockdowns, Hoffman and McCoy were granted an unprecedented privilege: They were allowed to spend four months inside the prison's walls, roaming the maximum-security compound at will, gaining the confidence of inmates and staff, gathering the insightful observations and prize winning photographs collected in this book. In the sense that prison is a society like any other, the people who live and work "behind the walls" have formed a unique community whose code of conduct both mimics and scorns that of the world "outside." During their four months inside the prison, Hoffman and McCoy found inmates who tried to do their time with patience and dignity. But they also met inmate "wolves," violent, manipulative men whose every waking hour was spent scheming how to exploit the system and their fellow inmates. They learned that being in prison did not mean that inmates stopped breaking the law; only that they had to find new victims. Much of what is recorded in this book is brutal, the raw reality of prison life that can only be hinted at in other media.

Available from Sandmutopia Supply Co. Bookshop. See page 13 for order information.





LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by LARRY TOWNSEND

Dear Larry:

In most accounts of SM relationships, it seems possible for the Top to be of almost any age; however the bottom is generally young — and usually considerably younger than the Top. I know this makes a better story, whether dealing with real or fictional characters, but I wonder how this translates into real life. Because my own experience in leather/SM is quite limited, especially in the area where I live, I wonder how it is in San Francisco or New York, where the population of leather guys is much larger. Are there many situations where the bottom is an older man? Older than his Top? Or is this such a rare occurrence that a guy over forty might as well forget about it?

An Older bottom, WI

Dear Older:

If you're only in your forties, there's lots to hope for. I know one famous (or infamous) bottom who must be pushing 75, has had open heart surgery and still takes his licks regularly, and heavily. Being retired, he has the time to travel, and he certainly makes the most of it! Naturally, most Tops in this youth-oriented culture are going to fantasize on a young, virile bottom, with glowing, youthful skin and a beautifully molded ass. But when it comes to actually doing the deed, he is most likely to accept something considerably less breath-taking. And yes, I do know of several relationships where the bottom is older than the Top. Although these are sometimes a pay-for-play situation, or a long-term live-in deal where the older guy is footing the bill, it isn't always that way. And, believe it or not, there are a lot of young guys who really get off on the idea of tying Daddy up and whipping the shit out of him. You might also remember that being a good bottom requires just as much skill as

being a Top — albeit in the reverse role. If you're a good bottom, able to take what the Top wants to give you, the chances are you will be in demand over the pretty boy who whines and wants to tell his Master what to do with him.

Dear Larry:

I have a question that may sound silly, but it's been a problem for me — and I have observed others who seem to encounter the same difficulty. Unless I am fresh out of a hot shower, my balls want to climb up and rest lightly against the base of my cock. That makes it difficult to put on even a cock ring, much less a more exotic device that is intended to spread the nuts or stretch them. Is there anything I can do to train my balls to hang, the way we always see them in illustrations for an erotic story?

Richard, Los Angeles

Dear Richard:

A lot of guys have balls which seem destined to be ever curled up in repose against the underside of their endowments. This is a matter of anatomical construction and it seems to vary greatly from the extreme of deep, low hanging balls to the type you describe. Heat will tend to make the balls descend, whereas cold does the reverse. I have known several guys who tried — with varied degrees of success — to solve this "high rider" problem. If you want to embark on a full-fledged campaign, you might start using modest-length ball stretchers (such as are sold in most leather/toy shops), and wear one for as long as you can bear it during your waking hours. When you can handle the short one, move on to one that is longer. It will take quite a long time—maybe a couple of years—but if you are persistent and keep doing it, you will

eventually stretch the tissues until your balls hang lower than they do today. You will probably never have real, Tom of Finland deep-hangers, but who has a cock that size, either? (A word of caution: do not wear a stretcher when you are asleep. If you should cut off circulation when you can't feel it, you could do yourself some injury.)

Dear Larry:

In some of your past columns, you have discussed several questions dealing with Nazis, with the sexual fascination the old uniforms have for many SM guys. I have also been interested in this phenomenon and I guess you might say that my greatest hobby is the study of World War II. Hitler, himself, is probably the most interesting enigma of the whole, particularly his sexuality. The few women who have been identified as his sexual partners were all rather immature emotionally, and he seemed to have a penchant for the god-like, tall handsome, blond Aryan type of man. Closet case?

Lance, Miami, FL

Dear Lance:

I have thought about this as I read the various accounts of Hitler and his time. It's apparent that you are right about his women being immature. Eva Braun was certainly no challenge to his authority; nor was his niece, Geli Rabaul, who died under such mysterious circumstances. One of his greatest early supporters was Ernst Roehm, a "notorious homosexual" whom Hitler eventually destroyed. It's a puzzle that will probably never be solved. In some ways it reminds me of the writings of Casanova, who is reputed to be one of the greatest heterosexuals of all time. Yet, reading his memoirs he is often at greater pains to describe the handsome male guards or atten-

dants than the lady herself. It really does make one wonder.

Dear Mr. Townsend:

As an avid reader of all L.T./Drummer type material, I find myself wondering if it is even possible for a man to achieve the lifetime status of slave to a single, perfect (or at least acceptable) Master. Outside your fictional productions, have you ever encountered such a relationship that could be considered a lifelong commitment on the part of both Master and slave? Or, if you have not actually observed it, do you think it is possible for such to exist?

Hopeful, NY

Dear Hopeful:

A lifetime, barring accident or fatal disease, is a long time indeed. I have encountered situations where two men have been together (not always living under the same roof) and have maintained their relationship(s) well into the "golden years". However, what started out as a hot and heavy sexual bond had — in each case — become something very different. The love and commitment remained, but whether I would still call them Master and slave is questionable. However, this is true of any long term relationship, whether it be gay, het, SM or whatever. The lust that originally brings two people together will always diminish over the years. It is something else that keeps a couple united. Even in fiction, I never try to tell you that the glorious sex is eternal. It isn't and it can't be.

(Ed.: For more on Leather/SM relationships, see our new column, "Ties That Bind," by C. Baldwin, starting in this issue.)

(If you would like Larry Townsend to address a particular problem, write to "Notebook," Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.)

DRUM

I'LL GO TO TED'S CLUB... SEE WHAT I'M MISSING...

TED'S HOLE



THERE'S A BIG CROWD IN THE CLUB TONIGHT. TED MUST HAVE SOMETHING SPECIAL LAID ON!





BUSINESS HAS BEEN GOOD ALL WEEK, DRUM. OUR NEW STRIPPER. HE'S REALLY BEEN PULLING THE GUYS IN...





...HERE HE
IS! THE MYSTERY
MAN HIMSELF...



I'VE SEEN THAT
DICK BEFORE!!
I MAY NOT ALWAYS
REMEMBER FACES,
BUT BIG DICKS
I DON'T FORGET!



IT'S MY
PA!



We're cheap and easy! Only four bits a word!

Your ad: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

Print it out: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not by the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

Where will your ad run? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under Nationwide or International instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

Deadline? There isn't any. Your ad will be placed in the next issue. Subsequent insertions appear chronologically. Allow 60 days for your ad to appear.

Discount? When paying for more than one insertion, you may

deduct 10% on the additional insertion(s). Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

Want a Drummer box number? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address as soon as we receive them. Box numbers can be assigned for personal ads *only*.

Phone number? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your protection and ours.

Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, Mastercard or American Express. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

Censorship? No, Sir! — provided you keep references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And, of course, you must be 21 or better.

How to reply to a Drummer box number: Answering a Drummer box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or *else*. **1)** Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. **2)** Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. **3)** PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 22¢ for the first ounce, 17¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 44¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. **4)** Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED.

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for

leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir, we are doing just that. No deadlines, no headaches, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS ONLY: Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership. Change your ad as often as you like—but remember to keep your ad within the 50-word limit to allow space for everyone else's. Any Leather Fraternity ad not complying to this limit will be edited.

There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them, it is an even bigger bargain!

DEAR SIR:

DESMODUS, INC.
PO Box 11314
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum)

AD COPY (please print)

Cost of Ad—1st Insertion (____ Words×50¢)..... \$ _____

Additional Insertions—×____(10% discount) _____

Box Number (Add \$1.00)..... _____

Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1.00)..... _____

Total Enclosed \$ _____

Payment enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

Please make checks payable to: **DESMODUS, INC.**

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

(I am 21 years of age or older)

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of my ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Desmondus, Inc. is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

There is no such thing as an old issue of **DRUMMER**



DEAR SIR:

NATIONWIDE

CIGARS, BEER AND SEX

Go together for this 6'1" Texan. Came out as top, so had to learn fast. Feel I missed part of my education, want to learn about making daddy happy. Need to feel what I've been putting out for years. Me: blond, blue, moustache, 28, 190 lbs., S&M, B&D, W/S, TT, Greek passive. You: good-looking but attitude more important. Uniforms, black men, cigars, heavy bondage and V/A big plus. Send photo and phone, all answered. Box 6069

SPIT-PISS-PUKE

In that order, Sir. Drink & eat, get force fed more until you're ready. Let go on me. The bigger the size, the better. Can't handle it? Don't write. Spit. Box 6072

HUNGRY CUM GUZZLER

Hunky, expert cocksucker craves thick, creamy mouthfuls of jism from hot, healthy, well-hung, in-shape Tops. Uncut with cheese a plus. Also into hairy, sweaty armpits, deep rimming, and recycled beer. Any race, 20 to 55. Fantastic oral worship only. No Greek, pain or scat. Box 6078LF

CASTRATION

Houston area, desire to be castrated surgically by competent medical technician. Box 6083

LEATHER LIFEMATE

GWM, 30, 6'2", 180 lbs., seeks another for lifelong romantic adventure punctuated with leather and spirited B/D, SM. College educated professional. Non-consumerist, prefer devoting energies to new experiences and travel. HIV-negative. Box 6082

MUSCLES AND OIL

GWM, 36, 175 lbs., looking for other GW, masculine, muscular real men to explore heavy body contact with oil. Aroma, videos, hairy a plus. Serious replies only from in-shape men 30-45 who can meet in Chicago. No reply without photo (returned with mine). 2421 W. Pratt, #1181, Chicago, IL 60645.

SON WANTED

WM, 44, 6'1", 195, masculine, muscular, seeks son for bondage, discipline and servitude. Son should be 25-35 masculine BB type. Answer only if serious and willing to give yourself totally to a Dad/Master. Send letter and photo to Box 6108.

GIANTS

Like to fantasize towering over a little man 6 inches tall who worships you as a giant god? I like to fantasize being that little man. Am WM, 40, 180 lbs., brown/brown, cleanshaven. If you're interested and cleanshaven, 18-40, write Box 6122

PIGS & MUD

Get down & dirty. Bondage in deep mud, raunchy pig sex. I need a slopping. Send photo & letter, Sir! Box 6067

WANTED:

No-nonsense disciplinarian to imprison GWM, work him at manual labor in chains. Prisoner treated harshly but fairly, spartan living conditions, no opportunity for relaxation, escape or modification of scene once it begins. Prisoner will be locked down when not working, punished for lack of enthusiasm or effort. Prisoner is 32, 5'10", 160 lbs., not into Fr or Gr; instead seeks manhood ritual similar to Marine Basic Training delivered by man who is already sexually satisfied, but would enjoy challenge or breaking prisoner through fatigue, deprivation, bondage, punishment, and confinement. Box 6111LF

AGING HOUSEBOY

Will drudge-grovel-serve as maid for (yuppie/collegiate/high tech) Master(s)/owner(s). An adorably demanding, demeaning superior(s) desperately desired. Old victim expects mere toleration—confining, low-profile servitude. Likes being protected, controlled, emasculated—teased, tortured, abused. Slave is body-shaved, displayable, orderly—white, 5'7", 155. Has photos, phone, references. Will travel/relocate. Secure, discreet environment essential. Old queer loyalty, gratitude, worship assured. Box 6014

DOMINANT SADISTIC MASTER

wants totally submissive, young, slim, low-limit, masochistic slave for new heights, needed release. Novices must want fantasies turned into safe, sane, rough reality. Travel, visit Miami weekly. Live in NYC. Master: 6', 175, 45. Apply/letter, phone, photos: Suite 769, 263-A West 19th Street, NYC, 10011. (LF6017)

FOOT SLAVE

Hot, good-looking GBM, 31, 6', 180, solid build, moustache, wants to worship and service your bare feet. Travel extensively—want to hear from guys throughout U.S. Big, dominant feet a plus. Phone, photo if possible. Box 6023

QUIET MASTER/DADDY

41-year-old, good-looking, easygoing but firm, very health conscious, together, loving, looking for special son/slave for mutual satisfaction. I am dominant in light S&M, being Greek active, bondage, spanking, shaving, and other fantasies. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling. Son/slave should be a nonsmoker, non or light drinker, no drugs and nonfem. Located in NY but travel around the country. Photo/letter to Box 4711LF.

COCK SLAVE

Looking for ambitious, straight-appearing, lean Top, with hot mind, body and cock, wanting/deserving service. I'm 5'8", 138, smooth, honest, hard-working. Interests: outdoors, exercising, travel, rural living, long sessions. Let me be your partner, lifemate; make and train me to be your cock slave. No cigarettes, fem. PO Box 1044, Westerly, RI 02891.

FAT WRESTLING VILLAIN

GWM, 37, 5'5", 200, hairy chest, br/br, cleanshaven, U/C, challenges you to share your hottest, darkest, combat fantasies on my midtown Manhattan Mat(tress)! No "real" rassling. But our scene can be as erotic/brutal as our minds can go (prostyle, gladiators, private duels). You: hot body, hotter mind. Also phone J/O: late night, nationwide, discreet. Need to hear from the guy who met the Cuban in Grenada! TJ, Box 112, Executive Suite, 330 West 42nd St., NYC, NY 10036. Photo exchange required.

PRISON FANTASIES

Prison raps, bondage in electric chair, gas chambers, head and body shaving, leather, rubber, CB&T, TT. Box 6080

VERSATILE MASTER SOUGHT

for training, confinement and discipline. Master should be GWM with muscles, well-endowed and in need of total service. Into all forms of S/M. Must be capable of honest affection and ready to make commitment. This slave is not interested in one-night stands or "bar games." Seeking a Master to develop a compatible relationship with in and out of the leather scene. You should be professionally employed and intelligent, heavy into leather and dominant. But, you must also be fully capable of stepping out of the sex-scene and relating in the world to your slave as a companion. Your slave is 36, tall, decent body and safe. He awaits your response with photo, phone and letter, Box 6127. (716) 442-1373.

BOYSTUD REDUCED TO SLUT!

Do fantasies of humiliating arrogant, smooth, boystuds turn you on? Punk mohawk turned into slut, swim team captain in panties, younger brother's shaving revenge, crying boystuds as pissholes, butt lickers, cum lappers, self-suckers, etc. Let's talk/write. Paul. Box 6113

A PIE IN THE FACE

27, fem, seeks jock to tie me up and smash cream pies in my face. Also love feet. I'll be you foot rest for your sexy feet. Would like being in all different types of bondage. Also interest in becoming permanent house slave. Send photo. Box 6115

TOP WANTED FOR COLO. TRAINER

Sir? Trainee is 33, 6'4", 175 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, hairy, moustache. Seeks healthy, handsome, experienced leather top to expand my limits. Into W/S, ass play, wax, tit play, toys, bondage, S/M, gags, dildos, leather, jocks & more. Uncut +, no beards, or cigars. Safe sex. Letter & photo, please, Sir. No B/S. Ready to serve, willing to relocate. Box 6081

SON/SLAVE WANTED

by 41-year-old Daddy/Master. If you have a serious desire to be the live-in son/slave of this blond, 6'3", affectionate but no-nonsense Daddy/Master, include photo and phone with your response. You must be willing to relocate. Box 4426LF

WOOF! WOOF!!

Slim GWM, 30s, into animal scenes. Experienced or novice OK. Also: fisting, dildos, enemas—anything that can be shoved up my hot hole. Travel. Box 6117

CONTROL

WM, Top, 5'11", 37, seeks bottoms same size or smaller for exploration via mental and physical torture. You will be verbally and physically abused to the point where you will beg for more—to the point where you are controlled. Call (714) 957-2642, 7-11 PM for appointment/discussion or write Box 6094LF

GLORY HOLE ADDICT

Cocksucker chained by its nuts to a raunchy stinking public suck hole, sucking an endless line of men's cocks. Call or write the Cocksucker with your thoughts & ideas on training, dates & role you'll be playing. Plus, demand your copy of The Stud Questionnaire! (907) 267-5016, PO Box 200594, Anchorage, AK 99520-0594. (LF6121)

BLOND WEIGHTLIFTER

6'3", 195 lbs., 27-year-old jock, good-looking, interested in contact with a dominant, aggressive, inflexible topman with a mean streak. Enjoy extensive verbal and physical humiliation. Interested in me 35 yrs.+ Into well-worn leather, work boots, businessmen, badass working-class men, cops, bikers, mechanics, cigar-smokers. Safe sex only. Serious. Photo gets mine. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116. (LF5007)

DAD SEEKS SON

Dominant Daddy, 6'1", 170, 42, seeks son/partner. Possible relationship, TT, B/D, experimentation, safe sex, discipline. Dad can be affectionate and nurturing or demanding and controlling. If you are looking for a full life with just one Master, write with photo to Box 61, Arlington, VA 22210. (LF5270)

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES

Master, 36, tall, well-built, construction worker's body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/school as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top-quality applicant. Physique photos, letter with biographical information, fantasies, qualifications, telephone to Master, Box 451, 89 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (617) 437-1821. (LF5304)

BALLBUSTER

Cock torture, whip master; strong; excellent condition; 36, 6'2", 165 lbs.; clean-cut, very safe; will train fit slave. (415) 776-8466. Box 6046



HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

(32, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile) seeks buddies into boots, leather, Levis, uniforms, S&M, B&D, VA, CP, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes. Deutsch wird gesprochen. Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia, 2nd Floor, Chicago, IL 60640.

ULTIMATE SLAVE

For your ultimate fantasy: W/M 26 5'8", 125 lbs. brn/grn smooth, c/n shvn, 7", U/C, 28" w, 1/2 Latin, looking for that special Master who is educated in the arts of slavery. Professional people are given special treatment! (415) 337-2008 Eves. San Francisco, CA or write to Drummer Box 5875LF.

SHAVING/COMPLETE CLEANING

Professional body builders will be cleaned and shaved prior to competition. Photo and measurements included with application: Two Bits, PO Box 7445, Richmond, VA 23221.

COP/UNIFORM

Crazy guy into Cop, CHP, FHP, ranger, game warden, guard uniforms. Seeks info on how to contact sellers, suppliers of uniforms. I'm 38, gdlkg, 6', 175, work out, into all scenes esp. uniforms. Need to get hold of some; any ideas? Have leather, fire-fighter gear. Please write: Scott Macomber, PO Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480-0421 or call (305) 659-5892. Thanks!

RAUNCHY MARLBORO MAN

26, 6'1", 180, bearded, hairy, hung THICK. Interests: man for raunchy pits, crotch, ass-crack; constipation, safe scat, enemas, dildoes, fisting, the usual, Marlboro/Camel smokers. Meet OR, WA, CA. Have hot photos, trade nationwide. Box 6029

GENITAL MODIFICATION

Castration, gelding. Fantasy, reality; accidental, intentional. Box 6040

MASTER NEEDED

Slave needs Master. Train me your way. I'm 32, 5'7", 140 lbs., BB. Willing to serve. Photo and phone to Box 6049

ASIAN SM BONDAGE MASTER

Or smooth white man wanted by good-looking blond, 5'8", 139. Wax, suspension, ropes, restraints, tit torture, etc. Travel frequently. Photo appreciated. Box 691303, West Hollywood, CA 90069. (LF6051)

MASTER

White male, 47, does not fit usual leather scene mold. 6', 190 lbs., wears glasses, beer gut, out of shape, smokes, drinks, reader, book collector. Requires slave/dog. Demands total submission/obedience. Expect to be used. Preference given to Southern California, but serious thought given to all. Plea to Box 6052.

WANTED: YOUNG TRUCK SLAVE

45-year-old trucker wants young slave to learn trucking from the bottom up. Permanent only. Will supply what I think you need. Call weekends or send letter with picture. Box 6057LF. (619) 723-8481

DADDY'S BOY

25, 5'9, # 140, brn/grn seeks masculine, mature Dad age 40+ for creative & safe action. Barry POB 4244 SF CA 94101

SATAN WORSHIP

Attractive, healthy, W/M, 28, 5'11", 150, seeks discrete masculine guy for serious Satanist relationship. Send details, description, photo if possible. Will consider relocating. Can travel. Into leather and most scenes. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. Others into Satanism please write. Box 6102LF

HOT HANDS

Looking for hot times in FL. Me: Gdlkg, 40, 6'2", 185, hot, butch, discreet, versatile, talented, playful and enough of a pig to make things real interesting. You: Under 50, adventurous, masculine, able to take as well as give. A plus if you're hot, hunky and under 5'6". Pairs, small groups, too. Daytime only. Get to Lauderdale regularly. Also San Juan, St. Thomas. My time in town is limited, so let's get serious soon! Photo, phone to Box 5993.

REALITY & FANTASY

Bottom looking for permanent MASTER to train him as a slave. Take over mind and body and develop them to suit you. Slave has some S&M experience, is mature, sane, healthy and needs all physical and mental limitations expanded. Needs to be under TOTAL no-limit control of Master, to learn to obey without question and to care for ALL Master's needs. GWM, late 40s, act much younger. Master will of course be safe & sane and AIDS aware. He will not want to damage his property, but severe modifications will likely be in his plans. It will be a plus if he wants his slave totally shaved and naked and dressed when needed only in leather or rubber. He will probably have a play-room. Slave would relocate as soon as accepted and will cut all previous ties to totally dedicate himself to servitude. Please respond to POB 31782, SFO, CA 94131. Response guaranteed and all questions honestly answered.

HOT LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM, 36, 5'11", 185, brown/blue, moustache, seeks other hot Tops/bottoms to 43. This man has hairy pecs w/hard nipples that demand mutual heavy play. Dig heavy, sweaty JO workouts, jockstraps, chaps, uniforms, uncuts, cowboys, Asian men. Am stable, educated, healthy, professional. Potential big brother/Dad for right man. Into photography, BB, hiking. No fems/drugs. Reply w/hot photo /phone to Box 4675LF.

THE HUMAN DOG

38, 5'10", 180, Br hr, hzl eyes. Skg only knowledgeable, serious, willing, able, aggressive, safe, sane, AIDS free, take-charge sadist/Master, who is int'd in owning a guy and turning him into a human dog. Am AIDS free, G/P, F/A. Dog craves: to be collared, tagged, caged confinement, lthr, S&M, B&D, dog food, mind control, and to be treated only as a dog. Photo/phone to "Kai," PO Box 980514, Houston, TX 77098-0514.

THINK YOU'RE HOT SHIT?

Arrogant son of a bitch sought by hot bottom for serious body worship. Pain and humiliation for your meat. I'm 30, 6'1", 145, blond. Pictures get priority. Travel possible. PO Box 157094, Irving, TX 75015-7094.

SLAVE LOVER WANTED

Surrender topless photo of slim body with descriptive letter and relocate. Be submissive, obedient, loyal, honest, AIDS free or safe sex. Your new Master is 47 and 300 lbs. End your problem today. Mr. Jones, PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, MN 55433. I'll be squeezing you within days!

PIERCED, POURED AND SCORED

GWM, 43, hairy, (c)hunky, tattooed biker seeks challenging experiences. Limits explored/expanded. CBT, TT, WS. Versatile. Cigars, uniforms and shaving are specialties. Raunch a plus. Wetter/Better! Outdoor opportunities welcomed. I travel—prefer midweek. All photos get mine and juicy letter. PO Box 32392, Oakland, CA 94604.

MIDWEST TOP

wants a versatile bottom for rough action. I'm 33, 6', 165 lbs., white and hung. Bondage, foot services, tits, spanking, cock and ball work, and ass play. Safe. PO Box 18743, St. Louis, MO 63118.

MASCULINE MALE CUNT

Dominant in daily life, submissive in sex. Good-looking, healthy, 45, 6', 180, professional wants dominant same. I like to suck cock, balls, ass, get fucked, rim, face fucked, enemas, piss. Talk dirty while using me as a cunt. Also into hot, raunchy correspondence. PO Box 8974, Boston, MA 02114.

S/M COMPUTER

Bulletin board system, kinky message base, private mail, matchmaker surveys and more. (213) 393-4713, modem only. System password is DRUMMER.

GET RIDDEN BAREBACK

Hard rider astride back of neck, riding shoulders, or ponystyle. Riding domination and bodybuilder training. Rider, Box 176, 70-A Greenwich Avenue, NYC 10011.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Hard paddings wanted by GWM, 35, 5'9", 165. Also have a very strong fetish for Speidel Twist-O-Flex watchbands. Write Jim, PO Box 66034, Houston, TX 77266-6034.

MINNESOTA BOOT MASTER

Immediate opening for live-in boot slave 18-35. Slave must be willing to relocate—today. Slave can expect bondage, shaving, T/T and CB/T. Master is 34, handsome and hairy. Obedience and devotion demanded—discipline and guidance given in return. Serious only. (612) 559-1062. (LF6093)

NAKED CHAINED SLAVE

Hard labor in chains, with lash applied to bare back once a week. 35 and under, cleanshaven, no drugs. Box 6075LF

HOT & HUNKY

Exceptionally sexy, hot, young, virile stud looking for someone to fuck, to slap around and to suck me off. You must be extraordinarily handsome and must respond with a photo to prove it, or forget it. Box 6126

FUCKHEAD?!

Bearded top, 35, seeking bottoms for training in headtrips, V/A, toys, dildos, friendship, much more. Reply with phone and/or photo to Box 36065, Philadelphia, PA 19112-0065.

INDIAN TORTURE!

W/M, 32, lean, muscular, masculine, tough, seeks savages, other prisoners for capture, bondage, torture games. Tie me to the stake and keep me writhing, sweating, and groaning as you test my manhood with slow, diabolical torture! Safe and sane only. Other historical torture scenes too. Come on! Box 6129LF

CORIACEOUS

Unpretentious, academic, quiet, peripheral to scenes and the scene, generally openminded, total leatherman, late 30s, Boston, MA, area seeks other educated leatherlovers 25-49 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends, a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF

RAUNCH BOY NEEDS

big, warm, shit-Daddy who likes regular toilet service, ass wiping, body smearing, naked, hungry, affectionate, humiliated, hot boy. Write with photo. Box 5877

CITY BOY

white, 30, 6', 175 lbs., blk/brn, bearded, lost in the country. Seeking mentor/father-figure/friend. I need contact with aggressive, determined and experienced leathermen. I am no novice but not an expert. If you think you can handle it, let's talk. You never know until you try. Box 5979LF

NAKED SEXSLAVE/HOUSEMAN

25-45, masculine, healthy, wanted for Master and partner, stable, dynamic, sex-crazed, versatile, grey-haired/bearded motorcycle men, both 54. Duties: Master's bike buddy, cocksucking, assplay, WS, TT, C&BT, wax, whip/paddle, BD, cooking, housework. Good service, loyalty, more. Master Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

WM SUBMISSIVE SEEKS DOMINANT

6', 170 lbs., 36 y.o., 7" cut, completely shaved (head-to-foot) submissive seeks affectionate but demanding top. Me: Masculine, aggressive in career/life, but submissive sexually (enjoy G/P, F/A, giving body worship; lite S/M, TT, CBT, VA, WS). Healthy lifestyle. You: Dominant, affectionate, firm body, successful. Unimportant: Age, height, cocksize, race, weight. Write Rich Conley, Box 242, NY, NY 10002 or call (212) 228-2169 7-9 AM or 11:30 PM-12:30 AM EST. (LF5753)

HEY SLAVEBOY

Ready to offer commitment, devotion to Leatherman? Possess passion for varied, intense sexual gratification including kink no less stronger than desire for intimacy, affection; have good physical presence, proper attitude? Master considers all serious candidates submitting detailed letter, phone number, returnable photo for interview. Assisted relocation if chosen. Box 5754LF

ASSISTANT DRIVER POSITION

Seeking owner-operator or OTR driver that needs an assistant driver/helper/partner. 40, 5'7", 210 lbs., rugged, responsible and willing to work long and hard. Am willing to invest with right person to purchase a tractor and we work it together as a team. Box 5667LF

LEATHER AND MOTORCYCLES

WM, 47, 6'2", 170, seeks WM as a friend and traveling companion who is also into motorcycling to ride along with me on my Honda Gold Wing. There is no such thing as too much black leather. I like to ride dressed in leather from head to toe. I am a mature, well-educated professional who likes to live a life well above average. Box 5028LF

DYNAMITE KID

Man-boy pyroerotic into cigars, explosives, handguns, police, gasoline, fireworks, matches, firecrackers, bikers, firemen, moustaches, paramilitary men, demolition experts, beards, Viet vets, violence, torture, ammo dumps. Things that go bang and boom. Firebugs. Burning hard-ons. Leather. Safesex S/M. DA/AWS, PO Box 20147, London Terrace Station, NYC 10011. (718) 789-6147. (LF5652)

LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

You must enjoy heavy CB&TT, bondage, S/M. Training, rules, discipline, punishments, chores will be routine. Rewards are earned. I have leathers, restraints, tools, dungeon equipment. I'm tall, lean, hung, 36, stable. You're younger, trim, hung. You give me total submission, dedication. Want a happy slave-dog serving me permanently. PO Box 146162, San Francisco, CA 94114-6162.

ZEUS BONDAGE FOTOSETS

ISSUE 14



SORE NIPPLES/FEATURING: SCOTT ANSWER/ZEUS & DRUMMER MAN

Bondage fotoset champ Scott Answer just may have the hottest, horniest set of nipples in the country. In private-file fotos loaned to us by Scott's "Daddy", Zeus has selected 8 totally different bondage session(s) shots showing Scott's nipples "beaten, bitten, branded, chained, chewed, dogtagged, lashed, manhandled, massaged, oiled, padlocked, painted, pierced, plucked, pulled, pumped, photographed, ringed, shaved, stretched, studded, sucked, tanned, taped, tattooed, tied, tugged, twisted, washered, weighted, and whipped". Nipple freaks, your (suction) cups runneth over. Get a grip on Scott's "control knobs" compliments of Zeus.

ZZ-208/Sore Nipples (8 5x7 B&W)
.....\$10.00

SCOTT ANSWER/ZEUS COVERMAN/ FEATURED IN: LEATHERMAN IN FORKLIFT BONDAGE

Blond, blue-eyed, bodybuilder leatherman Scott Answer is taken to a deserted warehouse where he is stripped to his chaps, boots, collar, heavy chrome cockring, and a padlock through his cock piercing. With his chest shaved and nipples tattooed, pierced, ringed with washers and dogtagged, Scott is leather gagged, wrist bound and led to a forklift for a heavy equipment bondage session. Final shot shows Scott strung up to forklift... arms pulled tightly above his head with eye contact that promises to "Answer" your every hot blond bondage fantasy.

ZZ-201/Answer (8 5x7 B&W)....\$10.00



GREGG STROM/BODY BUILDER/ FEATURED IN: CONSTRUCTION MUSCLES IN BONDAGE

Massively muscled super hunk Gregg Strom strokes his giant rock hard cock on a construction site. Relieved of his sun glasses, then peeled out of his ripped and raunchy 501's, Strom gets his beautifully muscled body spreadeagled against an extension ladder. Worked over, then rolled over, Strom is rebound spreadeagled facing the ladder with his sweat-streaked, muscled bubblebutt begging for your attention. Final shot shows Strom stretched, flexed, sweating, eyes closed, with a huge hard-on waiting for more.

ZZ-202/Strom (8 5x7 B&W)\$10.00

POW'S IN BONDAGE/FEATURING: CLAYTON MCCLOUD/MR ZEUS CONTEST RUNNER UP REX MACKEY/MR MUSCLE BEACH RUNNER UP

POWs McCloud/gagged, and Mackey/blindfolded, are dragged from solitary confinement and force marched into the prison's "exercise" courtyard. Roughly stripped to their brogans and shredded camouflage T shirts, our bodybuilder GIs are tightly tied up for a long, hard, hot and sweaty interrogation. But Privates McCloud and Mackey will divulge only their names, ranks, and serial numbers. Think you could make them talk? POW beefcake in bondage... jack-off foto fantasies from Zeus.

ZZ-203/POWs (8 5x7 B&W)\$10.00



HARKER WADE/ZEUS LEATHER STUD FEATURED IN: MR HANDSOME IN BONDAGE

If handsome is close to the top of your check list of prerequisites for bondage subjects, Harker Wade is "Chippendale's" caliber. He's also very hot, very humpy, and very into showing off his muscles in tight restraint. Stripped down to chaps and boots, we gagged him, tied off his cock and balls, and put him in a nylon webbing "pec harness" to which his wrists were hoisted up and tied high behind his back. "Now work my nipples" he begged. We bit deep into his pumped tits with a pair of heavy duty industrial clamps. Once secured, Harker began flexing and straining against his bonds. This bodybuilder works hard for you in bondage, and they don't get much hotter, humpier, or more handsome.

ZZ-213/Handsome (8 5x7 B&W)...\$10.00

CORD BRIGGS/ZEUS, COLT, DRUMMER MODEL FEATURED IN: MR SAN FRANCISCO IN BONDAGE

Spectacularly muscled competition physique title winner Cord Briggs possesses probably the most perfect fantasy body ZEUS has ever photographed in bondage. Stripped down to his laced, knee-high logger boots, Cord's wrists are tightly bound behind him to a ceiling hoist. Nipples clamped and chained; balls harnessed and weighted; cock pierced and ringed then stretched up to his nipple chain by leather thong. Retied seated on a stool, Cord is collared, ball gagged, blindfolded, cock and ball harnessed and weighted with his cock and nipples thonged to his collar. Ever watched a physique contest and fantasized the winner in bondage? Well, buckle up, only ZEUS gives you a Mr San Francisco in bondage.

ZZ-212/Mr San Francisco (8 5x7 B&W)
.....\$10.00



PLEASE SEND ME:

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- ☐ ZZ-208 SORE NIPPLES\$10.00 \$ _____
- ☐ ZZ-212 MR SAN FRANCISCO ...\$10.00 \$ _____
- ☐ ZZ-213 HANDSOME.....\$10.00 \$ _____

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AUDIO TAPES 9

- ☐ THE INTERROGATION
Compound Tape starring Brutus
- ☐ THE TRAINING BEGINS
Compound Tape starring Brutus
- ☐ PUNISHMENT & REWARD
Compound Tape starring Brutus
- ☐ THE D.I., STARRING MASTER MARIO
Verbal abuse & body worship
- ☐ COP WORSHIP
One guy's cop fantasies
- ☐ MARINES OVERHEARD
Raunchy Marines on floor of head.
- ☐ BIKE EXHIBITIONIST
Biker demands more than photos
- ☐ GREASE MONKEYS, MASTER MARIO
Mechanics rape a hanger-on.
- ☐ AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN
Porn star has kinky scene with straight
- ☐ MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY
Five bodybuilders get it on
- ☐ RITES & RAUNCH
Devil worship, toilet scene, etc.
- ☐ THE COMMANDER SPEAKS
He tells what he wants and you want
- ☐ THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD Part 1
Kid's intro into male sex.
- ☐ THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD Part II
Oversexed boy corrupts dad.
- ☐ KID VS DAD - WINNER TAKES ALL
Wrestling and sex. Who wins?
- ☐ MY DADDY WAS BAD
Kid finds dad asleep and more.
- ☐ FATHER/SON
Father introduces his son to male sex.
- ☐ TV REPAIRMAN
Customer gets more than set repaired.
- ☐ SLEAZE
Funky duo do their thing.
- ☐ MARINE BRIG
Young jarhead gets more than the Brig.
- ☐ PORN CALLS Phone sex.
- ☐ SAILING TO HELL
Frank O'Rourke story, narrated by author.
- ☐ THE CONFESSIONAL
Young monk meets a leatherman.
- ☐ HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
A speeding ticket isn't enough.
- ☐ THE HITCHHIKER
Trucker picks up young man and
- ☐ THE HUSTLER drives it to him.
Hustler gets paid with more than money.
- ☐ THE WARDEN
Convict is made to submit to warden.
- ☐ WHIP FIRE
Classic S/M scene, everything goes.
- ☐ BRANDING, PIERCING & TATTOOING
Info. Techniques.
- ☐ THE MASTER ☐ the slave
- ☐ THE ART OF FISTING
Info. Techniques.
- ☐ MASTER/slave: INTERACTION
Info. Relation to each other.
- ☐ TOYS AND THEIR USAGES
Info. Uses and possible dangers
- ☐ INTERVIEW WITH A TEEN-AGED PROSTITUTE
Info. Teenager tells about it on the street.
- ☐ GAYS IN PRISON
Reality of being gay behind prison walls.
- ☐ INFERNO: THE ANNUAL S/M EXPERIENCE
Info. What is Inferno and why do men into S/M go there?

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Use street address for UPS delivery when possible.

**LEXINGTON/CINCINNATI AREA**

40 y.o. GWM seeking 21 GWM, little family. Us: Vanilla/heavy asswork, many tats, piercings, big nutsac a turn-on; heavy pain & torture, safe sex, leather, electrotorture, sharing, monogamous (group later), very hairy & desire same. Travel weekends. Photos exchanged. I have little family, too. Equality important. Box 5654LF

FIT TO BE ABUSED

slave seeks no-nonsense cop, master who knows what they want. Should be into cigars, motorcycles and abusing a slave in any way. Master is over 6', 150 lbs. up. Will answer all, photo will get mine. Will relocate. Box 5653LF

WHITE ASS TOY

34, 5'8", 155 lbs., available for one or more BLACK MEN. Hole has recently moved up to stretching. Craves long sessions with fun substances. Has some toys, small to huge. Fists possible with proper training. Ass available nationwide especially SF and NYC. Letters with pictures get first reply. Box 5649LF

BEARDED DADDY/MASTER

43, 6', 185 lbs., aggressive, insatiable (almost), foul-mouthed and affectionate seeks an obedient nonsmoker slave-son/lover for a monogamous relationship. If you think you can handle my verbal abuse, physical abuse (mostly spanking, but some TT & C&BT), light bondage, have few if any sexual hangups and are serious, then write and tell me why I should choose you. Although attitude is more important than age or appearance (short is a plus). Send me a recent photo anyway, cocksucker, with your application. Write, Sir, PO Box 1095, Richmond, VA 23208. (LF5501)

DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive, masculine, 39, blue, blond, WM seeks a submissive, obedient, affectionate son. You should expect to be disciplined when you fail to live up to your potential or my expectations. Son should be younger, but attitude and desire to serve are most important. If you have an attitude of submission and a need for discipline and love, the rest is easy. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchful eye of a caring, strict daddy. Write or call (the number is listed) James T. Raymond, Box 10054, Richmond, VA 23240. (LF5668)

DAD SKS RESPECTFUL SON/LOVER

Good-looking GWM, 37, 5'5", grey (balding), moustache, muscular, You: Responsible, hardworking, spiritual, in-shape, into leather, boots, Levis, VA, WS, being dominated, etc. No drugs. This dad is tired of bullshit boys. If ready to respect, serve, work hard and be loved, respond with photo, letter, phone to Box 5610LF

LOOKING FOR LEATHER PUNK

Dominant Master, 38, 160, well built, looking for leather punk, 21-30, with good body and decent looks. Applicant should love leather, discipline (mental and physical), bondage, shaving, torture, public exhibition. Send letter outlining sexual and lifestyle desires with pic to Box 5598LF

PLEASE GIVE IT TO ME, SIR!

WM, 34, 5'10", 162, strawberry blond, hot & horny, needs verbal abuse, raunch, humiliation, discipline. Use me, Sir, to fulfill your fantasy, make me beg for more! Safe sex. Phone & photo gets mine, Sir. Will travel. Jay Stevens, PO Box 62128, Virginia Beach, VA 23462. (LF5868)

6'3" EX-NAVAL OFFICER

WM, 37, Viet vet, recent Honcho centerfold, muscular, hairy body, shaved head, mustache, sexually intense & dominant. Fetishes include uniforms, S&M, bondage, & exhibitionism. Looking for a special friend. Safe sex (condoms) only. Live in SF; can travel to LA or NYC weekends. Reply with photo. Box 5953

BLACK SPANKING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEUR!

I'm licensed to massage, and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides, making your bowels explode loads of paydirt. So all you naughty business types, laborers, jocks, etc. pick up the phone or write to receive my hot, illustrated brochure. John Rose, 235 E. 26th St., #38, New York, NY 10010. (212) 889-5477.

NEED DAD'S DISCIPLINE?

Strict 6', 180 lb. Dad will use firm discipline and corporal punishment to direct inadequate, lonely, horny, honest son desiring to relocate in own Northwest residence and stay employed. Son will learn obedience, to control solitary jacking off, and the satisfaction of pleasing Dad. Photo. Box 5954LF

LOVER/MASTER WANTED

GWM, 35, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair/blue eyes, healthy masculine x-farm-boy bottom-man seeks hairy-chested healthy masculine dominant natural top-man for monogamous relationship. I especially like farmers/ranchers but will answer all. I can relocate. Please send photo and detailed letter. Sincere only. Box 5907LF

SON WANTED BY DADDY

You are an obedient boy needing love and discipline administered by affectionate businessman type Daddy with strict standards. Dad is 42, 6'3", 255 lbs., balding, hairy and loving, with high standards for your behavior. Send honest revealing letter and picture. Box 4934LF

HARD BLACK MASTERS NEEDED

Groveling white slave boy, 35, 5'11", 190 lbs., needs to serve rough, powerful black masters. This slave is Greek passive, French active, and very submissive for ass licking, piss, shit and spit. Need to be whipped and used as a toilet by black masters. Please, Sir. Box 5899

SADISTIC RAPISTS WANTED

by NYC masochist. You must be handsome and healthy. No cons, hustlers or letter jerks. Box 5948

GRAPPLIN' DAD

Tough, 45, 6'1", 225 healthy Dad likes to remind his muscular son who's boss with some rasslin', titwork, verbal abuse, humiliation. If son's gotten good enough to take the old man, Dad can respect that. Let's test each other now that you've grown up. Travel a lot. Send photo, your scene and we'll have a hot, safe reunion. Box 5985

OBEDIENT SLAVE WANTED

Opening for sincere, honest, devoted, break-neck fast, responsible, obedient slave. Must be willing to live with, be taken care of and obey two leathermen, together 16 yrs. We're into care, feeding, domination, discipline. Dungeon, equipment, lifestyle, orders provided. Move your ass and write, enclosing recent photo, detailed description. Masters Larry (6'2", 168 lbs., bl/bl, muscular). Mike (5'6", 155 lbs., br/bl, mean top). PO Box 1104, Sandy, UT 84091. (LF4088)

BIKER SON 22

5'10", 143, brown, blue, healthy, smooth, muscular, handsome, straight, hardworking, intelligent, seeks Levis, leather dad, pro-wrestler type body over 5'11" to fuck me up. You won't be disappointed. Photo, phone, letter get same. All answered. PO Box 632, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011.

CHUBBY WRESTLER

See my ad in issues 106-107? GWM, 5'5", 200 lbs., 37 y.o., hairy chest, U/C, etc. All you guys into fantasy, combat scenes can write Box 112, 330 West 42nd St., Executive Suite, NYC, NY 10036, to set up a scene on my midtown Manhattan mattress! Let the games begin!

LONG HAIR IS SEXY

NE soldier, 32, 5'10", good-looking Irishman seeks hot men with long, flowing hair (facial and body hair is a plus). Come, put your mouth to a nice, ripe cock while I unloosen your locks. Am also into Greek active with the right partner. Please send photo. Box 5748LF

ARE YOU MY DADDY?

I've been looking everywhere, for so long for my daddy. My daddy is handsome, hairy, muscular, and he has a big dick, and his name is Sir. Though I've never met him, I know he'll want to pinch my tits and put his hand in my butt. I'm sure he'll spank me often and occasionally whip me, and he probably has a lot of other interesting ideas about how to treat his boy that I haven't even thought of. But he for sure knows how to treat his boy, with that beautiful blending of discipline and affection that'll make his boy just want to please his daddy. Boy is 37, 5'9", 140, brn/hzl, smooth and lightly muscled. If you're my daddy, I sure hope you'll call soon. I want my daddy. (415) 465-9767. (LF5607)

COCK TORTURE

Looking for depraved C/T scenes. Into piercing, mutilation fantasies, piss hole stretching, electricity. I have a cock with a PA and pierced tits that also enjoy weights and clamps. Also enjoy long fisting sessions. I'm 5'3", 150 lbs., 40, and into leather. Planning a trip to SF and want to stay and play? I have sleeping accommodations available. Mitch, PO Box 5276, San Francisco, CA 94101. (415) 861-7898. (LF5648)

WANTED: ON-CALL SLAVE

Looking for GWM slave, 19-40, slim, for on-call slave. Must be able to report when called. Most limits respected. Send recent photo & limits & telephone. No drinkers or drug users. Am WM, 174 lbs., 6'3". I will answer all with photo & phone, just a letter takes longer. Address letter to Sire. Box 5660LF

BOOTS, BIKES, BLUECOLLAR WORKERS

Full-time bluecollar worker by day & occasional part-time cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles, bluecollar men. Maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hard work, not pumping iron in a gym. No drugs, paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers rock videos, opera & high-tech preppies & clones. Slut is 35, 6'1", 220 lbs., blu/brn. Box 2702LF

HAIRCUTS/HEAD SHAVES

WM, 29, 6'1/160, wants your scalp for clipper haircuts, from trims to head shaves. Already shorn guys are also an automatic turn-on. PO Box 2291, New York, NY 10185.

HORSEMEN-LEATHER-LEVI

Country-loving European, 5'9", 165, mid-40s, seeks hung stallions for safe heavy barn or outdoor action, into cigars, condoms, raunchy 501s, dig husky type 40+. Am independent and free to travel. Write PO Box 222, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

SM TITS

Tit-centered leather/SM scenes are hard to find. This is IT. Expert, cock-hardening titplay gets us there. Bondage keeps us there. Pain takes us beyond. *Serious leathermen ONLY*. No fatsoes, druggies, geriatrics. 37, blond, 6', bearded, intellectual. Top/bottom. You won't regret replying. Box 5813LF

HEAVY TORTURE

Your only purpose is to scream and writhe and suffer for my entertainment. Hard, hairy bodies preferred, but smooth ones accepted and soft ones considered if you are really into being tied down and TORTURED. Electricity, hot wax, needles, piercing flesh, whips, truncheons, fists probable. Urethral probes, cigar burns, hot irons, razor blades/knives, possible. No permanent damage, no permanent marks (unless you want them), but lots of "contusions & abrasions." Interested? Tell my why. Travel often & widely. Gene Hall, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

MASTER SEEKS MUSC.SLAVES

Master, 34, tall, well-built, construction worker's body, successful, educated, seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, bodybuilders in need of a demanding man to guide your life. You will submit to BD and SM as I command. I will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Relocation possible for top quality applicant. Send current physique photos & letter detailing biographical information, fantasies, qualifications and telephone no. to: Master, Box 451, 89 Mass Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (LF5304)

SLAVE WANTED

Surrender to me your body, mind and will. Become my property, to do with as I please. You should be between 25 and 45, masculine, reserved. Send a recent photo of yourself and a letter detailing reasons why I should consider sending you further details and an application. Master Les, PO Box 511265, Salt Lake City, UT 84151-1265.

SHIT PHOTOS

Dirty-assed turd freak wants to exchange filthy raunch shots of your shit-crusted asshole and sewer dumps, manure piles, and your hot smear, feast sessions. You will get mine in return. Real pigs and piglets get matched in action by good-looking Dad type, 48, husky build, huge turds. I like 'em young, but age no barrier. Let's get down and dirty. Box 5577

NAZI LEATHERMEN

Aryan swastika-worshippers only. Serious. PO Box 812, Murray Hill Sta., NY, NY 10156.

HOT HUNG SWEATY TRUCKERS

Show me your sleeper cab and I'll show you anything you want. I'm 29, 6'1", 140 lbs., rough and raunchy. PO Box 157094, Dallas, TX 75015.

MUSCLE DEFICIENCY

Creative, hairy Italian top hunk, 34, needs hot WMs to correct. Good to superb bodies, esp. big, brawny. TT, sweat, leather, BB, USMC, brawny wrestlers, F. Dryer, BJ Haynes, Scott Hall type bottoms a plus. Occ., PO Box 319, Henderson, NV 89015.



LATE-NIGHT JERK-OFF

Exchange stories about men under restraint/control. Raunchy; dominating; tantalizing sex. TT, CBT, dildoes, foreskin, foot fetish, tickling, shaving, cock control (no scat). Frat; police; jock; military; business scenes. Straight/bisex themes OK. Your letter, typed, gets mine. PO Box 40136, Berkeley, CA 94704. Mr. N.P. (LF5890)

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Cowboy Master, 40, 6'3", 205, blond, moustache, seeks live-in slave who is willing and ready to surrender himself completely to his Master. No bullshit, no limits—complete surrender, complete slavery. Assistance with relocation available. Enclose photo and phone with reply. Box 4426LF

EXPERIENCED TOP NEEDED

Slut-fuckhole bottom into heavy asswork, submissive body. WM/35/5'10"/152 lbs./7" uncut/big balls. HTLV-neg. Fr-a/p. Gr-a/p. fucking, dildoes, FF, slings, C&BT, stretching, weights, chains, TT, watersports, shaving, wax, B/D, sleaze, boot service, leather, spanking, groups, "smoke," poppers, booze, playroom. No prejudice/safe sex. No scat, blood, drugs, damage. Serious Tops w/pic, letter. All answered. Box 5871LF

TITS AND ASS MAN! WANTED

Michigan GWM, 35, 6'2", 220 lbs. Play with my large, pierced nipples and I can do just about anything. Not into games, just men. Into heavy tit and ass workouts, enemas, toys, bare feet, body odors, etc. All replies answered! No bull, let's do it. Can travel. Tri-state area. Cliff, (313) 398-4497. (LF5865)

COCK & BALL EXPERIMENTATION?

Hot and tall, 32 years with an extremely sensual cock and low-hanging balls is waiting for your reply. Catheters, vacuum pumps, scrotum filling, piercings, bondage. Tell me your favorites, fantasy or reality. We can share mine later. The right men are close in age and sensually hung. Photo and letter with interests a must. Box 5891

LEATHERMAN LEATHERMAN

Another hard-working leatherman wanted to help build leather empire. Goals: large secluded house in semi-rural area in New England with houseboy/slave; build a "family" to carry on the legacy. You must be nonsmoker, able to relocate, and preferably 30-50. For further info, write Box 5864LF.

STRONG—GOOD BUILD

WM, 5'7", 200 lbs., straight-appearing, travel takes me into Michigan, Ohio, Penn. & New York areas. Into meeting men, leather, S&M, for action and/or just friendship. I'm rather versatile, but really enjoy the basics—safety awareness, but certainly not hysterical. Reply to Box 5667LF. Photo appreciated.

CRUISING THRU

Leather top: good looks, stamina, experience... looking for new summer sunsets, scenes, slaves, dungeons, safe-sex partners and buddies. Traveling SW to NW USA. 38, 5'8", bearded, 150; SM, CB FF, kink; artist/weaver/photographer. Send photo/fantasy... all considered/answered. Box 5413LF

HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

Looking for tall boots & brawny bike leathers on a farmer's hard-muscled body? Looking for the tough but tender pleasures of prolonged rigid bondage (top/bottom) in heavy irons, ropes, hoods? Possibly looking for a permanent partner (sweaty outdoor work guaranteed)? Then write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.

THE PERFECT SLAVE

Are you? Are you a young, slim, totally submissive masochist with few, if any, limits (other than safe and sane), experienced or novice slave, who needs release and total domination through this 45-year-old, 175-pound, 6-foot Master? Race not important; attitude is. Live in NYC but travel frequently, especially to Miami. Apply with letter, photo(s) to: Suite 769, 263-A West 19th St., New York, NY 10011.

MAN-TO-MAN CONTESTS

WM, 6', 210 lbs., good-looking, bodybuilder, army airborne/ranger, leather wrestling stud; challenges other tough muscular dudes to fight for topman. Man-to-man contests that lead to rough sex. NHB wrestling, drunken brawls, grudge matches, ball fights, outdoor scenes and other contests. Got the balls for a man-to-man ringfight? Reply w/picture to: Buck Labrada, Box 231, 1126 S. Federal Hwy., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316. (LF5873)

ALABAMA

BONDAGE TOP

Blond, blue, beard, hairy, 29, wants bottoms with bondage fantasies wanting to become realities. If you're a W/M, 21-40, fat, slim, or stud send a detailed letter with fantasy, photo, address, and phone. I'm hot, horny and waiting. Central Alabama (Montgomery). Box 6107 LF

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

BUTCH BLACK GUYS

get my dick hard. Trim white guy (5'7", 130, 32), horny and experienced, seeks intense S&M scenes with dominant blacks who have a sense of humor. Box 5951

WANTED:

Chubby chaser into total body worship, tongue baths, massage, expert cocksucker. This 280-lbs., big-bellied, uncut Topman lives in N. California but gets around and might be visiting your area soon. Send photo and interests to TOPGUT, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

LOVE WITHOUT ILLUSION

Illusions without delusion, lust without limit, liberating limits and depravity without deprivation. Fabulous fabrication, consenting contractual conjugal consideration, explicit exhibitions, discreet deceptions. Champagne, chaps, ferns, fists, paradoxical exquisitely genuine agony of sharing unknowing loneliness. What's the difference between temporary and false, and you've seen something permanent on which planet? (415) 465-9767. (LF5607)

RUSSIAN RIVER

Daddy seeks son for permanent relationship. Son must be very much together, aged 30 to 45, like home life. Preferences may be discussed. Daddy is a writer, has been into S/M scene for years. Send picture and we can talk. Box 5461

WANTED: YOUNG LEATHER STUD

WM, 41, 5'8", moustached, in very good health. Looking for young WM, 21-35, in good health and turned on by smell, feel and look of black leather. Desire son for permanent relationship with safe sex. Son must be together, nonsmoker, and desire a permanent relationship with good safe leather sex. Call me and let's talk. (415) 863-7384. Ask for Rick.

FUCK BUDDIES?

Have lover, need sleazy/safe friends for rough/careful fun. I'm 6'1", 33, 180, 8½", GWM. Into A/P F, FFA, WS, spanking, belts and creative ways to enjoy same and stay healthy. Write with photo, get same. Box 5400LF

MASTER HAS SLAVE TO SHARE

My boy serves who I tell him to, in a way that pleases both you and I. I'm 29, 6'4", 175 lbs. My boy is 35, 5'10", 175 lbs. We're both good-looking. I'm top and get off sharing my well-trained boy with other top men who like a fully trained slave into bondage, asswork, cocksucking, SM and total pleasure to whom he serves. Let's get together! Box 5752LF

ALL AMERICAN BOY

33, 5'11", 145 lbs., muscular/slender. You: raunchy, creative, affectionate, cerebral top. Into: heavy bondage, rubber, piercing, genital modification fantasies, light scat, hugging, kissing, worship. Also: film, BB, politics, camping, new-age thought. No FF, brutality, whipping. Pluses: uncut, collegiate, yuppie, Italian, straight. Relationship possible. Photo/detailed letter: Box 34, 2370 Market St., S.F., CA 94114.

BB SLAVE WANTED

to sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough set of curls. Your boss is into hot wax, animal/slave training, smoke, CB/T, TT, 4-wheelin', rock and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit, so if interested and live or are visiting in this area, call (415) 944-9984 or (415) 282-2483 and leave a message. If not in the area, write: Boss, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598.

EXECUTIVE DADDY

41, 200 lbs., 6', BB, seeks smooth athletic boy for safe sex. Live in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duke, PO Box 640683, San Francisco, CA 94164. (LF5310)

HUNGRY MANSEX

GWM, 33, 5'7", 155 lbs., brown hair, bearded, attractive, seeks hot, horny, hairy men for anything-goes pig sex. At lunch, before work, after work, any time... SF residents or visitors send photo/phone and your favorite turn-ons. Box 5151

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM, SIR!

Sir! I am here to serve you as your bondage slave. I've been experienced in bondage, assplay, cocksucking, some SM and am willing to be trained to expand myself. I am 35, 5'10", 175 lbs., good-looking and ready to please you, Sir! Photo appreciated, Sir! Box 5650LF

WANTED: BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM, 31, 6', 160, brn/blue, beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM, hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Will correspond and exchange photos. Box 3711LF

NAKED AND IMMOBILIZED

Tie me up and ?? Serious bondage bottom interested in prolonged sessions of nipple and genital stimulation and ass exploration. Am extremely healthy and financially secure. A stable relationship is desired, but most any scene will be considered. Box 5576

MUSCLING UP!

Seeking relentless coach/workout buddy to turn decently well-built S.F. GWM (31, 5'8", 150) into outrageous stud bull animal. Early morning workouts preferred. Letter with phone to Box 5902LF

SCAT ME

I need to suck the filthy shitholes of huge beefy butts or young hunky football studs and chunky body builders. I want you to unload that big dump from your bloated dirty asshole right into my toilet mouth. Uniforms, jockstraps, verbal a+. I am well-built GWM, 32, 5'9", 160 lbs., good looking. Write: Boxholder, 584 Castro, #160, S.F., CA 94114-2588

SLEAZE SESSIONS

Sore nipples, spent dicks and used assholes, tweaked-out, burnt-out, spaced-out sleaze, watching porno flicks for hours and pounding our puds, waiting for you to cum to our South of Market pad for J/O, cocksucking and safe anal play. We're 2 hot buddies, handsome, well-built 30s. Want to meet hotguys 21-45 Bay Area residents or visitors. Reply with photo, PO Box 5921, S.F., CA 94101-5921.

TOILET BUDDY

Very hot-looking Latin, 30s, muscular, well defined likes mutual shit scenes and steaming piss. Get off on watching turds, gaping assholes, recycled beer, shit smearing, dirty jocky shorts and lots of grunting action. Looking for filthy minded, hot hunky and hung studs to get our sweat holes going. Box 6056LF

60-YR.-OLD DOMINANT GRANDAD

seeks submissive sons, grandsons, contemporaries of all ages! All fantasies considered, but you must be submissive! Box 5943LF

RIVER SM

Good-looking, positive top outdoors type, 36, 6'2", runner's build, requires fit, together bottom, 30s. We're experienced in safer, sane, experimental limit-pushing, bondage, SM, trusting, caring, partners, substance free. Picture Boxholder, PO Box 563, Forestville, CA 95436. (LF5669)

JADED

Hunky, good-looking, young 40s, very jaded bottom seeking experienced, imaginative, creative Top to help explore still unfulfilled fantasies safely. No interest in phone/mail j.o. or relationship. Are you good enough? AV, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

MUSCULAR LEATHER DAD

seeks son willing to serve and work-out with Dad. Long-term, live-in situation possible for right son. Dad is mid-40s, masculine, healthy and muscular. Leather and safe sex. Send photo and letter. Box 4944LF

BEAUTY & THE BEAST

Ugly old troll seeks knight in shining armor. Are you Prince Charming, built like Conan the Barbarian, hung like a horse, filthy rich, with MA or better? Then I may have some use for you. Send nonreturnable studio portrait, resume, and financial statement. No groupies! Box 5956LF

DRUMMER DADDY

seeking tall, trim, muscular slave. You will be stripped, chained, & led to my dungeon. Relationship possible for intelligent, professionally employed man capable of stepping out of the slave role and serving as companion. Drummer Daddy is in his 40s, brown hair, bearded, 6'1", 170 lbs., nonsmoker. Nude photo, phone, letter to Box 4988LF

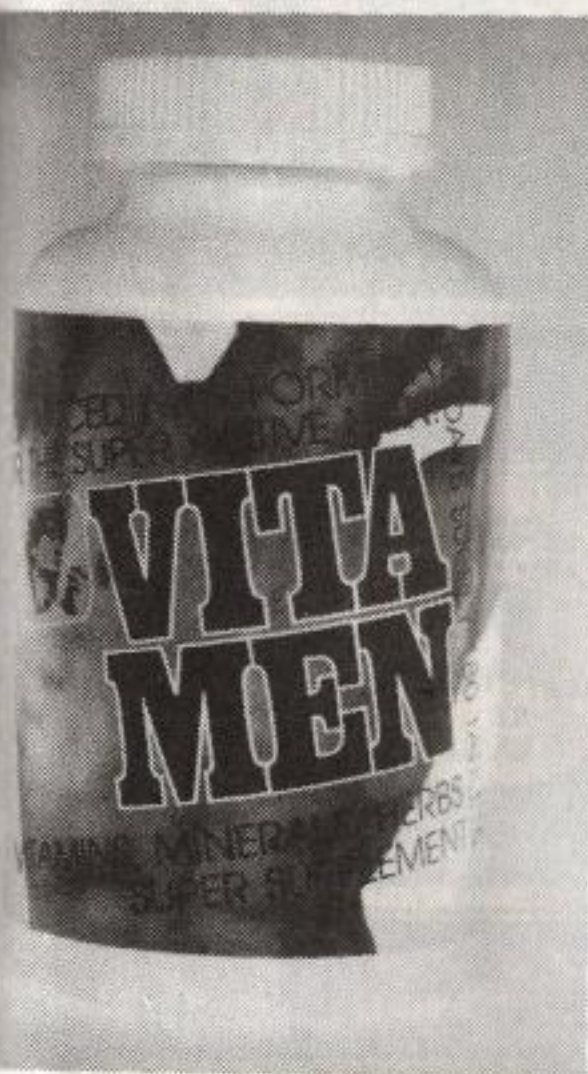
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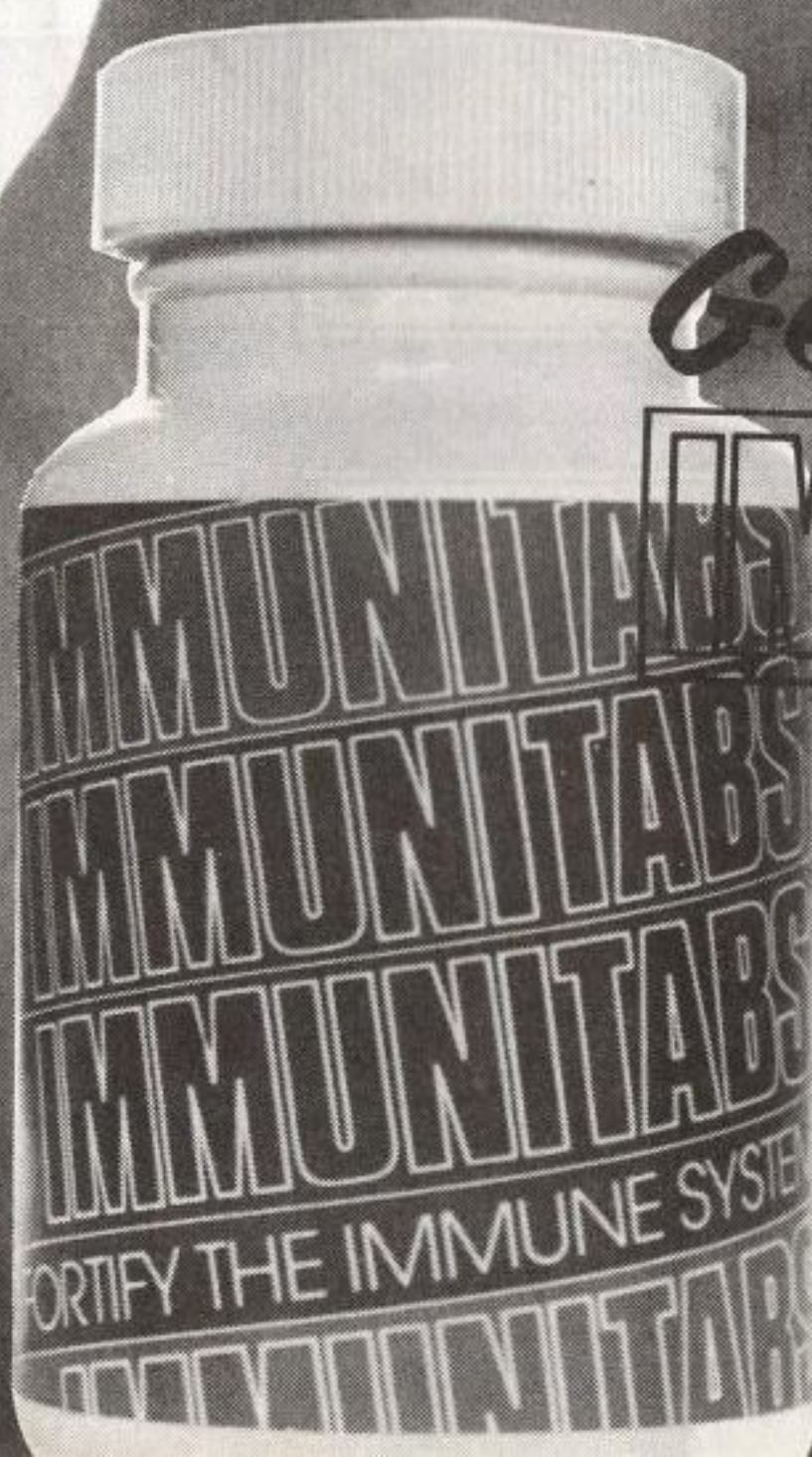


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CROSSROADS . . .

Where Leathermen Meet.

By placing an ad in this section, a bar or other business is telling you that they welcome Leathermen.

By accepting their ad, *Drummer* is telling you that the bar has been recommended by a Leather/SM club or a recognized individual in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other Leathermen. In larger cities, these will be THE leather bars; in other areas, they will be the more general purpose bars where Leathermen do go to socialize.

Help us alert *Drummer* readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be, let us know about that, too. -Fledermaus

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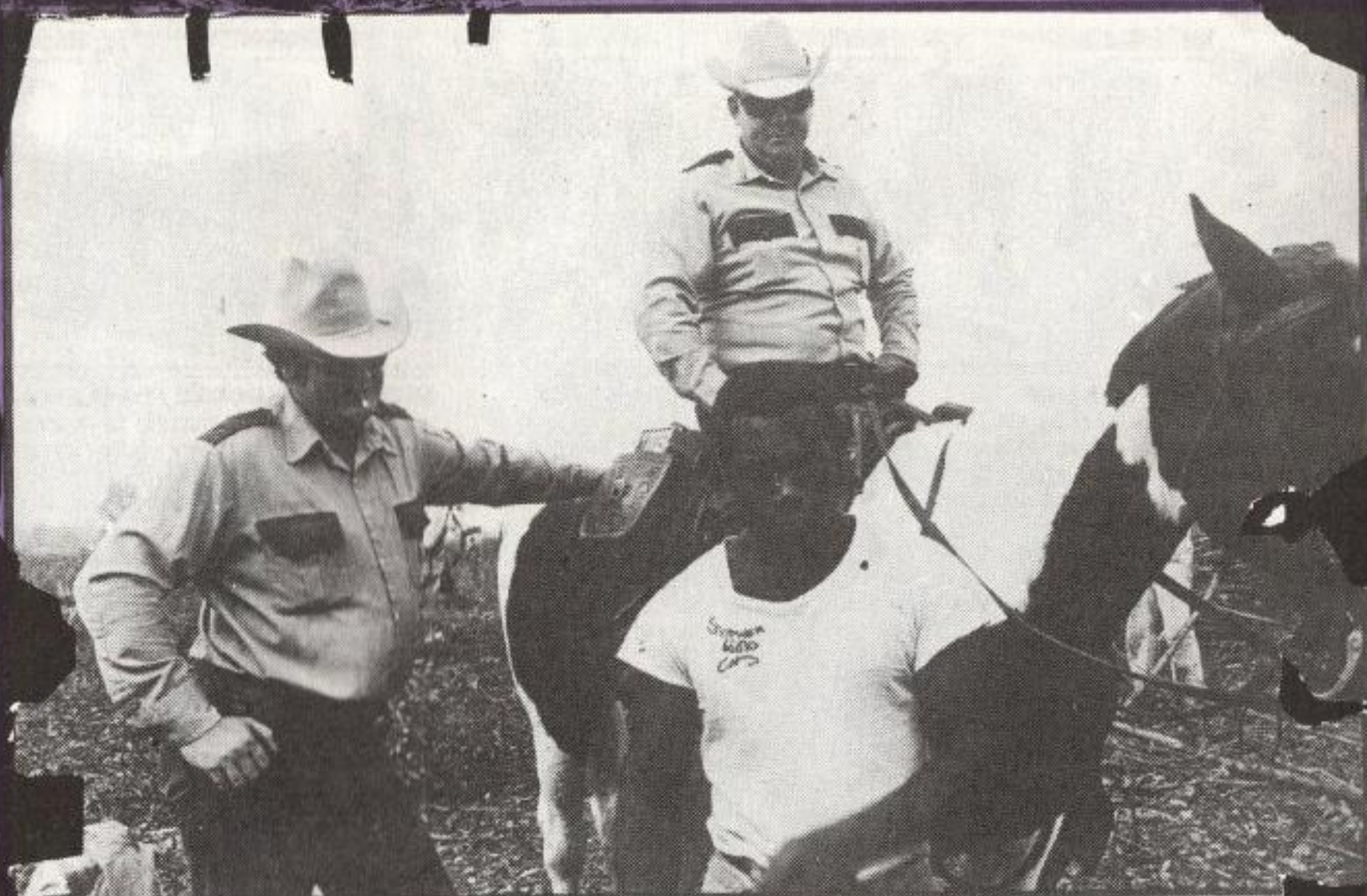
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RIMMING RELATIONSHIP

Devouring bearded faces buried in shaved pulsating buttocks with crazed tongues intensely probing for oblivion in the void; we are leathermen locked in an eternal mutual worship. Athletic European top: 43, 5'9", 145 lbs., trim, bearded and intelligent; hung, uncut and a nonsmoker wants a regular leather buddy for heavy sessions. Imagination and stamina are an advantage. You can be top or bottom, slim to muscular, under 45 and any height. Variables: W/S, FF, C/B, hugging and massage. Please phone Leo, (415) 474-2040, or send photo & phone # to Box 5488LF.

SADIST WANTS MASOCHIST

Must be monogamous, respectful, honest, healthy lifestyle, committed & sensitive to my needs. You must enjoy, need & want to be totally controlled. I enjoy a variety of different scenes involving the giving of pain, safe & sane. I'm WM, 43, 5'10", 163 lbs. No drugs. Reply with letter, photo, phone. PO Box 14212, Santa Rosa, CA 95402.

USMC MUSCLEMAN

26, 6'1", 195, 46c, 32w seeking muscular recruits to 30 to endure heavy B/D, CBT/T in military stockade. Got the guts? Prove it. Nude photo/phone semper fi. Box 5840

TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

executive in rural town, 5'6", 135 lbs., 30 yrs., copper beard, furry, 8" clipped, oversexed, seeks to submit to bossman to horse around with for a night or a lifetime. Discipline, bondage, both at home and in the Sierras. Humiliation, body shaving, ass beating, piss, tit-torture, all available to MASTER who needs to dominate a together stud and turn him into his butch son/slave dog. If you rope me you can hump me; if you cage me you can keep me. Age, looks, cock size unimportant, however headspace is. (Hairy preferred, but...) Hot, dirty phone calls can be arranged. Mark, PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613. (209) 435-3378. Do get to the coast often. (LF5439)

DADDY'S BOY

Good-looking 23 yr. old, 5'10", 140 lbs., br/br. Seeks Big Brother/Daddy for friendship, possible relationship. You 25-40, good-looking, hunb, dominant, and into light S/M verbal abuse. Me: good-looking, hung, submissive, into light S/M and into motorcycles and uniforms. No fats, fems, or drugs. Box 6095

NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

wanted by retired GWM, 63. You're 18-40, 5'9" or under, slender, smooth, submissive, drug/smoke-free, honest, enjoy cats, cooking, the arts. Accept shaving, nudity, complete supervision, safe sex, being owned, affection, light bondage, no rough stuff. White, Oriental preferred. Serious only, no cons. Full letter, phone, photo. Box 6123LF

SEEK DOMINANT SON MASTER

Average-looking, financially secure, executive, professional 57-year-old, 5'11", 172 lbs., silver moustache, 7" uncut, seeks younger, 18 to 36, smaller to 5'9", masculine strong, boyish, horny jock ass master stud who commands servility, body worship, hole service, rimming, watersports. This submissive slave eager to please with hot butt craves to serve and receive verbal abuse, taunting, training, humiliation, mild ass beating, TT, CBT, body shaving, piss, bondage, smelly armpits, enema sessions, cock sucking. Teach me to serve you while expanding my limits to give you total pleasure. No scat, FF, or brutality. Call (415) 929-7124. (Box 6062)

SEEKING S.F. LEATHER TOP

Attractive, white, 30-year-old leatherman seeks experienced leather top. I am tired of bars and "Folsom phonies." My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M, serious but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom. I take my training like a man but am safe oriented (no fluid exchange, blood, FF). Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated & returned. Box 5870LF

TOP BOY

25, 5'8", 130 lbs., br/gr, 28w, Smooth, Clin-Shvn, 7" u/c Top for High Caliber Professionals. (415) 685-5035 Aft. 11pm PT (LF5875)

BOOTLICKING MASOCHIST

Bootlicking, pain-craving cocksucking GWM cut neg prof S.F. masochist, 44, 6'2", 200, seeks GWM cut neg sadist wearing 501 button-fly Levis and black leather military boots who truly turns on to his slave's sweating, moaning, screaming and writhing in sessions of bootlicking, whipping (bare back, ass, belly, crotch) and ball torture (weights, vices, spreaders, slapping, whipping) and SS Fr. Not into FF, scat, piercing, WS, rimming, damage, or Gr. Travels now and then around CA, NY, IL, GA and TX. Also seeking S.F. Nautilus workout buddy. Box 5989

BUTCH JOCK BOTTOM

Handsome, masculine, muscular bottom, L/L BM, 37, 6'1", 175 lbs., healthy, intelligent, athlete, a 1987 Drummerboy, needs training in B/D, lite S/M, TT, shaving, prolonged assplay, toys. Seeks dominant, commanding, imaginative, experienced Top, hung and muscular. Safe and sane your way, Sir. Photo, phone. Box 5959LF

RUBBER A MUST

Good-looking GBM, 30, 5'10", moustache, seeks rubber-loving guy. Possible relationship. No drugs, heavy alcohol. Stable, professional, but with-rubber lifestyle. Box 5974

SONOMA COUNTY

WM, 44, 6', 190 lbs., SM, TT, C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C'mon, invest 22 in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too!!! Box 5150

ULTIMATE RELATIONSHIP

Into making dreams reality? This handsome, hot, virile, versatile, healthy, trim, smooth, professional S.F. WM, 38, 5'9", dark brown hair, seeks similar to create the ultimate dynamic relationship. Erotic mind, enormous emotional capacity, great dick, sensitive tits, kinky butt, Chippendale tie and leather vest a plus! Reply Box 5557LF

DIABLO DEVIATES

An association of leathermen into hot, safe, deviate sex. Offering contact roster, newsletter, sex parties, 24-hour playroom with toys, equipment and porn libraries. Service area is Alameda, Contra Costa and Solano counties, but city men are welcome. For details SASE to: DV8's, PO Box 27672, Concord, CA 94527-7672.

MUSCLE DAD LOOKING FOR PLAYER

Muscle Dad, 41, beefy muscular build, great chest and arms, masculine, good-looking, seeking masculine Dad/Buddy/Son, 25-55, for mutual good time. Pec work, muscles, J/O, Leather. Open to suggestions. Married/Bi OK. Reply with photo to Boxholder, Box 486, 584 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

BOY NEEDS DOG

Good-looking, athletic, 30-year-old boy needs mature dog to train. Dog must be masculine, good-natured, affectionate and obedient. No puppies or poodles need apply. Box 5994

WANTED MASOCHISTIC/SLAVE/SON

Sadistic Daddy looking for masochistic slave/son. ABSOLUTELY NO LIMITS HONORED, only INCREASED! Just pain, sex, love. Asians-Blacks preferred. All others considered on merit. Send qualifications, phone, nude/leather photo to Box 6037

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave, 5'6", 145, seeks verbal abuse, domination, discipline, humiliation from small master. Into body worship, armpits, leather, wrestling, JO. Blacks, Asians and muscles a plus. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101

SEEKING MASOCHIST

Experienced SF sadist seeks one pain-craving Levi-boot masochist who knows what he wants and can take it. Fantasy-seeking JOers and limp-wristed fairies who wimp out quickly in a scene need not respond. Sadist is into whipping, gut-wrenching CBT, TT, ET, paddling, suspension, etc. in roughly that order; however, limits can be set in advance. S is tall, early 40s, cut, non-smoker, neg, intell, health and safety conscious, and relationship-oriented. M must be neg, non-smoker, cut, 30-45, good cocksucker, and relationship-oriented. Not into fisting, scat, damage. Box 5996

DILDO SESSIONS NEEDED

Looking for trainer to work over my gaping shit hole. Attractive, 33 years, brown hair, blue eyes, mustache, 160, 5'10", good build. Hot pierced nipples and cock. Trainer? Hairy, big-dicked, mature, dark, Dad? Please submit your fist into my hole. Write with photo to Box 6085

MARRIED MASTER WANTS YOU

I'm bearded, blue eyed, 30, tall, strong. Seek smooth, younger guy, any race to bind/train/or !!! We'll meet safely at hotels or your place regularly, and you'll love it. Healthy/hot. Send detailed letter. Box 6090

PARROT'S PERCH ET

Heavy-duty painslave sought by sadistic S.F. torturemaster for ET, CBT and whipping on the parrot's perch (a form of upside down suspension often used by the French para's in Algeria, in which the subject hangs from a vertical bar by his knees with his wrists tide to ankles). Must be tough GWM, HTLV-negative, really groove on heavy pain, and be experienced in SM scenes. Not into scat, fisting, damage. Box 6091

SACRAMENTO

Hot tight body into heavy fisting seeks serious Top with gloves. Box 6109

HANDOME & HUNG SLAVE

Submissive W/M seeks handsome and dominant man. I desire training in bondage and erotic torture. I'm 6'2", 25, 175, smooth/cleanshaven have br hr/eyes, and cut 8". Unfulfilled fantasies are unexplored realities. Your photo and instructive letter would make our fantasy a reality. Box 6114

SILICON VALLEY SLAVE

seeks hairy, brawny Master. WM, 30, 5'7", 140 lbs., beard, new to leather scene, need training. Eager to please. Feed me your cock, balls, ass and pits. Spank and fuck my ass (with condom). Sir. Scott. PO Box 160061, Cupertino, CA 95016-0061.

HOT BUNS

Attractive trim WM 34 needs butt punishment, other disciplinary action, obedience training. No heavy pain. Roger. Box 312, 2215-R Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

HOT FUCKIN' HEAD FER STUDS

Pop a brew, pull on yer SKINTIGHT black leather POLICE GLOVES, fire up a fine CIGAR, haul out yer MANTOOL, let my shaved balls rest on yer hard BOOTS, kick back and FEED this HOT bearded cocksucker (WM 32) yer leather/cop dick, Sir! Travel, 584 Castro, #404, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588.

FACESITTERS, PISS & JO

Gdkg W/M 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Fart up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write: Bill S., #237, 2215-R Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

NIPPLE FLOGGING

will make us cum, but there will be a lot of pinching, twisting and toys before that. Hot mutual tit play with GWM, 6'3", 180, lean, smooth, muscular, defined. Moustache, br/br. You must be tight/wiry, smooth. Experienced, imagination, passion and facial hair are pluses. Your chest photo gets mine. Safe only. Boxholder, 3315 Sacramento St., Suite 406, San Francisco, CA 94118.

EXPERIENCED SADIST WANTED

Wanted, experienced leather sadist into sexual torture by a 26-year-old attractive GWM, 5'10", 180 lbs., 8" cut, muscular and defined body. Well-equipped dungeon-playroom desired. S/M, bondage, racks, suspension, CBT, TT, WS, electricity, urethral probes, stretching, etc. S/M for the physical erotic aspect needed. Send letter with description of self, sexual desires, experience and equipment to: PO Box 40725, San Francisco, CA 94140-0725.

EVERYBODY'S WORKIN' ON A GREAT BIG LIFE MACHINE

Everybody's bound—to have a story. What's yours? Leatherwriter needs fresh plots. Put 'em together and tell 'em to my machine. I'll put 'em in print. (415) 923-0501. Nothin' wrong with dreamin'... Sometimes they come true. Jay Shaffer.

HANDBALL

Hot lovers, mid-30s, search for ecstasy thru mutual assplay and tit work. Seeking hot men or couples for all-night sessions in our playroom. Highly creative and safe. Inspiration to new depths sought. Phone and photo, please. 584 Castro St., Suite 412, San Francisco, CA 94114.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

JOCKBOY PIERCING

Athletic 26 yr. old slaveboy desires part-time master to pierce his tits and 8 thick cock head. Safe but kinky sex also to possibly include bondage, flogging, shaving, womens clothes, photography, hot wax and CBT. Box 5997

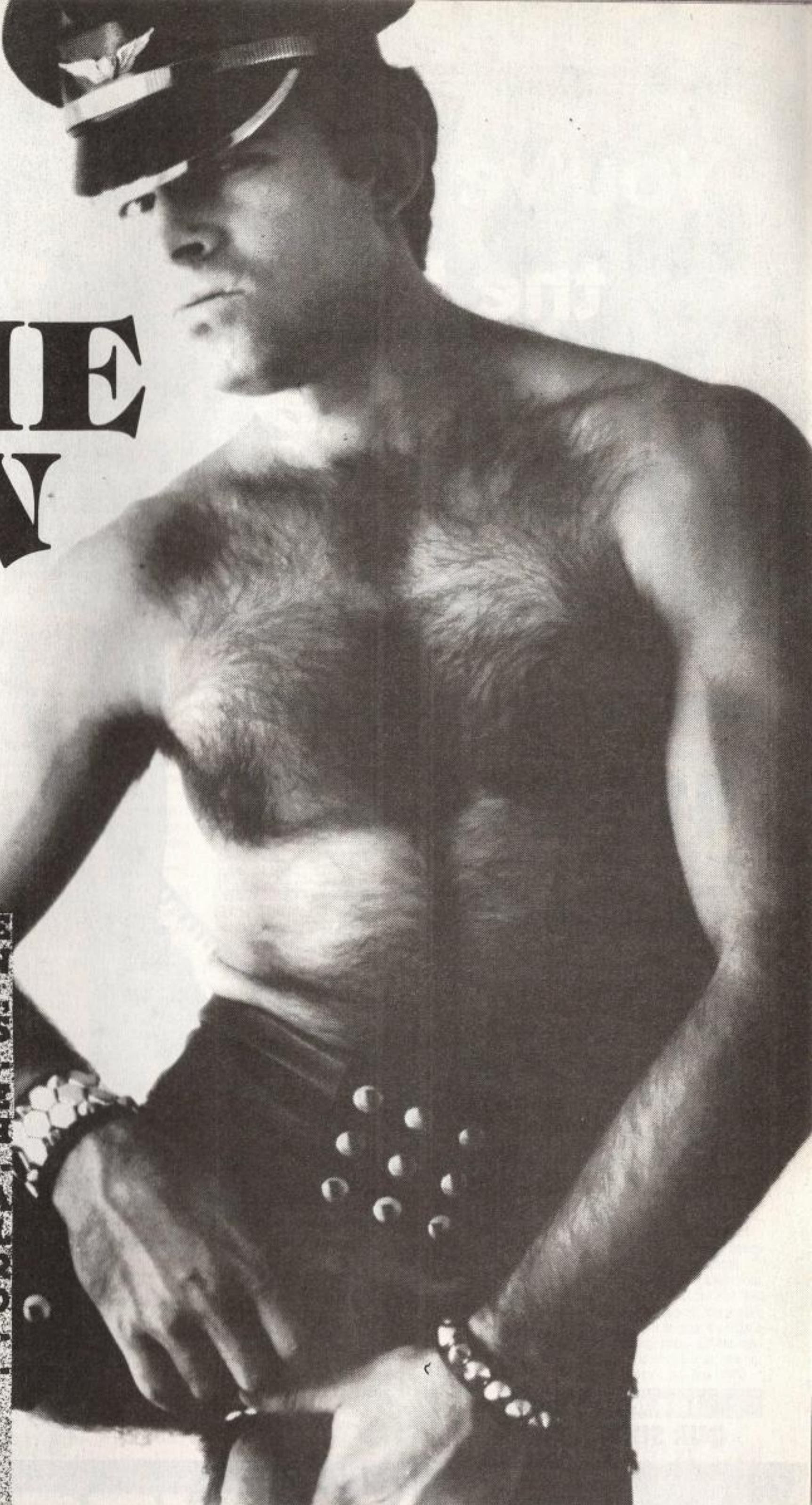
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THE ORIGINAL SEX LINK

415-346-8747

**THERE IS NO CHARGE FOR THIS CALL
EXCEPT LONG-DISTANCE IF ANY.**

OUR SIXTH YEAR!

The **CONNECTER** 

**NAKED SLAVE**

I am a top, 5'11", 150, beard, blue eyes, hairy, 35 years old. I am looking for an individual that enjoys standing naked before another man with a leather hood on, collar and harness. Someone who likes tit play, bondage, and orders. I enjoy spanking, shaving, humiliation, but I will respect your limits. Most important is your desire to let another man enjoy your body. If you are interested, serious and ready when you call to come over, then call (213) 874-4856 after 6PM

ANIMALS

W/M, 32, 5'10", 160 lbs., very hot, horny wants to meet experienced/novice in scene. Box 6031

MATURE BODYBUILDER/LEATHERMAN

Good-looking, professional WM, 35, 5'8", 168 lbs., well built, looking for professional man over 40 who can introduce me to leather lifestyle and share with the excitement of healthy body, dressed in leather and a productive professional career as well. You won't be disappointed if you are genuine. Box 6050LF

HUNG BLOND JOCK DIGS COPS

Good-looking athlete, trim, tan 28 boy, 6'1", 165 lbs. Huge thick cock. Looking for hot studs, cops, military, to be arrested, strip searched, cuffed and used. All American Boy into BD, CB/T, fantasy. Wrestle me down, bind me, gag me and rape me repeatedly. Come on, Sir, arrest me! Box 6054LF

SHORT GUY—BIG NEEDS

Me: W/M, 32, 5'3", overweight, not hung or macho or strong. You: W/M, 18-35, ready to submit to S/M, B/D. I am seeking a long-term relationship, not a one-night stand. Also like theatre, travel, dining out, quiet evenings at home. Box 177, 1800 South Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles CA 90035. None answered without photo, phone, name and address.

MANHANDLE MY BIG COCK/BALLS!

GWM, 50, 6', 165 lbs., hung big and uncut needs heavy CBT. It's all yours! Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734

LET US WATCH

Good-looking GWM couple, 37 & 34, seek other masculine GWM partners into kink for voyeuristic encounters. We want to watch your long, private, intense sessions in CBT, TT, FF, WS, B&D, hot wax, clothespins, SM. No scat. Your pleasure/pain trips are our turn-on. Letter/phone. Box 5608LF

ASS MASTER WANTED

Hot, experienced, 34, 6'1", 170 lbs. Into: service, VA, mindtrips, bondage, shaving, ballstretchers, assplay, toys, fists and more. Will submit to any safe scene. Want to explore other fantasies, piercing, gangbucks? You: white/Latino, 28-40, dominant, masculine, hot. Strictly top. Body builders, hung a plus. Sir, please send instructions/photo (returned). Box 5773LF

SLAVE DANNY

will submit to bondage and tortures for groups, parties, photos or one Master. Phone (818) 846-9486. Thank you, Sirs! (LF4091)

WANTED EXPER. LEATHER SADIST

Muscular, tattooed Italian S has hot Italian M to share. Looking for hot S with attitude and endurance for long, rugged session ordering M into heavy S/M, BD, hoods, gags & other fantasies. Detailed letter/phone to Box 585, 8306 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211. (LF5906)

DEEP/WIDE ASSHOLE

FF versatile, TT, CBT. W/M, 42, 6', 170 lbs., clean shaven. Palm Springs. (619) 321 2819. Before 12 PM

HANDSOME & HUNG SLAVE

Submissive WM seeks handsome and dominant man. I desire training in bondage and erotic torture. I'm 6'2", 25, 175 lbs., smooth/cleanshaven, have br. hr/eyes and am cut 8". Unfulfilled fantasies are unexplored realities. Your photo and instructive letter would make our fantasy a reality. Box 6106

AS YOU DIRECTED, SIR:

Seeking Masters for my worship as you control my growth from 37, WM slave to your assistant in search of safe SM perfection. Need slaves for your pleasure (and use, as training dummies). BKT, 3841 Fourth Ave., San Diego, CA 92103. 25, WM Master demands photos (or my hide...) (619) 237-0586. (LF5897)

TALL, HUNG, HORNY

I'm looking for in-shape regular guys (under 35) who need some meat shoved up their chute and enjoy having someone else in charge. Box 5950

SLAVE/SON WANTED

by W/M Topman, 46. No S&M abuse or head games, just plenty of discipline, regime, and a heavy Father-son relationship. Son must be completely bottom, thoroughly submissive and obedient. Prefer quiet, shy, stay-at-home type boy under 35 who really needs a Daddy. Box 4551LF

HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER

Very hot, healthy, 52-year-old BB, 6'2", 200 lbs., clipped beard, balding, will expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You be equally hot, hard, creative, have a tight healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply: Daddy PF, Box 5888.

UNIFORMED BUST

Decidedly for... abuse-hungry. White stud sonofabitch, gung-ho to discharge duties as Convict/Slave/Animal Prisoner/Captive to sadistic, kick-ass, tall-booted, uniformed Black stud 43 who demands intense disciplined workout, exacting punishment torture to reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Direct letter w/mandatory foto to: PO Box 2524, Chino, CA 91708. (LF5987)

ORANGE COUNTY SUBMISSIVE

seeks Master-Daddy type for direction and structure. I'm 32 y/o, slightly overweight, attractive and completely honest. Sammy (213) 924-4833.

PISS FANATIC

Healthy, trim, hung, blond boy, 23, seeking faithful, fit, masculine, safesex pissbuddy under 40 who shares piss obsession. Prefer hairy. Let's get soaked! Box 5968

CONVERSE FREAK

Massage me all over with your black hi-top Converse all-stars. Lace them together, top to toe around my face like a hood. Drown me in the smell, touch, and feel of your sneaks. Box 6086

LEATHER 24 HOURS

I wish! Leather and cigars turn U on? GWM 32, look younger, 5'10", 160 lbs., versatile, into safe sex, lite BD, lite SM, boots, cop uniforms, dildo, tit, visual, WS. Seek GWM 25+, similar interest, cut, discreet. Box 6088

WHIPMASTER!

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am white, 33, 5'11", shaved head, mustache, hairy body, sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom. Into whips, belts, bondage, cock & ball torture, tit torture, full hoods & gags. If in Southern California call: Paul (213) 657-5327. All others send detailed letter with current picture (A MUST) & phone to: PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069. (LF5903)

ASS-EATING ADDICT

wants to meet clean-shaven, healthy leathermen in San Diego area for mutual rimming sessions in my sling. Is also into toys (bring your own!) and shaving. Let's give our butts a workout. GWM, 40, 165 lbs., blond, hairless. Box 5647

EXPERIENCE PAYS

I'm looking for someone to take charge and show me what experience is all about. Letter and photo gets immediate attention of this 6'2", 190 lb., good-looking fast learner. Box 6110

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot bootied leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 PM.

NEW LEATHERMAN IN SAN DIEGO!

W/M, 37, 6'2", 183, hung, tattooed, 17" arms, seeks a buddy who dreams of being helpless in spread-eagle bondage and kept "on the edge" for hours. Safe only, no anal trips or S/M. Discreet! "Buck," 1380 Garnet Ave. #E-246, San Diego, CA 92109.

STUD SLAVE

Very hot, hard-body bottom, muscular, 5'10", 175, 36, wants raunchy muscular top to put me in my place. Age (younger or older) unimportant. Good bod and dominant attitude are. If you want a stud slave, with spirit, write with pic to Suiteholder, Suite 304, 12228 Venice Blvd., L.A., CA 90066.

TWO POLAR BEARS

want steady cub studs. Box 6103

COLORADO**HAIRY UNCUT DADDY**

Versatile, hairy, uncut stud into mutual pleasuring through ploughing and milking. Interested in training those who want to explore the world of mutuality with uncut, 6'1" stud, daddy, hairy from head to foot with 8" plough and deep furrow. Tit, ass and cock work guaranteed. Box 5472

SLAVE/SON

under 30 sought by older, experienced, loving, health-conscious Leatherman with fully equipped training room. Sincere, hard-working, non drug or alcohol abuser who wants to be something special and appreciates support in reaching educational, physical, career goals should call Mike (303) 692-8021; PO Box 18876, Denver, CO 80218. (LF5506)

YOUNG WHITE OR ASIAN

Lite bondage. No S&M. I'm GWM, 49, top, hike, tennis, run, camp. (303) 972-4177.

FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice, 48, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW, PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

DENVER DRUMMER DADDY

25, 5'9", 160 lbs., dark hair, moustache. Seeks son for face fucking and ass plowing. Limits respected, but must be willing to expand them. Must be in shape, under 30, and willing to commit himself to my lifestyle. Send detailed letter with current experience and specifications, photo and phone. Box 5967LF

DC-METRO**SLAVE?**

BB Top, into leather and bondage. You: slave-meat, under 35, into same, plus CB&T, TT, shaving and boots. I'm 30, 5'8", 165 lbs. Send photo and letter telling me what you'll be doing with your hot mouth. Box 4883LF

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM, 42, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist, well built, together, loner, erotic. Lean/muscular, nonsmoker; use/abuse, whipping, safesex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O," "9½ Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy. JW, PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

DADDY'S BOY

WM, 32, seeks tough but tender jock-wearing dad. This boy is into paddles, straps, some TT/C&B, mild SM but heavy into ass play, dildoes, etc. Are you my Daddy? Allen (202) 332-7017. (LF5983)

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

GWM, 40, 5'10", bl/bl, 150 lbs., mustache, goatee, seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include titwork, hair, tats. PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

COCKSUCKING'S NOT ENOUGH

GWM, healthy, hot looking and body, needs teasing mind games. Make me watch, I'll describe your equipment in detail. I'll kiss your meat and make every cock and nut hair wet with my tongue. You watch porno, my mouth becomes your hand. Want to see my man's juice fly. Want hot-looking, masc. GWMs who know what they have and what it's for, healthy, 35 and under. No physical pain. Box 6070

DELAWARE**LIVE-IN**

GWM 18-30 son into heavy C&BT, TT, whipping and long-term bondage, desired by GWM dad into same. You will live days on Soloflex machine and in my well-equipped playroom. I'm into creative scenes. Leave your age, height, weight, heaviest scenes and best time to return call. CJ — (201) 874-6909. I-78 and I-287S. (LF5982)



FLORIDA

MACHO MASTERS WANTED

by free-to-travel slave who is well experienced and desirous of hot, sweaty, funky sex with straight, bi or butch gay men who are big, rugged, hairy. Any color or nationality, as long as they like their sex hot and funky in Levis, leather or jocks. Write Box 5471

MIAMI STUD SON

23, 6', 170, dark hair, moustache, hot, hard, masculine, seeks Dad, 30-50, with big hairy chest for mutual tit work/muscle chest fantasy. Into workouts, L/L, raunchy talk, hard man sex. Need Dad to share the pleasure of being a man with his son. Phone, photo. Bob, Box 5867LF

SMALL SMOOTH SMART SON

Receives affection, discipline, security from mature bearded Dad. Submit needs, photo, phone. PO Box 1111, Miami, FL 33168

TOPMAN/DAD WANTED

You: 30+, hairy, aggressive. Me: 31, 6', 230, black/blue, beard/stach. Into FF, CB/T, S/M, B/D, verbal abuse, dildoes, shaving, leather, and uniforms. Stable, employed homeowner. Strong will requires heavy hand. HTLV-3 neg. Beginning BB. History and photo sent upon contact. Send letter and photo to: Behr, PO Box 3166, Venice, FL 34293. (LF6058)

YOUNG NOVICE NEEDS B/D TOP

Masculine GWM, 6', 155, youthful 26, very attractive, muscular novice bottom needs a masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style to help me explore heavy, serious bondage (latex, hoods, mummification, breath control, isolation) safely as well as S/M, V/A, CB/T, electricity? Take me to my limits and help me expand them in order to please you. No scat, FF, damage. Please write soon with photo. I need you now. Ft. Lauderdale area. Box 6024

HANDS & HOLES

make a great combination. Masculine guy wants to explore limits: yours as well as mine. I'm gdlkg, 6'2", 185, w/brown hair, mustache. You: attr., hot, open to opportunity. Couples, groups also a possibility. Short, hot, hung even better. Get to So. FL every weekend, but time's limited. I want only the best. And I give the best, too! Days only. Photo/phone to Box 5993.

GEORGIA

ATLANTA B/D DADDY WANTED

by college student, 21, 5'6", 135 lbs., dark hair, brown eyes, bearded and moderately hairy (but will shave if the right daddy wishes). Son wants relationship with bearded daddy under 50 with paternal instinct, who can dominate, punish and nurture. Box 5560LF

ESOTERIC

Satyr, 28, hunky, intelligent, imaginative wants similar buddies for mutual, depraved raunch and kink. Safe but expansive exploration of deepest sexual fantasies: shit/piss exchange, ass inspections, shavings, piercings, TT, CBT, floggings, nudism, exhibitionism, tattoos, prolonged JO, et. al. Photos and detailed letters receive prompt attention. Box 6128

ON-CALL SLAVEBOY(S)

Wanted by hot, horny Dad. I'm 45, intelligent, hairy, beefy, 5'8". You: totally submissive, 19-35, slim, smooth, not too tall, with hungry mouth, hot ass, a strong need to be naked, displayed and photographed. B/D, humiliation, affection provided as earned. On-call position. Maybe more. Photos answered first. Badlanta, PO Box 306, Atlanta, GA 30301-0306.

ATTRACTIVE NOVICE

31, 5'11", 155 lbs., attractive, honest, responsible, romantic, mature, arts-oriented, seeks similar men 25-50 for safe introduction to rubber/leather/spandex, bondage, plugs and other mutually-agreed-upon activities. Eventually seeking a permanent, monogamous relationship with right person for life of love, laughter, caring and sharing. Atlanta area. Box 5774LF

ILLINOIS

NOVICE NEEDS HUNG TOPS

GWM, 26, 6'2", 195, seeks studs (21-35) to abuse me. Fuck my ass and throat raw. Sit on my face for a rim job and fart away. Take a dump, lay that hot shit on me. Photo, description and phone get mine. Kevin, PO Box 213, LaGrange, Illinois 60525.

BOTTOM SEEKS TRAINING

Chicago bottom needs experienced masculine top man to further my sexual education. I am WM, 35, 5'10", 170 lbs., blond/blue eyes. Needs further training in SM, FF, bondage, tit torture, dildoes, W/S. Please, Sir, use my hungry, deep throat and hot, eager ass. Will service one Master or groups. Please write with description of how I can please you. Box 5483LF

GOOD-LOOKING SLENDER WM

27, dressed in full leather, seeks other tops or bottoms into leather scene. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. I'm open-minded, willing to try anything once. Into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to SM, BD, whipping, paddling, etc. We can work out your mildest to wildest fantasies together. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Can travel IL and surrounding states. Box 5582LF

EXPERIENCED TOP CHICAGO SW AREA

Former Hellfire member. Present member of GMSMA. I'm in 40s, white and prefer my bottoms/slaves younger and into everything, which would include an excellent cocksucker, WS, fisting, TT, CBT, electricity, bondage and whipping. Safe sex first. Have complete dungeon. Send photo, letter and phone to Big Ed, Box 5651LF.

CHICAGO MASTER

Level-headed white daddy, 48, 6'3", 190 lbs., with well-equipped dungeon/playroom, wants bottoms/slaves for humiliation, discipline, S&M, TT, C&B work, whippings, JO, etc. Can fulfill your desires. Novices accepted. Limits respected. Like to teach teachers, humiliate jocks. Asians & Latinos welcome. Bring your jock, let's play. Box 6101LF

VIKING

6'3", 190 lbs., 49 yrs. old, trim, good-looking, salt & pepper bottom into TT, dildoes, GP, FF, bondage. Seeks top/master/daddy (Black, Brown, White) for sturdy relationship and long, hot, safe-sex sessions (full leather and/or heavy sheepskin). All ages welcome to submit photo if available (will return). PO Box 476842, Chicago, IL 60647.

HORSE WANTED

6'1½", 205 lbs., 59-yr. engineer, master, wants any age, 220 lbs.+ BB or muscular, heavy-set slave to carry me piggyback and on shoulders and back for strongman stunts; mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. (LF5901)

CHICAGO COUPLE

looking for hot cocks. Dad, 6'2", 195, 25 yrs.; boy, 5'10", 150, 27 yrs. We're into heavy tit & ass work, sweat, piss, leather and lots of hard mansex. Men, write with picture and maybe we can cum together. Locals cum first! Box 5569LF

BONDAGE WITH A TWIST

Very slim, smooth GWM, 27, blond/blue seeks husky, very hairy bottom for safe but heavy bondage scenes with TLC. Prefer beard, moustache, nice hairy beer gut. Bear or ex-jock types. No pain. Chicago area. No exceptions, please. Inexperienced or bisexual OK. Letter, phone, photo to Box 6104

CIGAR SMOKING LEATHERMASTER

expecting leatherboy's care/lust of boots/leather. Varying degree S/M. No drugs. MASTER: 46, 197, 6'1". MCP, PO Box 233, Plainfield, IL 60544

ASS EATING BOTTOM

Pig bottom seeks Top or bottom with hot asshole. Into all kinds of kink and raunch, W/S, hot wax, tit work, spit, snot, armpits, piercing. I am HIV neg W/M 30s, 5'10", bearded. Need to eat your ass. Call (312) 477-0763. (LF5898)

YOUNG SADIST

wants Chicago-area masochists for strict bondage and heavy abuse. If you're trim, under 35 and think you can handle heavy CBT, TT and whipping while securely bound spread-eagle with a large gag strapped in your mouth, then send photo and phone to Box 5976

HOT VOYEUR COUPLE

Horny, masculine GWC, 39/40, into exploring leather world seeks to meet compatible COUPLES to share our playroom (fucking, sucking, 69). ONLY into watching, being watched (NO contact). Interests—Jocks, Leather/Levi, Uniforms, Dad/Son couples. Hairy a plus. NO kinky, far out or heavy scenes. Boxholders, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago, IL 60641. LF6053

HEAVY PHYSICAL ABUSE-S/M

needed by Chicago area 36-year-old, blond, mustache, 6', 165 lbs., from women or masculine men who like workin' over a guy with whips, abrasives, clamps, cigars, other torture gear, marks ok. No sexual contact. Write Drummer Box 6007

INDIANA

TRAINED INDY SLAVE

Q: What can a young Master do with this 45-yr.-old healthy ex-live-in slave? A: Anything you want. S/M, B/D, F/F, gang bang, surgical alteration. Jay, (317) 634-0153 after 11 PM, EST. I'm employed, with small downtown apartment, but worthless without Master(s)? I'm real. Box 6065

UNCUT 50

with thick meat. Heavy nipple action Top/Bottom Bondage like prolonged action. Stan, PO Box 8094, South Bend, IN 46637.

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

KENTUCKY

KENTUCKY NIGHTCRAWLER

Leatherbottom, GWM, 35, 5'6", 145 lbs., beard. Versatile, openminded and stable. Likes leather, porn, cigars, cyclists and fantasy scenes. Looking for a healthy man for shared interests. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF

SUBMISSIVE SLAVE

27 yrs. old, 6'2", 185 lbs., 7", ex-Navy. Into bondage, being gang raped, suck cock, public/private humiliation. (Would like to relocate in California.) Send photo and my orders. Kevin Marks, PO Box 14814, Louisville, KY 40214. (LF5756)

HOT HORNY YOUNG STUD

Muscular smooth body, 24, 5'9", 140 lbs., 7". New to scene, and looking for safe, good-looking, well-built teacher to learn and experiment with (Top or bottom). Into leather, S/M, heavy tit torture. Send photo with letter. Louisville. Box 5946

PUT ME IN MY PLACE

Good-looking 23-year-old needs muscular Daddy/Master to reduce my mind and body into total submission. PO Box 54772, Lexington, KY 40555-4772.

LOUISIANA

MOTORCYCLE COP

New Orleans WM, 32, 6', 165, seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather: tall black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, harnesses, jeans, jackets, caps, belts. Prefer to be bottom, but am versatile. Also into toys. My breeched ass works on a H.D. by days, and I ride Yamaha V-Max at night in leather. Also have a Suzuki GSX-R1000 and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear. Police uniforms and police gear also. Into BD, SM—light to heavy scene, action only. Cigar smoker. Phone JO ok. Call (504) 282-0729. PO Box 57161, New Orleans, LA 70157. No novices. If you aren't dedicated to leather, call someone else.

MAINE

YOUNG TOP

29 yo., 5'8", 155 lbs., wants young, submissive bottom into leather, bondage, water-sports and fantasies, safe sex. Send photo. Box 6092

MASSACHUSETTS

GANG FUCK, ASS EATER

Hot, big-dicked, 38, 6', 220 lbs., bearded stud wants to be used by a group of two or more men wanting a toy for F/a, G/p, piss, verbal abuse & lots of ass eating. Into being left in a room and used by group—one or two at a time—one after another. You won't be disappointed. Mass.-N.H. line. Fuck me, use me, piss in my mouth. Box 5852

HAIRY DADDY

40-year-old hairy WM, moustache, hung, uncut seeks masculine man to explore possibilities—bondage, C&B/T, spanking, intimacy. If you want to be treated like a man and never say no, you won't be disappointed. New Englanders and weekend guests to Boston welcome. Box 5986LF

MILITARY SPIT SHINE

Boots, dress shoes, double soles, taps, lacing, and Kiwi. PO Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187.

LISTEN HARD

HOT TALK TAPES

□ THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD—PART 1 The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves.

□ THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD—PART 2 Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.

□ KID VS DAD—WINNER TAKES ALL Ever wrestle with your old man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot — too hot — and he overpowered you? Ever wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body of his?

□ MY DADDY WAS BAD The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up,

□ RITES AND RAUNCH There was definitely something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come.

□ HOT HUNG TRUCKER Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck... Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off — then his dirty, greasy jeans.

□ MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY Five hot bodybuilders, after a sweaty workout...stripping down to sweat-drenched jockstraps...eyeing each other...their hands reaching out to feel their buddies' biceps, brushing against these solid, hard pecs...and down, down still further 'til they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in.

□ DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot, straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity; soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off.

□ BIKE EXHIBITIONIST Imagine: it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true — mean, dirty, muscular — leaning against his big, black Harley.

□ AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy who's wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's cock?

□ GREASE MONKEYS, STARRING MASTER MARIO Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first, anyway. Lots of axle grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.

□ THE D.I., STARRING MASTER MARIO Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig. Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the D.I. proves who's in command.

□ MARINES OVERHEARD Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss...and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig...

□ THE COP, STARRING MASTER MARIO A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute, perverted force.

□ COP WORSHIP We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception. It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he's had his eye on for months should bust him, force him to...

□ DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY Patience and understanding go out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried-and-true adage, "spare the rod and spoil the boy." It is heavy-duty training in an actual session. Both the boy and you will be better for having been there.

□ THE COMMANDER SPEAKS "I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating off about...your tongue is going to be my shower...your mouth is going to be my toilet."

□ DRUMMERMAN/BE MY CLOWN A pair of back-to-back hits for the leather crowd, from Mario Simon, whose performances at Mr. Drummer competitions from coast to coast brought audiences cheering to their feet!

□ TAPE 1—THE INTERROGATION This tape is featured on the cover of *Drummer* magazine. Model Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental.

□ TAPE 2—THE TRAINING BEGINS Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even allowed to beg, he submits to the DI's heavy hand and busy belt. Breath-taking!

□ TAPE 3—PUNISHMENT & REWARD When Brutus speaks, men listen, as will you when he tells you how it is and how it is going to be. Whether the punishment is its own reward, or the reward is merely more punishment, only the lowly recruit can say. One hour of intense verbal abuse.

□ FATHER/SON A father becomes his son's lover.

□ MARINE BRIG A Marine DI punishes an AWOL Marine in the brig.

□ PORN CALLS Four jack-off phone calls.

□ SAILING TO HELL Frank O'Rourke relates an original SM tape and abuse.

□ THE CONFESSION A young priest hears the confession of a gay man and what happens in the booth would do much toward conversions.

□ THE HIGHWAY PATROLMAN He stops a speeder on the road and there are more ways for paying for speeding.

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Sir, hot GWM, 37, 5'7", 150 lbs., needs your paddle or strap across his bare ass. Bottom into S/M, B/D, dildoes, TT, Greek and more. Box 6047

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Good-looking, bright, Boston professional, energetic 31, hard-muscled, wiry, 5'7", seeks smart, large-frame muscular man for rough and gentle workouts, wrestling, outdoors, arts, and strong friendship. Box 6066

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Bad boy gets spanked, tied up. Enema makes him mess pants. He's diapered and fed from baby bottle, submits to Daddy, becomes model boy. I'm 43, looking for strict daddy, might train naughty boy. S.E. Mass., out only. Reply with ideas, Photo. Box 6105

LEATHER SEX

Anyone out there into the feel, smell, sight and taste of leather but not into the rough sex scenes—then, let's meet. Am 38, 5'11", 210 lbs., black hair and full beard and hairy-ass. Have leather gear, F.M.G., PO Box 35104, Albuquerque, NM 87176. Photo appreciated.

CREATIVE BOTTOM MASTER

GWM, butch, muscular, hairy, 28, into everything but scat, spankings, enemas, shaving, fantasy scenes. PO Box 79, Boston, MA 02101.

MICHIGAN

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has opening for recruit. Send resume and photo to: Rear Admiral Mark, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050. (LF5686)

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seeks dominant leatherman into bikes, It. B/D, Gr/a/c, size L, uncut a plus, blk or wht, mustache, good shape and intelligent. Me: 40, tattooed, self-sufficient, self-contained, dark Irish looks, friendly and experienced. Looking for the real thing—no bullshit. Let's do. Box 5905

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32, 135, 5'10", submissive bottom needs to be bound and gagged. Photo/phone/letter to Box 5984

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Interests include tit torture, wrestling, bondage. I am a novice who seeks a variety of safe experiences, not as a slave, but in give-and-take activities. I am 31, 5'9", 230 lbs. Prefer nonsmokers; no drugs — including poppers. Dave, PO Box 7033, Saginaw, MI 48608-7033.

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White professional man, 40, white, 6', 175 lbs., seeking small and boyish slave/houseboy/son, any race. Desire lifetime relationship. Sexual desires and limits discussed/respected/expanded. Must relocate and be subservient. Send revealing photo(s), application, address, phone. Will answer all. Box 5751LF

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Inexperienced St. Louis Greek passive needs young attractive arrogant jock to serve, worship and submit mind and body to for training, bondage and discipline, verbal abuse, spanking and fulfillment of Master's fantasies. Would-be slave is 28-year-old white professional who is 5'11", 170 lbs. with brown hair. Box 5908

ROBOMOUTH FUCKBOY ROOKIE

seeks submission training, limits expansion, all scenes. Can travel. Box 145, Ballwin, MO 63022.

YOUNG WHITE BOTTOM BOY

Looking for masculine daddy or master. Prefer to age 35. Dominant, hairy and moustache a plus. Me: young, trim, blond hair and blue eyes. Anxious for you to satisfy me. Tony (314) 367-1976.

NEBRASKA

OMAHA AREA

Sexual WM, bondage Master, 36, 5'10", 185, wants part-time WM slaves 18-35. Light to moderate SM optional. Any experience level. No scat, WS, drugs. Address/phone number to Gary, PO Box 733, Bellevue, NE 68005-0733. (LF5474)

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BUDDY TO BUDDY MANSEX

WM law student, 35, 6'2", 210, beard, moustache, hairy chest, from Alaska, seeks hairy, uncut 27-45 man for permanent (move to Alaska) or temporary relationship. Man to man sex—sweaty crotches, skin, pits, tits, butts, poppers, imagination, rough and loving. No whipping, scat. Travel New England. (603) 225-4577. (LF5818)

NEW JERSEY

NOVICE

Good-looking, 35, 5'9", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes—slave/son in Ny metropolitan area—into bondage, fucking, hot wax, sweaty jockstraps, handcuffs, safe sex—needs dominant, beefy Italian type to 50 yrs. No drugs/alcohol. All replies answered, Sir! Box 5685

RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 501s, leather, sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM, 32, 6'1", 180—versatile, experienced, healthy—sks fellow travellers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures — movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational druggies preferred. NO PHONE CALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable). T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757.

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by 38-year-old 6' WM dominant, in Essex County. No bullshit, boy, but feisty puppy who needs to learn how to serve, taking care of my home and me. Good work rewarded, sloppy punished. Days flexible with hope of permanent relationship. Convince me. Daddy into bondage, spanking, discipline, safe sex and wicked sense of humor. Can be caring, gentle to right boy. You are WM to 28, novice a turn-on but not necessary. Send letter with photo, returnable, and phone if possible. No fats, phoneys, feds, drugs or drunks. Box 6008

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NORTHERN NEW MEXICO

WM, 27, 150, 6', attractive, healthy and athletic is looking for top/bottom men for friendship and exploration of SM, BD. Versatile and open-minded. Interest in leather, boots, uniforms, fantasy scenes. Safety and discretion assured. All answered. Photo/letter to Box 5513LF

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Exhibitionist, WM, 37, 6', 180, needs top to keep me naked, display me, have me perform for you, friends, parties. Into bondage, TT, CBT, shaving, leather, W/S, aroma, toys. Indoors or outdoors. Let's hear your ideas and make them happen. Just keep me bare-ass and exposed. Live upstate. Box 5696LF

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pig slave, white, 36 yrs. old. 6', 165 lbs., full beard and 'stach, seeks hot master and/or lover to expand my limits for fun and games on a regular basis. Safe, sane sex aware. i'm into leather and rubber gear, uniforms, verbal abuse, bondage, boot service, watersports, S&M etc. Sir, i need tied up, lick on Your boots, suck on Your used scum bag, and have You use my pig slave holes to please Your needs. Regular phone buddy also. Box 5656LF

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to serve hot topmen, daddies & masters. Clean-cut, blond, trim, 35 yr. old pig will give your crotch & ass the attention it deserves, Sir! Write to: Frank, PO Box 1394, Ansonia Station, NYC, NY 10023. Photo/phone if possible. (LF5695)

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Body to 25, boyish looking, must be prepared to surrender your mind, will & body entirely ready to be trained into total complete slavery by your actt hung Daddy Master. Send full-length revealing photo phone letter of worthiness to serve to Master Don, PO Box 243, S.I., NY 10306, or call (718) 979-0328. Must be ready to relocate. (LF5674)

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31, 175, 6'2", very handsome, brn/brn. Desires dominant bodybuilders and leathermen to show this submissive bottom the ropes. Into muscles, BD, SM, TT, CBT, hoods, hot wax, gags, toys, smoke, aroma, condoms and SAFE SEX. Torture me, I'll worship you and let's cum together. Photo/phone/letter to Box 5670LF

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Handsome GWM, 29, 6', well-built, all-American looks gets off on oral service from very masculine heavy muscular/fat guys. You are handsome (25-45) and more than husky to huge with broad shoulders, thick neck, big arms, huge chest, and beefy fat ass. Smooth, clean-cut professional or businessman a +. For hot sweaty action, (201) 332-8745. 5 minutes to NYC.

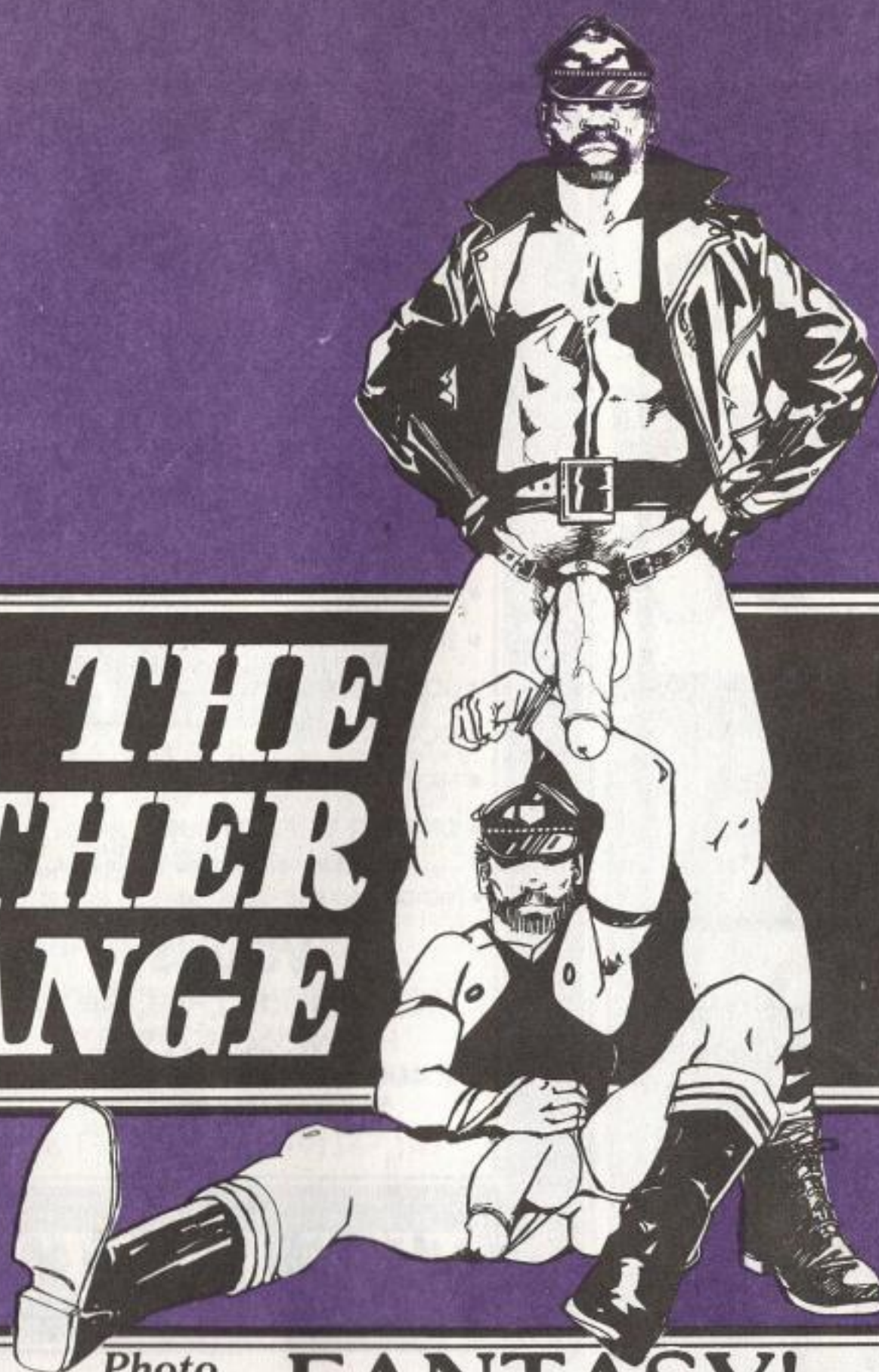
RAUNCHY SEX PARTIES

OK, so we have to be careful, but there must be L.I. studs to get together in couples or groups for smoke, beer, poppers, tit work, J/O, mutual dildoes, videos and games. We can still drink our own piss. Send photo to this 6'1", 160 lbs., blond, 7", handsome stud for fast reply. Let's party! Box 5749LF

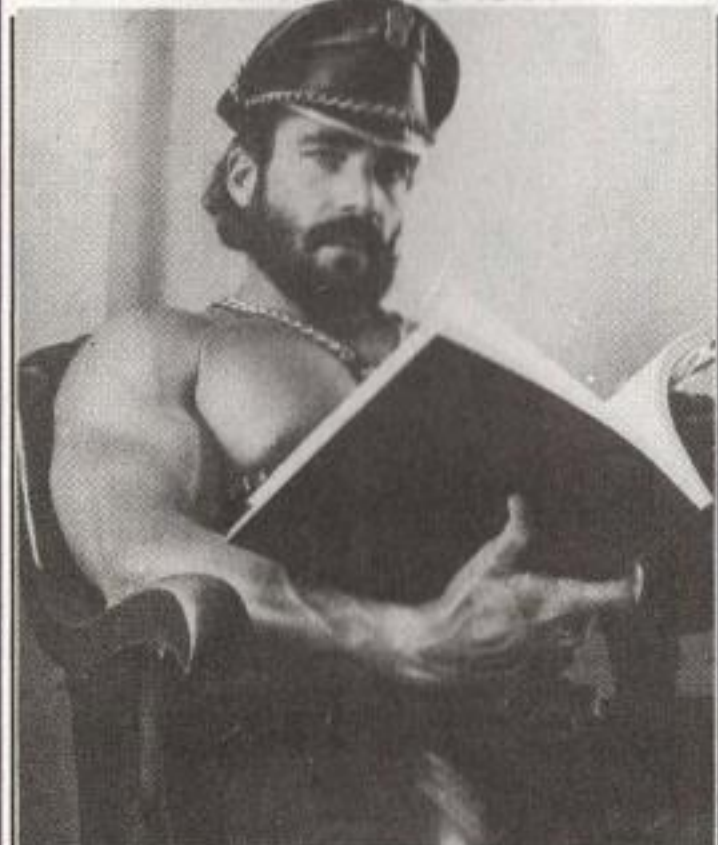
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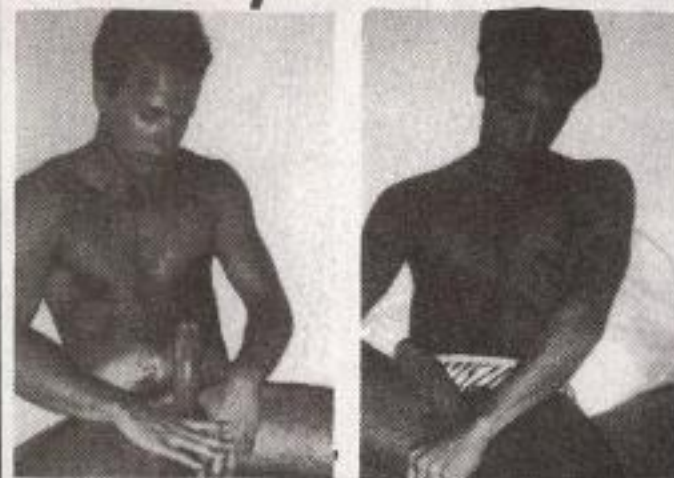
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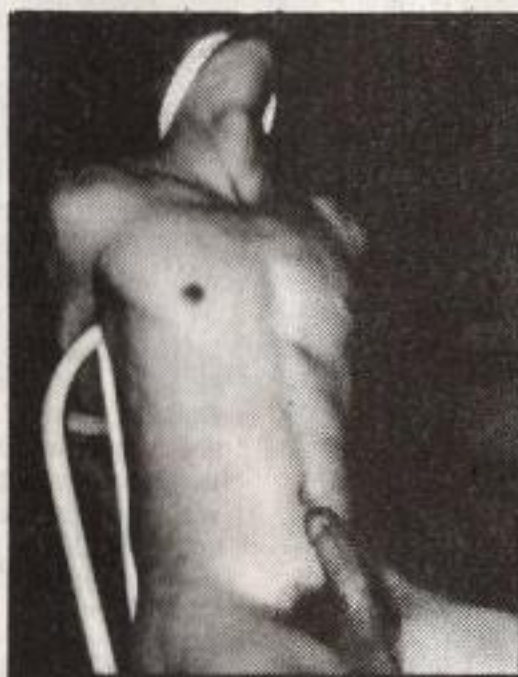
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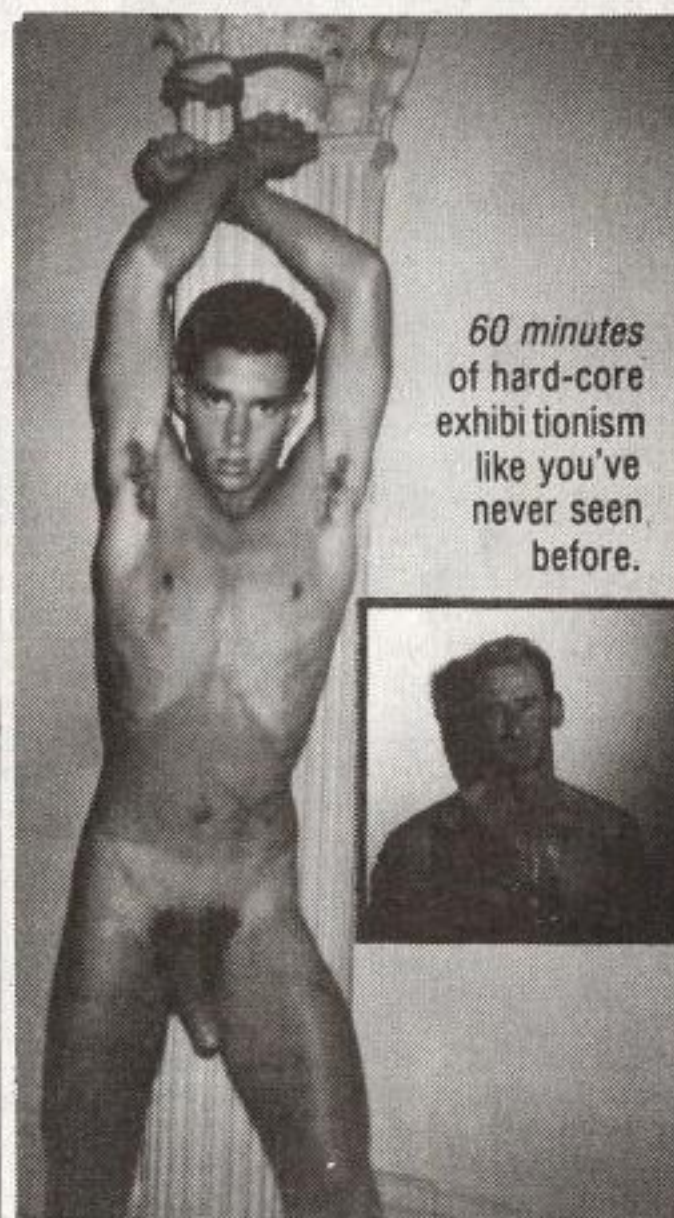
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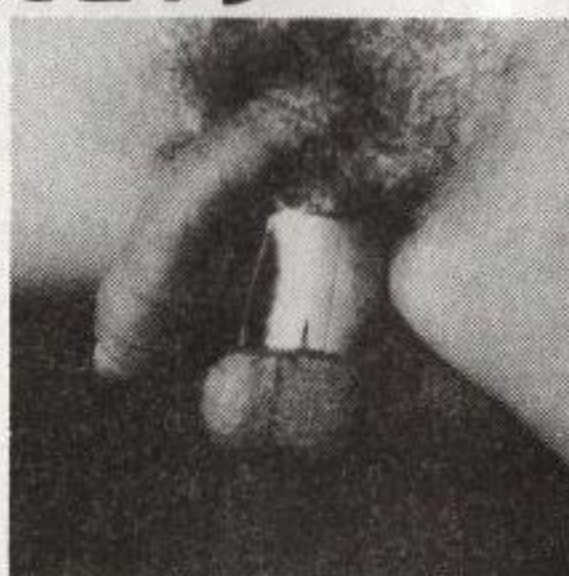


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Not fantasy. Very experienced masochist, 38, 5'10", 170, well developed, seeks experienced sane sadist for pushing of exceptional pain level. Restrain my power, clamp my 3/4" protruding tits, stimulate my pain level with your leather and SM equipment. Send description of yourself and experiences, phone. Travel frequently to Calif. and Illinois. Box 5444

BB SON/SLAVE WANTED

by 200 lb., WM hairy muscular dad in NYC. Professional, secure man, looking for live-in, possibly competition bound, body builder who needs love, discipline and guidance. Must be over 200 lbs., large pecs, thighs, arms and tough abs. Dad can provide. Letter, photo/phone to Box 4717LF

BIG GUY SEEKS DADDY

I'm 36, 6'2", 220 lbs. with shaved head and beard. Looking for intelligent, affectionate Daddy who needs a dominant, strong man for intense, kinky, but healthy sexual relationship. Into shaving, tit work, ball stretching, bondage, hot wax and more. Not into pain or life-threatening situations. Write Box 4709LF

INDUSTRIAL SUB-BASEMENT

with headroom and plumbing or floor drain, 24-hour access, needed by maverick waterproofing engineer. Secure storage area for insulated undergear, greasesuits, welder's leathers, tarpaulin overalls, rigger's safety shoes, sleeping bag, on-site contact with tough subterranean jackers, head-drillers + wipers and cool supers. Sample oil deliveries and inspection of sites in Manhattan's man-made caves and tunnels. Have truck. Box 6006

BLACK BALLS/WHITE BALLS

White male, 58, wants to kiss, lick, suck balls of trim-bodied black man. White balls will also be honored. Box 5999

SERIOUS TOILET PIG

Need sadistic leathermaster for heavy shit and piss training. All replies ans. (716) 882-9395. L. Tirone, 1015 Delaware Ave. Apt. 601, Buffalo, NY 14209

BIG BUTCH BURLY

6'4", 295 lb., 33-year-old, hairy WM bearded Top looking for a sane, submissive, good-looking pig to service my size-14 feet, spread his ass for my dick or fist and possibly act as my toilet. Must be Fr/A, into WS, wax and want to lose some pussy hair. Ph/Ph. Sir, PO Box 1315, FDR Station, New York, NY 10150.

BAREHANDED SPANKINGS

GWM wants playful spankings from man (25-young 65). Accompanying safe sex optional. Uniform helpful but not necessary. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. My place/no parking problem. But write to: L.S.A., 132 W 24th St., NYC 10011.

DEMANDING MASTER

Italian, 47, 6', 180. If you crave punishment, verbal abuse, slapping, ass play, head trips and are hot-looking, safe, healthy, Master orders you to phone tonight, to service my big hard cut rod—no bullshit calls! NYC & NJ. (201) 481-4148

UNCUT RAUNCH DUDE

26, 6', 175, into mutual W/S, feet, pits, pecs, assholes, scat, nudity and uninhibited man sex. (718) 237-1139.

HOT ROCH FIST-FUCKING HOLE

Football-player build, 38, 6'2", need mutual fist-fucking buddy. Into hot oils, large dildoes, enemas, leather, tit clamps and fisting. Please put me in your sling, expand my limits. Write: PO Box 24583, Rochester, NY 14624. Photo gets mine: Equal opportunity fister wanted, please, Sir . . .

TAKE A DUMP IN MY MOUTH

Hot blond asslicker needs heavy humiliation from filthy-minded Topmen. I'm 27, 5'10", beard, 150 lbs., good-looking pig. If possible, send photo/phone to: PO Box 468, Prince Street Station, New York, NY 10012.

KID BROTHER/WRESTLER

Wanted by dominant WM, 6'3", 210 lbs., 34 BR/BR, clean shaven, gym body. UR u/30, good body, clean shaven. Into wrestling, manhandling, domination, SM, BD, CBT, LL, smoke, aroma. Jocks, punks, BBs a plus. Role switching possible. All safe scenes. Box 6045

BONDAGE

Beer-gut, tattooed topman wanted. Dig overpowering, cigarette smoking bondage top to tie, gag and work his captive. Safe sex only. Me, 49, 5'5", 160 lbs., 6" cut, hairy chest. Box 6033

CAVERNOUS SHAVED PIG HOLE

available to you. This sexy, hot Scorpio could be your man. WM, 39, 5'7", beard, shaved chest, ass, balls, pierced, but most important, healthy. Versatile, uninhibited hot pig into mutual scenes, including L/L, deep FF, ass toys, B/D, W/S, CB/T, boots, socks, jocks (especially those requiring washing and cleaning with my mouth/tongue). Also into photos and videos. Turn off to fats/overweights and men unable to live their fantasies. Photo/phone to Box 1440, Madison Sq. Sta., NYC, NY 10159. Experience a real man! (LF5575)

UPSTATE LEATHER

Master/Daddy, WM, 6'2", 180 lbs., masculine Master, seeks slave and possible permanent relationship. Must be submissive. Have own home in country. Box 4756LF

YOU WANT A BIG STRONG MAN

to hold you, to envelope you, to caress and use your hot little body. I'm 6'2", 240 lbs., 34 years old and good looking with light brown hair and blue eyes. You're young and slim and, maybe, a little inexperienced. That's OK, I'm a patient teacher, safe and sensual. Jeff Martin, 400 W 43, #14P, New York, NY 10036. Photo, if you have one, gets same. (LF5777)

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GWM, 43, 6', 198 lbs., out of shape needs direction from in-shape Coach/Topman. Goal: overcome flab, develop trim, tight body for Coach/Topman's use and enjoyment in extensive sexual training. Coach is thoroughly Top, mature, dominant, extremely well hung, always horny. Awaiting instructions, Sir. Live upstate/travel. Box 5949LF

DOMINANT BLACK MAN WANTED

Very well-hung white European male with smooth, firm, round buns seeks to serve hot, demanding black master. I am 40, 165 lbs., 5'10", semi-cut 8 1/2". I need hot & heavy abuse. Beat me, fuck me, sit on my face & train me to worship your black body. Will travel. Write Suite K52, 496A Hudson St., New York, NY 10014.

TOILET AVAILABLE

Bottom pig, 37, needs smelly topmen for endless shit, piss, puke, feet, pits, humiliation. Prefer handsome in-shape men to 40. Will serve one or groups. How can you deny yourself this pleasure? Box 1725, West Caldwell, NJ 07007-1725

QUEENS AREA

Nam vet, 39, 6', 160 lbs., Queens area, enjoys servicing mature married exec types. No photos please. Box 4033, NYC 10017

BONDAGE AND TORTURE

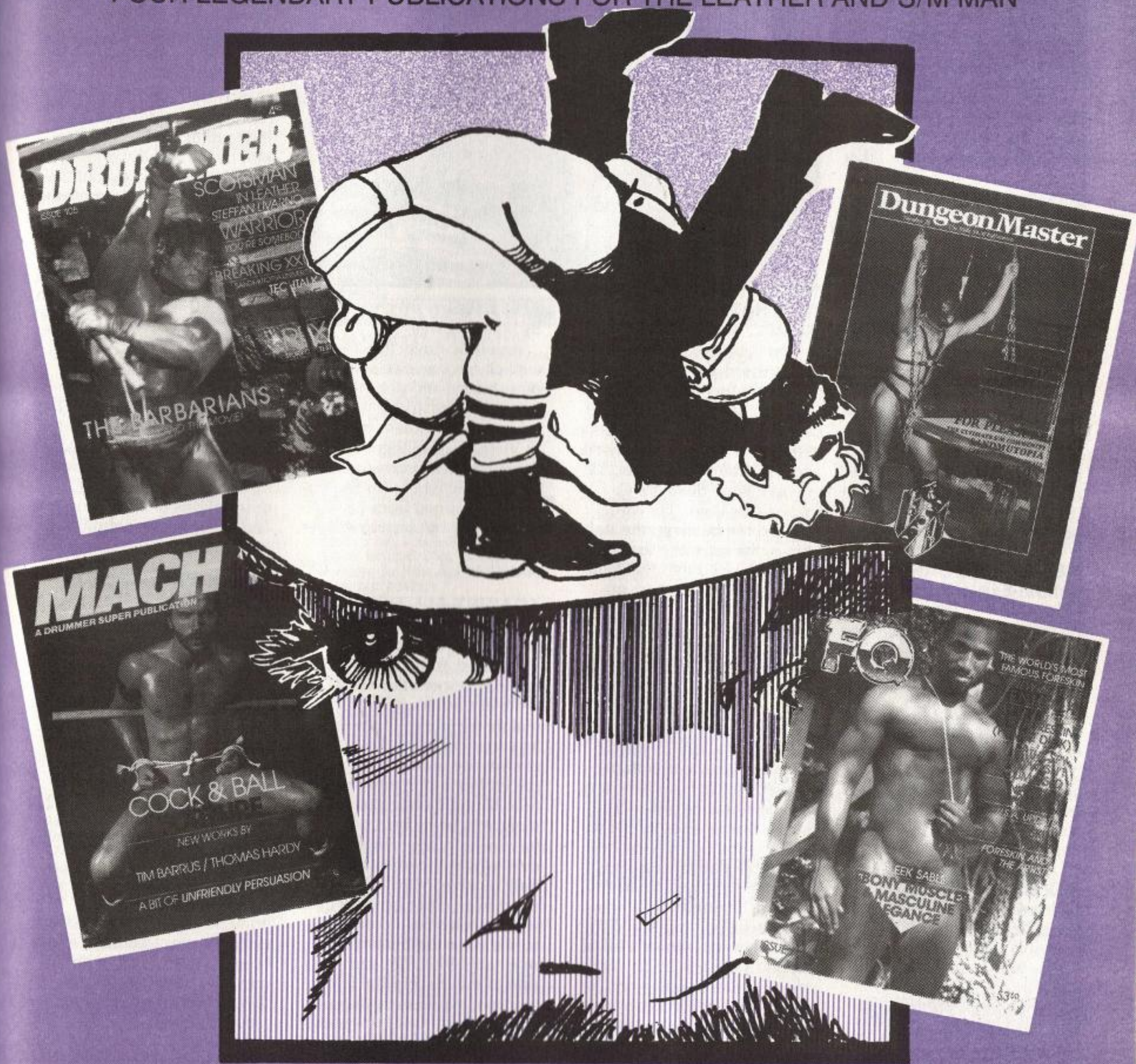
Tall, masculine, muscular W/M jock, 34, 6'4, 195 lbs., into serious, creative bondage, tit torture, dick entrapment, foot torture, tickling, pain/pleasure, classic torture scenes, long hard JO. Want masculine buddy for real thing or hot scenes. You get me down or I'll get you. Revenge a turn-on. Safe, sane, hot. Correspond anywhere, meet NYC. Creative bondage ideas a plus. For discreet meet, send photo, photo if handy to: PO Box 659, Ansonia Station, NYC 10023

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Tall, dark-haired, educated white male, thirties, wants to hear from others who regard strict, no-nonsense discipline as a valuable and indispensable means to instill good behavior and correct errant ways. Have straps etc. for administering sound discipline, willing to take the same. Write detailed letter including experiences, photo. Box 6055LF

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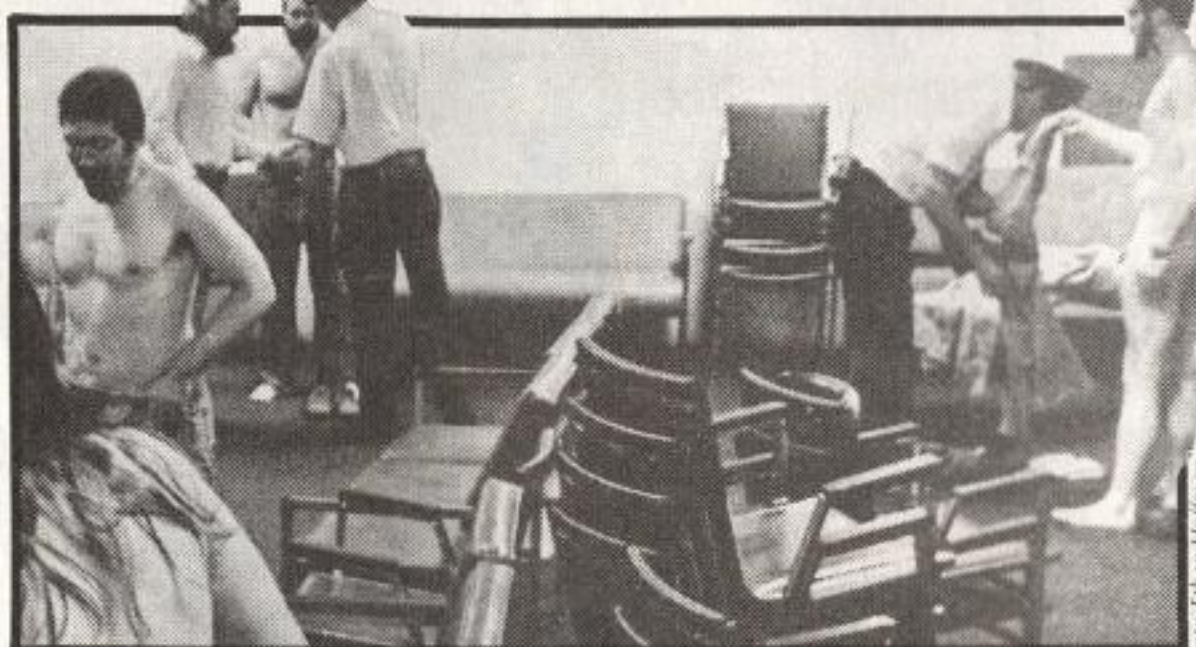
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White, 5'7", 135 lbs., hairy ass, crotch, 7" cock, moustache, wants toilet bottom for regular ass eating, piss drinking sessions. I'm 52 and like experienced men who know what they want. Age not important as hunger and thirst. Box 6018

CHOKO THE DOG

Foul mouth jack-off freak needs filthy minded slut buddies. Age, looks totally irrelevant. Bi WM, 40, 6', 190 lbs NYC and Eastern L.I. T.G., PO Box 2175, Aquebogue, NY 11931.

OHIO**DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED**

GWM, 35, 185 lbs., 5'11", beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7" cut, A/Fr, P/Gr, submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops. 25-45, for SM, BD, WS, TT, C/BT, FF, shaving enemas. Expand my limits, while I worship your body, Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies, Dayton/Cincinnati, OH. Box 5514LF

DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE

WM Master, 39, 5'11", 195, brn hair and eyes, seeks slaves for S&M, B&D, TT, watersports, shaving, training and service. Photo and phone to Box 4137LF.

CIN/DAYTON AREA

160 lbs., 6'1", 52-yr.-old, size 13 boot, heavy boot service, leather, uniforms, subservience. No scat, heavy pain. Eves. until 11 PM. (513) 423-5159.

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Prefect seeks U.S. butts for strap, paddle, cane and belt. Experience the trauma of the British school-boy. GWM 39, excellent shape. PO Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114.

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Handsome, hung, caring couple—32 and 36, seeking muscular, sincere boy under 35. Photo and detailed letter, only. Box 6096

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Hot 30 bottom, bondage, whips, etc. Safe sex, discretion. Phone, time to call. Box 6079

COPSUCKER OR COWBOYS

Like to be submissive to you and want to be taught how to take it! No rough stuff, just fun! Dayton area. Box 6068

RAUNCHY UNDERGEAR

WM, 28, 160 lbs., former swimmer, looking for men into brief scenes. Heavy raunch desired. Love piss and shit stained underwear. Older, experienced men welcomed. Let's get together soon. Photos, letters and used underwear exchanged. Springfield/Dayton area. Box 6064

DADDY WANTS SON

Good-looking GWM, 43, 200 lbs., 6'3", beard, seeks obedient submissive son needing love and discipline administered by an affectionate, heavy-handed, masculine daddy. Daddy is hairy top looking for Gr/P. Son into B&D, C&B/T, TT, and shaving. Letter with photo to PO Box 970, Westerville, OH 43081. (LF6063)

OREGON**LET'S DISCOVER LEATHERSEX TOGETHER**

If you're new at it, so am I. Let's initiate each other into being belted, fucked, sucked and pissed on. Top/bottom, I can be both gentle and strong. Handsome, 6'4", 210, 29. Into working out and staying in shape and want someone else who is too. Send photo/letter to PO Box 40740, Portland, OR 97240-0740. (LF5747)

PORTLAND

40-year-old, working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, 5'6", 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST AND THE BEST**HOT PORTLAND MAN**

26, 5'10", 150, dark, handsome, seeking another hot man for mutual fantasy exploration. Prefer intelligent/passionate, somewhat cruel S/M with experienced top 30-45. Varied interests. Wish to further expand my limits. Photo. Box 6003

PENNSYLVANIA**BLACK LEATHER COP-TYPE**

Destined for western PA, 38, 5'8", blond wants to fuck around with/room weekends with Nazi and/or cop-types. No S/M. Blair/Cambria/Adams/Berks/WVA get free bootpiece. Geff Landolin Hewell, PO Box 272364 Concord, CA 94527

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill instructor. DI is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to relive their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, Box 242, Penndel, PA 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo/phone answered first. (LF4257)

WELL-STOCKED BLACK ROOM

in Pittsburgh area, complete with competent, uncut WM, 180 lbs., 46, seeks submissive young stud into SS, SM, BD, TT, CBT, VA, 3W, JO, Fr, Gr, A-Z! All fantasies considered . . . most realized. Requires mind, body and soul. Can't handle it . . . fuck off! Men only need apply. Box 4406LF

WET PANTS

41, 5'8", 140 lbs. WM, beard, into pissin' in Levis, jockey shorts, onto one another, bed wetting, all W/S scenes. Your wet pictures get mine. J.L.L., 2698 Harrisburg Pike, Lancaster, PA. (717) 898-2627. (LF5494)

LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

Slave, 29, 5'9", 155, hairy, moustache, seeks Daddy/Master into WS, Spit, Leather, Uniforms, Toys, BD, VA, SM, CBT/T, Smoke. Need man to dominate me and expand my limits/horizons. Moustache or beard a must. Photo, phone preferred. PO Box 53373, Philadelphia, PA 19105. (LF5655)

SM TOPMAN

Well-built, quality topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink-sex; 38, 5'10", 44" ch, 32" w; seeking submissive, level-headed bottom-men for play times in S&M, B&D, CBT, etc. No raunch—am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & phone to Box 6100LF

HEAVY S WANTS SERIOUS m

into obedience, strict discipline, whipping, C&B/T, servitude, W/S . . . (trainees considered). S is 37, 200 lbs., 6'1", hairy, sadistically sane, travels frequently. Application/photo/SASE. PO Box 1031, Philadelphia, PA 19105.

WE WANT TO WATCH

Voyeuristic GWM couple, 44 & 45, seek other GWM partners into kink for voyeuristic encounters. Willing to watch and be watched. Into leather, uniforms, and each other. Share your fantasies. No scat. No exchange of fluids. Letter/phone # to Box 6942

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More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 41-yr.-old GWM Daddy gives you the final rubdown with hot oil and commands, "You passed, son. Cum." Send age, height, weight, and best and worst scenes endured to date—be candid—to this ruthless 6'4" 205-pounder at Box 5034LF.

TEXAS**DALLAS**

Hot, horny hole needs large tool, hands, toys. GWM, 32, seeks above. Nude photo gets response. Member Leather Fraternity. Box 5459LF

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Blond, moustache, 37 yrs., 6'1/2", 175 lbs., well-built, raunchy stud, offers training/position to playful, slim, sane and healthy boy/slave (20-33 years) who is eagerly willing to submit his body and soul to innovative rubber/leather/uniform Master. Explicit application to Box 5453LF. Houston area.

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Arrogant Houston stud, 6', 160 lbs., gym-toned and hung, humiliates and abuses brown-nosing wimps. Box 5961

SULTRY DAYS STEAMY NIGHTS—DEAR SIR**TOILET WIMP**

Ready to service your masculine body! I'm boyishly attractive, mid 20s, smooth, trim body. PO Box 36005, Dallas, TX 75235-1005

LOW HANGERS WANTED

Surrender to me your cock and balls for heavy torture. Any age. Sex not required. Bill, (214) 520-8647.

AUSTIN LEATHERMASTER

38, 6'2", 185, brown/blue, bearded, intelligent professional, monogamous, seeks ownership of inexperienced Austin slave, 30-40, professional, under 6', sexually uninhibited, masculine, trim. Smoker preferred. Photo, letter revealing your slave attitude and kind of MASTER you need to serve. Safe/Sane. Be one with ME. Box 6112LF

VERMONT**HOT VERMONT BOTTOM**

42, brown and blue, 120 lbs., 5'6", needs Tops to train me. Into all except fistfucking. Turns on: uniforms, leather, jockstraps, humiliation, slapping ass, cock toys, cops, all law enforcement officers. Would also like to try W/S, T/T. Wayne D. Bannister, RD 2, Rt. 30, Box 2102, Middlebury, VT 05753. (802) 462-3173 (LF5750)

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!**ENEMAS IN VERMONT**

Newly out, 1 year. New in VT. Submissive slave seeks enema master, nurse, gym coach. I'm real and I'm looking for a master and possible friend. PO Box 262, Jeffersonville, VT 05464

VIRGINIA**HOT FF BOTTOM**

Looking for a man's man to enjoy great times. Forget slave or toilet, just one man looking for another one. If you're into intense sex and a personable fella let's meet. N. Virginia area. Box 5477LF

WASHINGTON**SEATTLE FF BOTTOM**

WM, 41, 6'4", 195, cut, moustache, brown hair. Have lover and looking for weekday activities. Some experience. Need to explore and expand limits. Hairy tops a plus. Box 6116LF

WISCONSIN**SUBMIT**

Submit to those desires inspired by your current reading and mail a letter of application. Degree of experience not as important as degree of willingness. Box 4876LF

WYOMING**HOT HOLES**

GWM, 35, 6', 170, blond/brown, hung. Seeks hung stallions, hot fists, deep holes, safe but heavy. Leather, barn scenes. Box 5855

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Bondage bottom looking for safe and sensible Top, for monogamous partnership involving home, business and being together. Enjoys videos, movies, good food and wine, swimming, traveling and quiet times, etc. I'm into prolonged sessions. Enjoy being blindfolded hooded, bound, gagged. Also mummification, sensual deprivation & stimulation. Light to moderate pain, bondage. You: 25-35, smooth, handsome, moderate build a plus. Me: 28, handsome, moderate build with a small handicap. Photo & phone/address with your reply. Box 5955LF

MUSCLEMEN: VISIT EUROPE!

Muscular weightlifter, attractive 41, 6', 185, offers lodging, submission to dominant body builders, hunky athletes in Geneva, Switzerland. Leather, light S/M, culture too! Phone Switzerland, (22) 45-38-86, or photo/letter to Drummer Box 5995

SEEKING ASIAN MASTER

for correspondence and possible future meeting. I am GWM, 36, beard, butch, 5'10", 200 lbs. If you are an Asian man, 25-40, slim and have a fantasy to dominate, train, and discipline someone bigger than yourself, please, Sir, write to this slave. I am strictly Gr/p, Fr/a, but will submit to S/M, W/S, B/D, FF. Please respond with photo and orders. All letters answered, my photo if desired. Box 6076

AUSTRALIA**SLAVE, HEAVY MASOCHIST**

50, into leather, military uniforms, discipline, VA, jockstraps, TT, piercing, C&B/T, electric prod, shaving humiliation, bootlicking, amyl, erotic whipping and bondage, pain trips, asshole worship, Satanism. Seeks experienced dungeon Master to expand limits as a slave of the empire of Satan by correspondence and/or heavy sessions. Box 5874LF

AUSTRALIAN BIG PRICK

Dominant 30s seeks contact other masters into severe S/M, W/S, enemas. Discipline and breaking of macho types: hustlers, uniformed males into obedient collared slavedogs. Alcohol allowed. Visit U.S. 1988/89. Prefer Midwest, NYC regions. Box 6125



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PRAIRIE LEATHERMEN

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DR. SOUGHT

Good-looking, 33, 6'3", 210, dark hair/beard, seeks "doctor" to give me a complete naked physical examination, paying particular attention to cock, balls and ass. Looking for a scene that's as realistic as possible. Photo/phone preferred. Vancouver. Box 5658LF

ENGLAND

PAIN SLAVE

Begs to enter total service of heavy Master. Mustached masochist, 38, hot, craves intense bondage, heavy whipping, unlimited TT/CBT. Teach me to serve and worship your boots and asshole humbly and totally. Slave need it bad, Sir. Box 5869LF

TRAVELLING SLAVES

Meet your match in a 6' blond living in London. Am into bondage, FF, body shaving and a desire to turn you into a slave. You, any nationality with a strong desire to serve. Get writing, cocksucker. Box 5829

HOT LEATHER GUY

32 yrs., fair hair, blue eyes, 6'2", muscular, 177 lbs., 9" uncut. Versatile FF, CBT, TT, into safe sex with lots of imagination and men who like to give and receive. Have good collection leather and rubber. Write explicit letter with photo or phone. London 767-3954.

GUATEMALA

LEATHER CONTACTS

Interested in contacting people with the same leather interests, to increase our group in this country. I'm Guatemalan. Please contact tel. 061-8844 or Box 5396LF

SWITZERLAND

COMING TO SWITZERLAND?

Visit this muscular bearded top leatherman, 51, 5'11", 160, in good shape and perfect health. You're 28-50, good-looking, masculine, preferably muscular, hairy with well-trained, receptive rear for extensive assplay including deep-plowing, titwork, FF, dirty talk, mutual raunchy asslicking. Perfect health essential. Europeans (esp. Germans) corresponding to above requirements welcome. Write w/photo: B. Rahm, Hardstr. 58, CH-4052 Basel, Switzerland. (LF5048)

MUSCLEMEN: VISIT EUROPE!

Muscular weightlifter, attractive 41, 6', 185 lbs., offers lodging in Geneva, Switzerland. Leather, light S/M, culture too! Phone Switzerland 22 45-38-86, or photo/letter to Drummer Box 5995

WEST GERMANY

BONDAGE TURNS ME ON—AND YOU? Bottom, GWM, 38, 5'11", 180. Seeking to correspond with others into hot, long-term bondage, hoods, gags, TT, CB/T, dildos in a safe-sex context. Kidnaping, hostage scenes really turn me on. Pic gets mine. Travel to the U.S. once or twice each year. Box 6073LF

LEATHER & SM

Leather and SM turn me on. German, 41, 6'3", 190, knowledgeable, into experimental and new things, wants to get in touch and possibly meet with interesting men into most forms of the leather world. I am often in the states. Let me hear from you and tell and show me more of yourself. Box 5755LF

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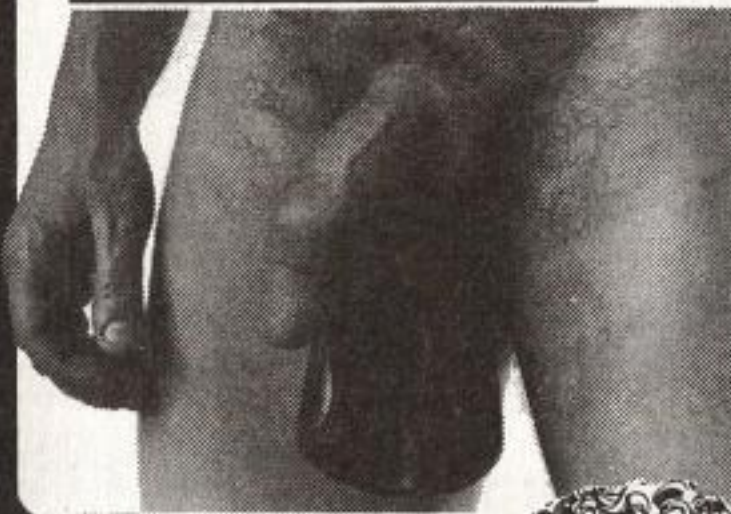
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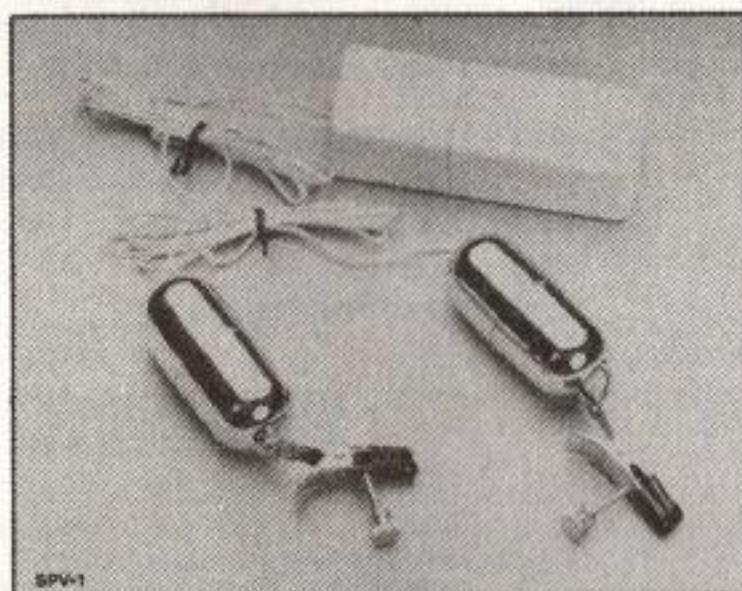
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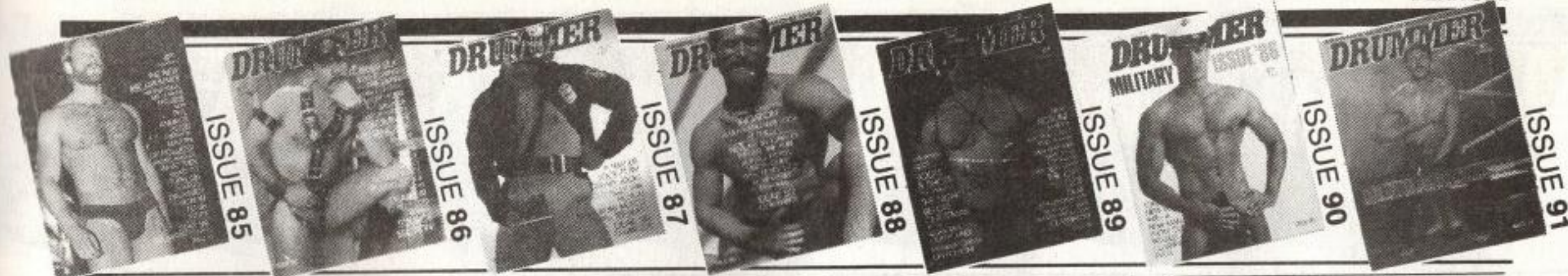
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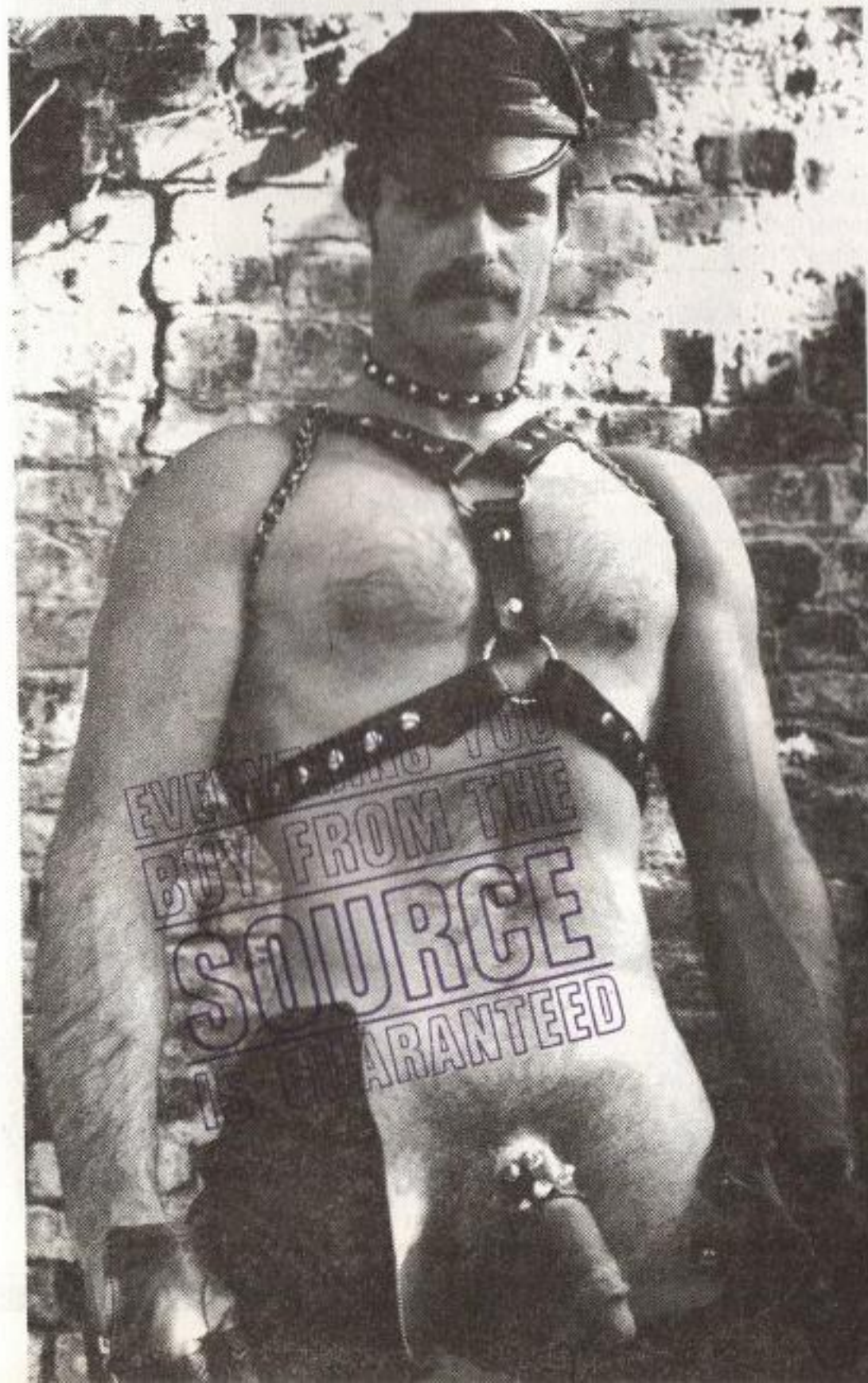
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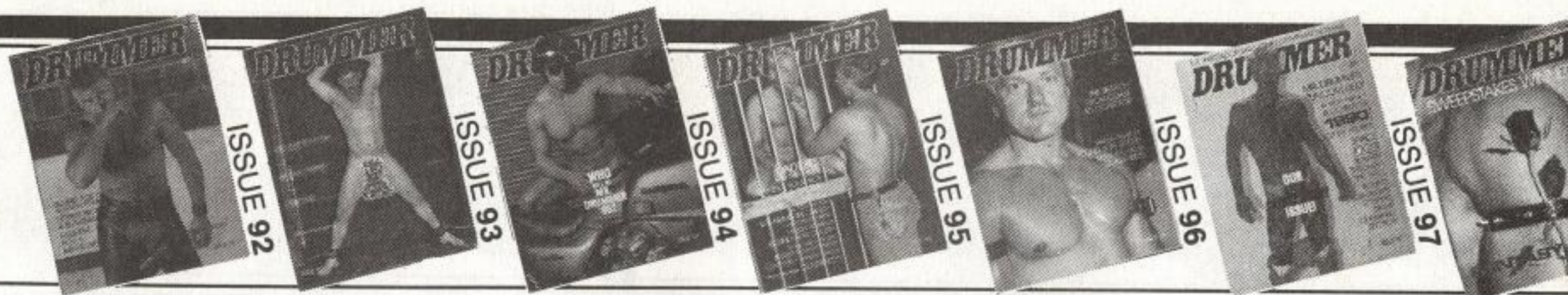


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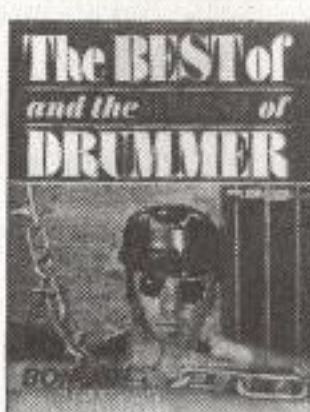
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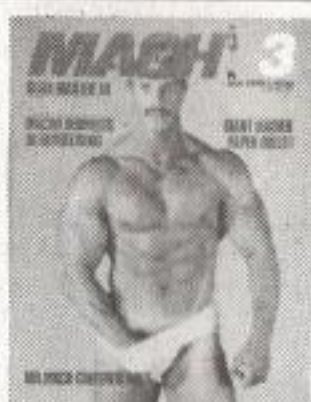
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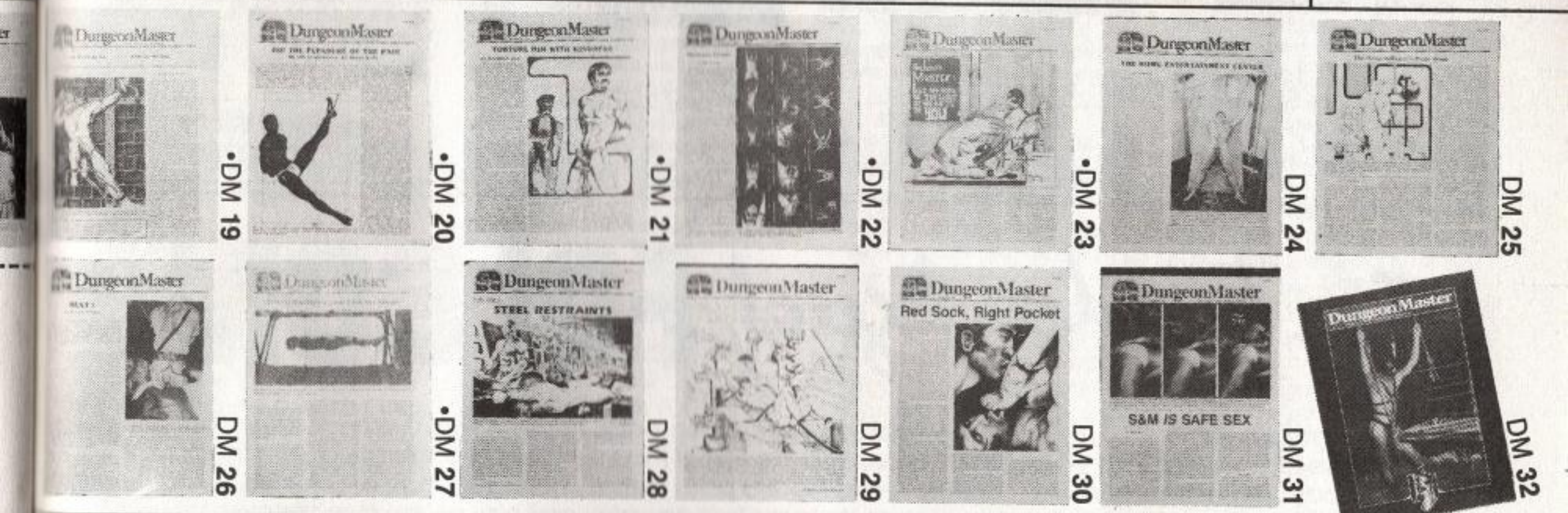


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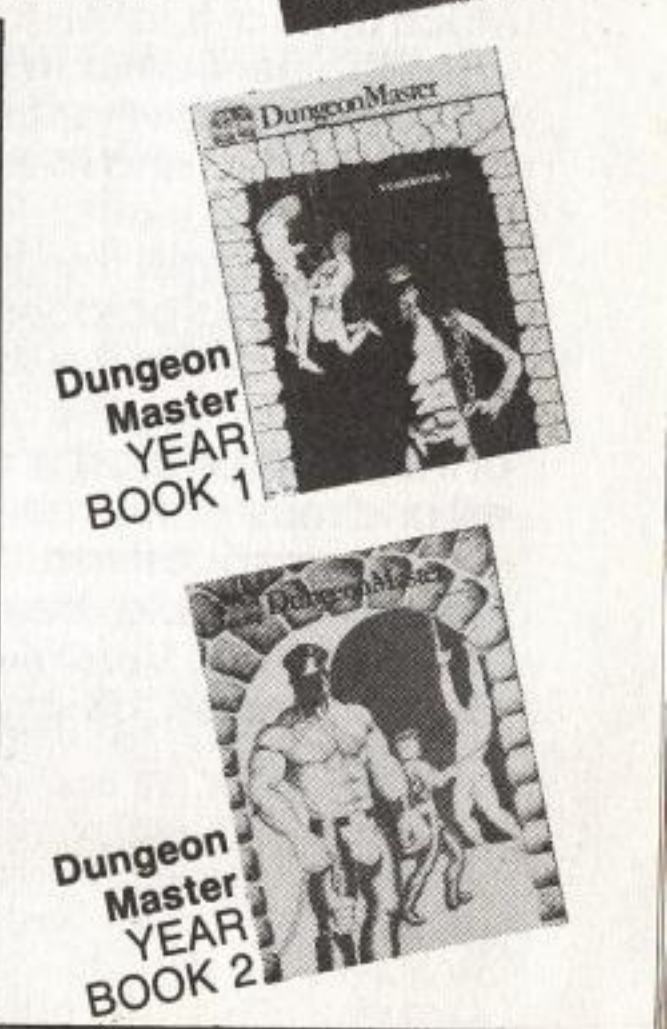
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We are looking for input into a collection of the
phenomena that was South of Market. The
men, the experiences, the fact and the fiction,
the legends and the graphics. Tell us your
memories of those years for the most impor-
tant leather volume ever. To be published by
Alternate Publishing, PO Box 42009, San
Francisco, CA 94142-2009. Artists, Photog-
raphers, Writers may call (707) 869-0945 for
more details.

**DRUMMER ISN'T A
COPY OF ANYTHING!**

The Golden Age of FOLSOM

The Folsom has been the
leader for the leather lifestyle
since anybody can remember.
Much of what is taken for granted
in the leather community origi-
nated along San Francisco's
"Miracle Mile" and its environs in
the South of Market area.

Who can forget the great bars
and baths and palaces of sleaze
that abounded in the sixties,
through the seventies and much
of the eighties? Most of our fond-
est and most erotic memories
include conquests and encoun-
ters from Ringgold Alley and
Harrison to Turk Street (which was
North of Market), all simply called
"Folsom."

The Real Leathermen actually
lived there, and the rest of the
leather world beat a path to that
area when the sun went down.
There was the Toolbox and
Fe-Be's, the No-Name, Ramrod,
Black & Blue, Boot Camp, Slot,
Catacombs, Compound, Leath-
erneck, Barracks, Handball
Express, Hothouse, Arena, Red
Star Saloon, Ambush, Hungry
Hole, Trench, Chaps, Trading
Post, Fey-Way, the old Watering
Hole, Canary Island, 527 Club,
Folsom Prison and some others
that will need researching. All
gone but long remembered.

We are assembling a rare col-
lection for publishing of fiction
and fact, photography and art,
true experiences and wishful
thinking that created the aura
which changed and enriched so
much of our lives.

This is a call to writers, artists
and photographers who have
had a part of Folsom's colorful
history. You don't necessarily
have to be a pro, we have lots of
those. What we need are your
experiences and remembrances
of the excitement that was that
pre-AIDS period on Folsom.

We need photos, old posters,
drawings, personal experiences,
fiction and articles that we can
borrow to include in this very
important collector's item. Here is
your chance to put your mark on
Folsom's published history.

Send it to, or for more information:
FRANK O'ROURKE
P.O. Box 1069
Forestville, CA 95436
(707) 869-0945

LEATHER BUSINESS BOARD

ROCKY MOUNTAINS RUNS 1987

The Rocky Mountaineers Motorcycle Club of Colorado put on their sixteenth Golden Fleece Run this summer that according to reports was another tremendous success. The weather, the entertainment and the food are all reported to have been the best!

The Wasatch Leathermen's Falcon Flight again stood out as one of the more outstanding runs this year. A great bunch of guys who come together to succor one another on a very unique spot on this planet while the Falcon God watches overhead with approving eyes.

COMING . . . IN FEBRUARY 1988

For nearly ten years, *DungeonMaster* has been serving as the "technical and professional" journal for men into men and S/M.

Soon there will be a new journal, *The Sandmutopia Guardian & Dungeon Journal*, that will equally serve men and women, gay/lesbian, straight and bisexual. The first several issues will mainly present material from early *DungeonMasters*, revised to incorporate considerations for female anatomy, lesbian and heterosexual S/M — D/S relationships, and AIDS-aware safe sex practices. Carol Truscott, long-time columnist in the Society of Janus' *Growing Pains*, will use her experience and contacts with lesbians and bi- and heterosexual men and women to edit the new publication.

The "Guardian" will be the place for men and women into S/M to communicate. It will feature articles on S/M Safety; S/M philosophy and psychology; buying and building S/M equipment and supplies; techniques for various kinds of equipment and scenes; news and information on S/M activities; personal ads . . . and much, much more. It will not have fantasy fiction. Like *DungeonMaster*, the writing will be as erotic and stimulating as possible while promoting safe, sane and consensual S/M.

Don't miss out — you will



BACKSTREET'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

Hunky models from the *Body Tech* shop in Chelsea showed off the latest leather goods at the second birthday party of England's most popu-

lar leather club, Backstreet, in August. The club celebrated a weekend of anniversary with a S/M show featuring a man in a cage entertaining the lively full house. Sorry no photos of the caged man!

BLACK FIRE M.C.

Those who know Ted Huber, President of Black Fire will be saddened to learn that he was struck by a truck in Syracuse in September, shortly after his return from Inferno XVI. The good news is that, despite broken bones and serious internal injuries, he is expected to survive. Recovery will take up to six months. Cards and letters should be sent c/o Black Fire, PO Box 354, University Station, Syracuse, NY 13210.

PEP PRICES CHALLENGED

Bob Schur of S&M Leathers reported that some men in the gay community were angry because People Exchanging Power (PEP) in both Albuquerque, NM and Washington, DC allows women to attend functions free of charge, while males pay a donation. This procedure, according to Bob, is discriminatory. That problem

was brought up at a recent meeting.

Why does PEP permit females to attend free? Definitely, this practice is not based on anti-male (or anti-gay) discriminatory practices, according to club official Nancy. The reality is: most women are not as attracted to sexual issues as men — as obsessed with sexual issues as men — as drawn to S/M or B&D as men. In addition, a woman does not need PEP to fulfill her fantasies, her dreams, her genitals. A woman seeking a dominant or submissive soul can merely place a personal ad and in a few weeks, she'll receive over a hundred letters from eager sincere men with respectable jobs and cars that run. If a straight male tries similar advertising for a mistress (or slave), he'll consider himself fortunate to receive even one legible note from a non-professional.

So, though the female PEP members do not need PEP, they do attend the gatherings. In so doing, they bring a sense of levity to the group — in short, they participate. Whether you agree with the reasoning or not, there it is. PEP has a good reputation and a sincere position within the leather community — good luck to them.

SOCIETY OF JANUS S/M ART FAIRE

In October the Society of Janus held their first S/M Art Faire in San Francisco. The faire consisted of artists, photographers dance and other live performances and entertainment from the one and only S.F. Precision Whip Drill Team who were excellent.

The unique experience was well attended and the artistic and educational videos, including a showing of *Dances Sacred and Profane*, were highly received.

BOUND & GAGGED OUT —AT LAST

Over two years ago, the New York Bondage Club started soliciting collections of bondage correspondences as well as letters from men into bondage describing their personal adventures and experiences and, when possible, entire "bondage autobiographies." Their original intention was to put together a book and although they still hope to publish their book eventually, they are now publishing a small (5½" X 8½") magazine using the incredibly hot material accumulated. Subscriptions cost \$21 in North America; \$35 elsewhere sent first class. The first issue is due in November from *The Outbound Press*, Suite 729, 263-A West 19th St., New York, NY 10011.

OUTCASTS NOW IN!

The newest National Leather Association's National Affiliate member organization is the California based women's group, Outcasts. Congratulations to both fine organizations.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

The San Francisco Knights Templar will conduct its third annual in-town run, Quake 8.7, in San Francisco on Thanksgiving weekend, 27-28 November 1987. This is an invitation-only run and the invitations are not transferable. For further information concerning eligibility to attend, fees or events, call Jim S. 415- 863-0476 or Jude F. 415- 861-4761.

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS

Clubs' names listed in bold face italic type are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed; if you can provide a correction, please do so.

(S/M) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M; (W) indicates a women's leather-S/M club; (Mixed S/M) indicates an S/M club that includes men and women, hetero- homo- and bi-sexual; (JO) indicates men's jerk off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc.; (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national or internationals, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster—they may or may not have periodic meetings; (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national or international membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's Leather-Levi-motorcycle or social clubs; (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list yet do not fit into any of the above categories. If any club wishes to change the way they are listed, please let us know.

Send new listings or changes to: Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

Academy Uniform Club (FL)
1044 23rd St.
San Diego, CA 92102

Ace (W)
PO Box 261
Annex Station
Providence, RI 02901

Adventurers-Suncoast MC
PO Box 8043
St. Petersburg, FL 33738

American Uniform Association (FN)
PO Box 1037
Bowling Green Station
New York, NY 10274

American Uniform Association (FL)
PO Box 86088
N. Vancouver, BC V7L 4J5

Argonauts MC
PO Box 3331
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Arizona Rangers MC
PO Box 13074
Phoenix, AZ 85002

Atlantis MC
PO Box 54748
Atlanta, GA 30308

Atons of Minneapolis
PO Box 2032
Dodge Center, MN 55402

Avatar (S/M)
7869 Santa Monica Blvd. #316
Los Angeles, CA 90046
818-A-IN-LINE

Ball Club (FN)
PO Box 1501
Pomona, CA 91769

Barbary Coasters MC
PO Box 14251 Station 6
San Francisco, CA 94114

Basic Training
120 S. Pinecrest
Bolingbrook, IL 60439

Beer Town Badgers
PO Box 166
Milwaukee, WI 53201

Black Fire (S/M)
Box 354 Univer. Sta.
Syracuse, NY 13210

Black Guard
PO Box 8989
Minneapolis, MN 55418

Blackhawk MC
1025 12th St.
Rock Island, IL 61201

Black Star MC
c/o F. "Ollie" Stewart
1805 Briarcliff Rd.
Winter Park, FL 32855

Blue Max Cycle Club
PO Box 233 Main Station
St. Louis, MO 63166

Blue Max MC
PO Box 39522
Los Angeles, CA 90039

Boots (FN)
PO Box 48577
Bentall #3
595 Burrard St.
Vancouver, BC V7X 1A3

Border Riders MC
PO Box 21152
Seattle, WA 98111

Bound & Determined (W)
PO Box 602
Hadley, MA 01035

Branding Iron Club
PO Box 190471
Dallas, TX 75219

Briar Rose (W)
PO Box 44
Westerville, OH 43081

The Brotherhood
PO Box 1346
Tucson, AZ 85702

The Brotherhood
PO Box 29345
Los Angeles, CA 90029

Brotherhood of Man MC
PO Box 57
Hollywood, FL 33022

Brothers MC
484 May Street
Jacksonville, FL 32204

Buccaneers MC
1901 Waters Edge Dr.
Cartier, MS 39553

Bucks MC
PO Box 99
Buckingham, PA 18912

California Eagles MC
PO Box 280221
San Francisco, CA 94128-0221

California Motor Club
Box 981
San Francisco, CA 94101

California Cyclemen MC
3143 33rd St.
San Diego, CA 92104

Centaur MC
PO Box 362
Arlington, VA 22210

Centurions LL MC
c/o Tradewinds
717 Franklin Rd.
Roanoke, VA 24061

Centurions of Columbus
PO Box 09208
Columbus, OH 43209

Chicago Cossacks
PO Box 2512
Chicago, IL 60690

Chicago Hellfire Club (S/M)
(Windy City Hellfire Club, Inc.)
PO Box 5426
Chicago, IL 60680

Cigar Studs (FN)
PO Box 14344
San Antonio, TX 78212

Cin City Cycle Club
PO Box 1151
Cincinnati, OH 45202

City Bikers MC
PO Box 9816
Denver, CO 80209

The Club (S/M)
PO Box 1292
Omaha, NE 68101-1292

Club Mud (FN)
Box 277
Rio Nido, CA 95471

Colorado MC
441 Knox Ct.
Denver, CO 80204

Colt 45s
PO Box 66804
Houston, TX 77006

Committee to Preserve our Sexual & Civil Liberties (X)
PO Box 1592
San Francisco, CA 94101

Conductors Leather Levi
PO Box 40261
Nashville, TN 37204

Conquistadors MC Inc.
PO Box 5591
Orlando, FL 32805

Constantines MC
PO Box 4964
San Francisco, CA 94101

Copperstate Leathermen's Association
PO Box 44051
Phoenix, AZ 85064

Cornhaulers
416½ E. 5th St.
Des Moines, IA 50309

Corps of Rangers
PO Box 1952
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Corpus Christi MC
PO Box 3532
Corpus Christi, TX 78404

Country Men
PO Box 1362
Deaborn, MI 48126

C.S.C.M.C.
1320 N. Stanley
Los Angeles, CA 90046

D.A.D.S. (FN)
PO Box 573
Winfield, IL 60190

Dallas MC
PO Box 19525
Dallas, TX 75219

de Sade and Men
PO Box 71426
New Orleans LA 70172

Desert Leathermen
PO Box 1586
Tucson, AZ 85702

Disciples of de Sade (S/M)
3920 Cedar Springs
Dallas, TX 75219

Disciples of De Sade (SM)
3121 Hamilton Way
Los Angeles, CA 90026

Dreizehn (S/M)
PO Box 1486
Boston, MA 02117

Eagle MC
3311 Liddy Ave.
West Palm Beach, FL 33407

Empire City MC
PO Box 2543
New York, NY 10001

Entre Nous MC
PO Box 2063
Boston, MA 02106

E.N.I.G.M.A. (FN)
2329 N. Leavitt
Chicago, IL 60647

The Eulenspiegel Society
(Mixed S/M)
PO Box 2783
Grand Central Station
New York, NY 10163

Excelsior MC
PO Box 31
New York, NY 10113

Falcons MC
PO Box 23023
Kansas City, MO 64141

Fall Festival Association, Miami Chapter (FL)
PO Box 500
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302



**BAUERN
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8.8.**

CLUB LISTINGS

FFA Tampa Bay (FL)
1230 East Mohawk Ave.
Tampa, FL 33604

FFA Washington, DC (FL)
PO Box 461
Washington, DC 20044

Faucon MC
C.P. 833 Station A
Montreal, P.Q.
H3C 2V5 Canada

The 15 Association (S/M)
PO Box 421302
San Francisco, CA 94142

The Foot Fraternity (FN)
PO Box 24102
Cleveland, OH 44124

Gateway MC
PO Box 14055
St. Louis, MO 63178

Gladiator MC
PO Box 2194
Toluca Lake, CA 91602

GMSMA (S/M)
Mail: 132 East 24th St.
New York, NY 10011
Meetings: 208 W. 13 St.

Gauche MC
3219B W. Obispo St.
Tampa, FL 33609

Griffins MC
214 N. Market
Wilmington, DE 19801

Harbor Masters, Inc.
PO Box 4044
Portland, ME 04101

Hartford Colts MC
PO Box 12201
Blue Hills Station
Hartford, CT 06112

Hearts of the West MC
PO Box 674
Sante Fe, NM 87504-0674

Hijos del Sol
3014 Truman N6
Albuquerque, NM 87110

Hot Ash (FN)
AWS
PO Box 20147
London Terrace Station
New York, NY 10011

Houston MC
c/o Mary's Lounge
1022 Westheimer Rd
Houston, TX 77006

Illustrated Men (FN)
Box 7091
Burbank, CA 91510

Interchain (FN)
132 West 24th St. Box 410
New York, NY 10011

**International
Mr. Leather, Inc. (X)**
5025 N. Clark St.
Chicago, IL 60640

**International
Ms Leather, Inc. (X)**
PO Box 421915
San Francisco, CA 94142

International Roadmasters
3146 Grayson
Ferndale, MI 48220

Iron Cross MC
PO Box 1721, Station A
Montreal, Quebec, H3C 3A5

Iron Guard NYC
PO Box 291 Village Station
New York, NY 10014

Iron Tigers MC
c/o Jim Goodwine
517 W. Almeria
Phoenix, AZ 85003

It's 'Bout Time
616 N. 4th Ave.
Tucson, AZ 85702

Kansas City Pioneers
PO Box 23025
Kansas City, MO 64141

Kingmasters MC
PO Box 236
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Knights D'Orleans
PO Box 50812
New Orleans, LA 70150

Knights of Leather (W)
PO Box 10601
Minneapolis, MN 55440

Knights of Malta MC
737 N. Edinburgh Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Knights of Malta MC
Central Valley Chapter
PO Box 4162
Fresno, CA 93744

Knights of Malta MC
Pony Express
1818 P St. #12
Sacramento, CA 95814

Knights of Malta MC
Stockmen Chapter
PO Box 9386
Denver, CO 80209

Knights of Malta MC
PO Box 7726
Reno, NV 89502

Knights of Malta MC
Cascade Chapter
PO Box 8375
Portland, OR 97205

Knights of Malta MC
Jet Chapter
PO Box 21052
Seattle, WA 98111

**Knights of the
Second Liberty (S/M)**
12226 Victory Blvd., #137
North Hollywood, CA 91606

Knights Templar (S/M)
PO Box 14073
San Francisco, CA 94142-2151

Lancers MC
PO Box 51475
New Orleans, LA 70151

The Leather Guild (FL)
219 Guerrero
San Francisco, CA 94103

Leather and Lace (W)
PO Box 13467
Denver, CO 80218

Leather and Lace (W)
PO Box 54646
Los Angeles, CA 90054

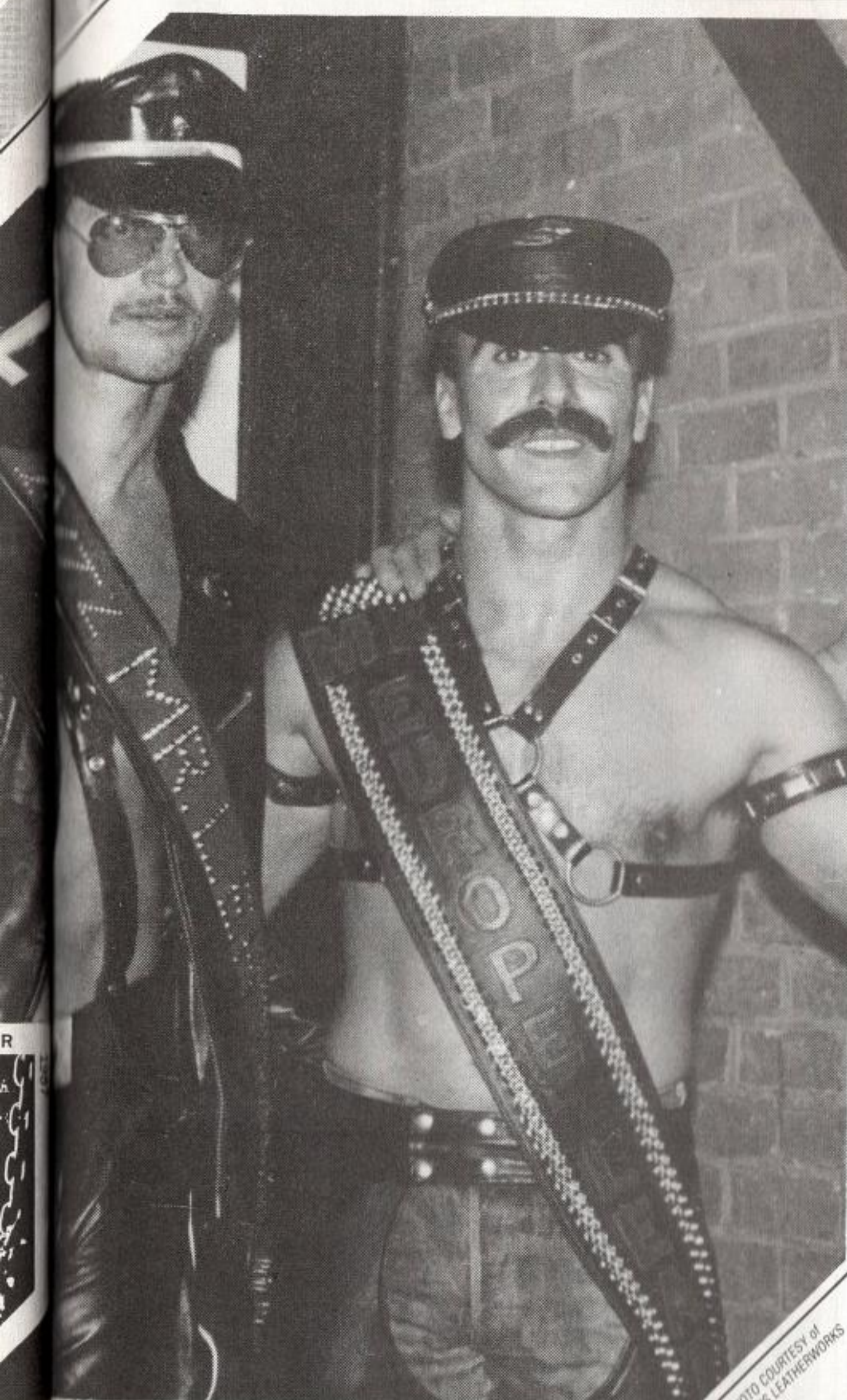


PHOTO COURTESY OF
CHAPS LEATHERWORKS

MR. EUROPE LEATHER 1987

Drummer welcomes the new *Mr. Europe Leather 1987* to the halls of remembered leather men!

On September 8, 1987, at Bauernhaus, Hamburg, West Germany, Andrew Day and Horst Menzen of *Mr. Chaps*

Leather Works produced the *Mr. Europe Leather* contest and got another winner. Vicente Jimenez from Barcelona, Spain became the new *Mr. Europe Leather 1987*. Vicente is 26 years old, holder of the title of *Mr. Barcelona 1987* and will represent Europe at the Inter-

NHUS
BUG
ernny
87

USA/CANADA

Der Ledermeister
PO Box 263
Downtown Station
Syracuse, NY 13201

LFPT (W)
PO Box 21542
Washington, DC 20009

LL Steelworkers
PO Box 40065
Nashville, TN 37204

Loboc MC
PO Box 833
Long Beach, CA 90801-0833

Long Island Spuds MC
PO Box 26
Massapequa Park, NY 11762

LSM (W)
PO Box 993
Murray Hill Station
New York, NY 10156

M.A.F.I.A. (FL)
PO Box 2230
Chicago, IL 60690-2230

Meisters der Manner
c/o Dean P. Murray
704 Bon Air St.
Lakeland, FL 33805

Men of Dungeons (S/M)
PO Box 780242
Dallas, TX 75378

Men of Leather
1268 Madison Ave.
Memphis, TN 38104

M.L.L.A.
6204 Magnolia Lane
Lakeland, FL 33805

Motorcyclen of New Mexico
PO Box 35844
Albuquerque, NM 87176-5844

National Leather Association (X)
PO Box 17463
Seattle, WA 98107

National Tattoo Association (FN)
PO Box 2063
New Hyde Park, NY 11040-0701

New World Rubber Men (FL)
c/o Bill Bailey
1044 23rd St.
San Diego, CA 92102

New York Bondage Club (FL)
PO Box 204
New York, NY 10028

New York Wrestling Club (FN)
59 West 10th St.
New York, NY 10011

Nimbus
c/o Douglas Dunes
Blue Star Highway
Douglas, MI 49406

Nine Plus Club, Inc.
PO Box 1267 Ansonia Sta.
New York, NY 10023

Oedipus MC
PO Box 451
Hollywood, CA 90028

Omaha Meatpackers
PO Box 6474
Elmwood Station
Omaha, NE 68104

The Original Leathermasters Club of Los Angeles (S/M)
PO Box 93643
Los Angeles, CA 90093

O.R.R.O.C.
PO Box 14033
Chicago, IL 60614

Outcasts (W)
PO Box 31266
San Francisco, CA 94131-0266
Pacific Coast MC
PO Box 954
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Pegasus, MC
PO Box 3957
Wichita, KS 67201

Pennsmen
PO Box 401
Harrisburg, PA 17108

People Exchanging Power
Washington DC Chapter
(Mixed S/M)
PO Box 2308
Silver Springs, MD 20902

People Exchanging Power
Albuquerque Chapter (Mixed S/M)
PO Box 332
Edgewood, NM 87015

Philadelphians MC
PO Box 20720
Philadelphia, PA 19138

Phoenix LL Club
c/o Greg Adams
701 NE 81 St.
Miami, FL 33138

Pittsburgh MC
c/o Gus Coleola
5133 Saltsburg Rd.
Verona, PA 15147

Pocono Warriors
PO Box 381
263A W. 19th St. #162
New York, NY 10011

Portland Power & Trust (W)
Portland, OR 97202

Power Circle (W)
PO Box 3284
Santa Cruz, CA 95063

Praetorians
PO Box 23
New York, NY 10014

Queen City Quordinators (X)
PO Box 221841
Charlotte, NC 28222

Regiment of the Black and Tans (FL)
PO Box 875616
Los Angeles, CA 90087-0716

Renaissance Men
PO Box 1001
Trolley Station
Detroit, MI 48231

Rivermen
1417 Logani SE
Grand Rapids, MI 49506

Rochester Rams MC
PO Box 1727
Rochester, NY 14603



national Mr. Leather contest in Chicago in 1988.

A 23 year old ex-American GI, Ray Lamb, who discharged in West Germany, was winner of 1st runner-up. He was sponsored by the Frankfurter Leather Club, Frankfurt, West Germany.

Werner Kostner took 2nd runner-up. He hails from Berlin, West Germany.

The contest had 14 contestants from seven European countries: Spain, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Finland and Norway, the widest range of entries in the four-year history of the contest. This was the first time that the contest was run under private sponsorship with judges and was financially supported by Gay Businesses from all over Europe.

EUROPE LEATHER

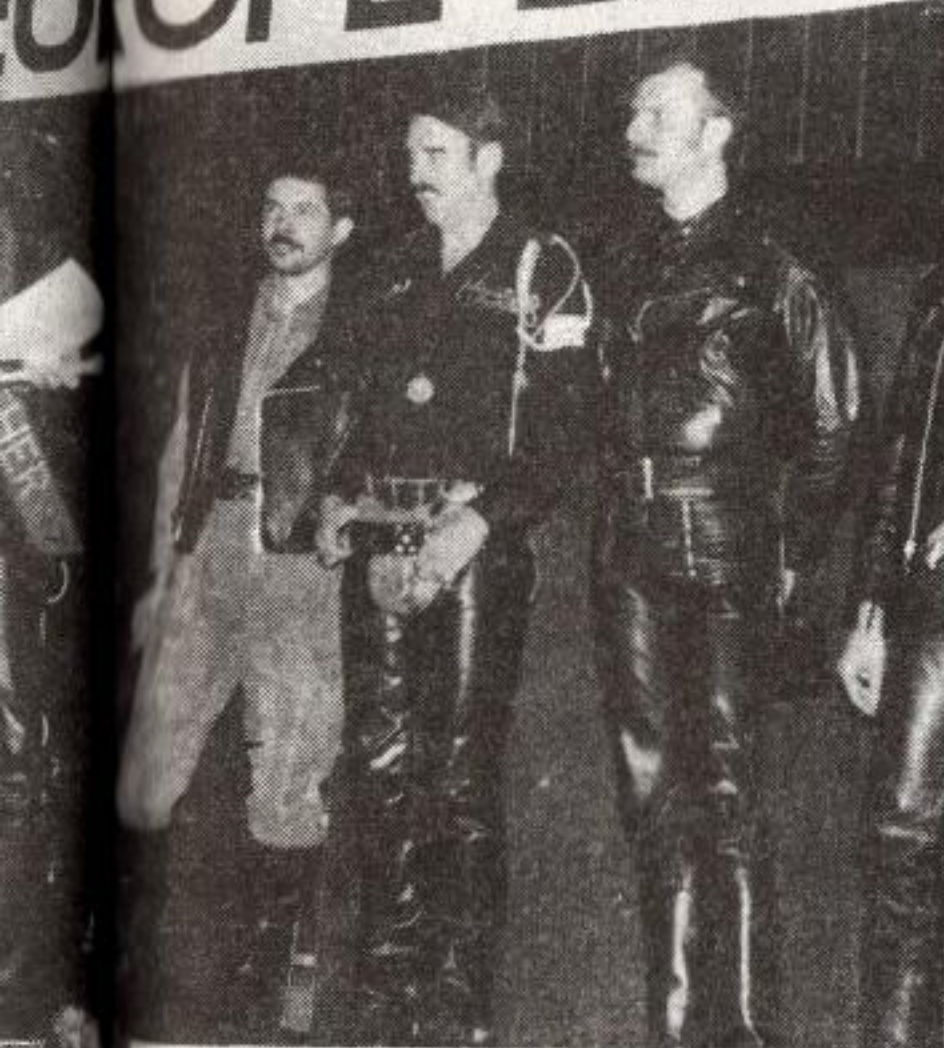


PHOTO COURTESY OF
CHAPS LEATHERWORKS

A special presentation of the Gordon Hueter Award for Lifetime Achievement in the Gay Community was made at the contest. This award, developed by Horst and Andrew of Mr. Chaps Leather Works, is presented each year to honor one person for their work, dedication and faith to the gay community. The award went to "Tom of Finland."

- Rocky Mountaineers MC**
PO Box 2629
Denver, CO 80201
- Rodeo Riders**
3516 N. Bosworth
Chicago, IL 60657
- Rodeo Riders MC**
PO Box 780242
Corpus Christi, TX 78404
- Saber MC of Florida, Inc.**
PO Box 030367
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33303
- Saddleback MC**
PO Box 561
Los Angeles, CA 90028
- Sam Browne Society (FL)**
PO Box 8293
Phoenix, AZ 85066-8293
- San Andreas MC**
PO Box 3945
Orange, CA 92665
- San Antonio Mustangs**
PO Box 12551
San Antonio, TX 77006
- San Franciscans**
PO Box 683
San Francisco, CA 94101
- San Francisco Bondage Club (FL)**
1800 Market St. #107
San Francisco, CA 94102
- San Francisco Jacks(JO)**
2336 Market St. K#127
San Francisco, CA 94114
- San Francisco Precision Whip Drill Team(X)**
San Francisco, CA
- Satyricons, MC**
PO Box 19058
Las Vegas, NV 89132
- Satyrs MC**
PO Box 1137
Los Angeles, CA 90078
- Seattle Dungeon Guild (S/M)**
918 E. Pike St.
Seattle, WA
- Selectmen of Detroit**
PO Box 1855 Trolley Sta.
Detroit, MI 48231
- Shelix (W)**
PO Box 416
Florence Station
Northampton, MA 01060
- Shipmates of Baltimore**
PO Box 13434
Baltimore, MD 21203
- SigMa (S/M)**
PO Box 30651
Bethesda, MD 20814-0651
- Silver Star MC**
PO Box 15152
Milwaukee, WI 53215
- Society of Janus (Mixed S/M)**
Southern Calif. Chapter
2554 Lincoln Blvd., Suite 381
Marina del Rey, CA 90291
- Society of Janus (Mixed S/M)**
PO Box 6794
San Francisco, CA 94101
- Somandros(S/M)**
7984 Santa Monica Blvd. #109
Los Angeles, CA 90046
- Sons of Apollo**
PO Box 7281
Phoenix, AZ 85011
- Spartan MC**
458 L'Enfant Plaza
PO Box 23832
Washington, DC 20026
- SPASM (W)**
PO Box 77270
Houston, TX 77270
- Spearhead**
113 Scadding Ave.
Toronto, Ont. H5A 4H8
- Spirit of St. Louis L-L**
PO Box 12207 Souland Sta.
St. Louis, MO 63157
- Stallions**
c/o The Leather Stallion
2203 St. Clair Ave.
Cleveland, OH 44114
- Steel Barons**
PO Box 3553
Pittsburgh, PA 15230
- Stiletos MC**
c/o Phoneix Bar
1440 San Marco Blvd.
Jacksonville, FL 32207
- Stingrays MC**
PO Box 1643
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302
- Sunrays MC**
2027 Mayo St.
Hollywood, FL 33020
- Sunshine Athletic Assoc.**
c/o Robert Price
190L N. Andrews Ave. #105
Wilton Manors, FL 33311
- Tampa Bay Blazers**
c/o Bear Tucker
51 Flamingo Rd.
Venice, FL 33595
- T-Bolts MC**
c/o Jacques Carle
49 Bartlett Ave.
Norwalk, CT 06850
- Texas Cadre**
PO Box 1041
Arlington, TX 76010
- Texas MC**
PO Box 57462
Dallas, TX 75207
- Thebans MC**
c/o Don Gibson
950 NW 7th St. Rd.
Miami, FL 33136
- The Tradesmen**
PO Box 36712
Charlotte, NC 28204
- Tribe MC**
Box 32798
Detroit, MI 48232
- Tucson Knight Owls**
PO Box 2332
Tucson, AZ 85702
- TucsonLevi-Leathermen**
PO Box 1774
Tucson, AZ 85702
- Twin Cities S/M Alliance**
PO Box 825
Minneapolis, MN 55440
- Two Wheelers of Omaha**
c/o Tony Zamudio
305 Turner Blvd. #8
Omaha, NE 68131
- U.F.O.**
c/o Walter Carlton III
1531 S. Madison Ave.
Tulsa, OK 74120
- Urania (W)**
PO Box 23
Somerville, MA 92131-0266
- Vancouver Activists in SM (VASM) (S/M)**
PO Box 2204
New Westminster, BC
V3L 5A5
- Vanguards MC**
PO Box 2308
Philadelphia, PA 19103
- Vikings MC**
PO Box 1323
Cambridge, MA 02142
- Warlocks MC**
PO Box 2484
Los Angeles, CA 90028
- Warriors MC**
PO Box 2484
Los Angeles, CA 90028
- Wasatch Leathermen MC**
PO Box 11314
Salt Lake City, UT 84110-1311
- We Enjoy Shaving**
PO Box 6316
Reno, NV 89513
- Wheels MC**
PO Box 615
New York, NY 10001
- Wildcats MC**
c/o Boiler Room
111 W. Tazewell St.
Norfolk, VA 23510
- Windy City Bondage Club (FL)**
PO Box 268767
Chicago, IL 60626
- Zodiacs, MC**
PO Box 48144
Vancouver, BC V7X 1N8

A FESTIVE FOURTH FOR CENTAUR M.C.

The Centaur M.C. will sponsor the *Fourth Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leatherman* contest this year as part of its annual *Leather Weekend* celebration. The contest theme this year is "Come to the Winners' Circle."

The contest itself (whose winner becomes an entrant in the International Mr. Leather finals in Chicago as did last year's winner, Michel Rousse, who came in 1st runner-up in IML '87) draws participants from the length of the Eastern seaboard and Canada. Over 500 leathermen are expected in the nation's capital in Janu-

ary for the weekend. Contact the Centaur M.C. by writing for more information to: PO Box 912, Harrisburg, PA. 17108-0912 — tell 'em *Drummer* sent ya!

DID YOU SEE . . . ?

GMSMA has begun its autumn meetings and a new mailing called DID YOU SEE . . . ? The Did You See is a collection of newspaper or magazine articles concerning AIDS/gay issues/discrimination/etc. Feel free to send clippings to Jeff Bowels at the Community Involvement Committee of the GMSMA, 108 West 17th #5,

New York, NY 10011-5417.

Then send a copy to *Drummer* for our "Report" or "Tough Shit" columns.

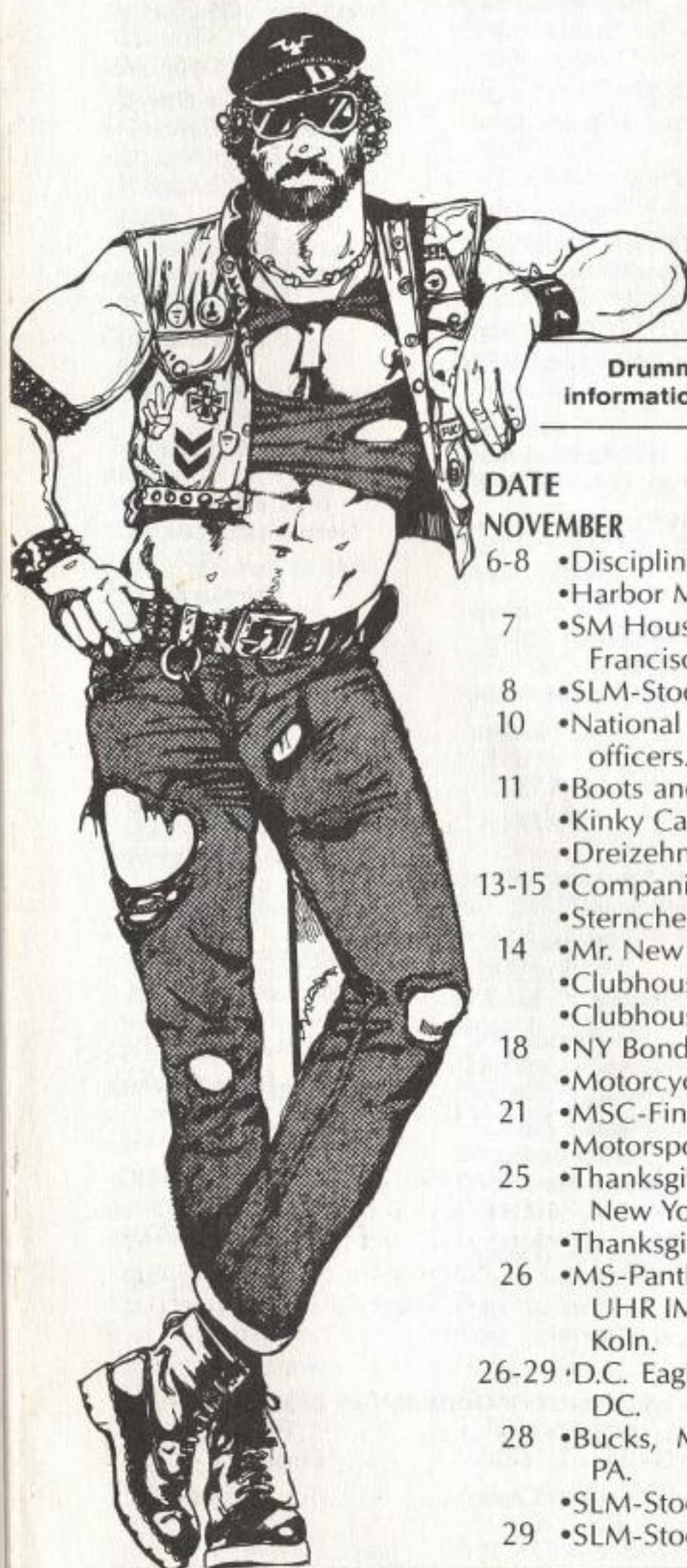
D C WRESTLING CLUB

DCWC began as a SigMa Special Interest Group (SIG) and has gone on to develop a style, program, and personality of its own. Not the least of its appeals is a separate monthly newsletter which, in addition to news and announcements, often contains some VERY hot stories and reminiscences. The DCWC meets on the 2nd and 4th Saturdays of the month

from 2-5:30 P.M. for "non-competitive, free-style recreational wrestling" and then the evening of the third Friday of the month for oil/nude/erotic encounters. Write Boxholder, PO Box 1205, Washington, DC 20013 for details and/or to arrange attendance.

MORE WRESTLING TO COME!

Drummer's new fetish section will feature wrestling in issue 115, so send in those wrestling Tough Customer photos, ads and other information readers will get off on. □



LEATHER CALENDAR

Drummer's events and run listings can only be complete and accurate if we receive the correct information. If you'd like your events listed here, send us the appropriate information well in advance.

DATE

EVENT

NOVEMBER

- 6-8 •Discipline III, Disciples of DeSade, Dallas
- Harbor Masters 5th Anniv. Portland, ME
- 7 •SM House party, Knights Templar; San Francisco.
- 8 •SLM-Stockholm—Rubber Party.
- 10 •National Leather Assoc.— Election of officers.
- 11 •Boots and Gloves, GMSMA, New York City.
- Kinky Cafeteria, Avatar, Los Angeles.
- Dreizehn meeting, Boston.
- 13-15 •Companions—11th Anniversary; Phila., PA.
- Sternchenparty, Leathermen, Duesseldorf.
- 14 •Mr. New York Leather Contest, NYC
- Clubhouse party, Chicago Hellfire Club.
- Clubhouse party, The 15; San Francisco.
- 18 •NY Bondage Club—Turkey Truss Contest
- Motorcycle Mystique, SM Gays, London.
- 21 •MSC-Finland—Slave Market.
- Motorsportfreunde, Koeln's 5. Geburtstag.
- 25 •Thanksgiving Eve Dessert Social, GMSMA; New York.
- Thanksgiving — stuff it!
- 26 •MS-Panther Koln — Leather Disco—AB 21 UHR IM SCHULZ, Bismarkstrasse 17, 5000 Koln.
- 26-29 •D.C. Eagle—16th Anniversary; Washington, DC.
- 28 •Bucks, MC—Santa Saturday; New Hope, PA.
- SLM-Stockholm—General Assembly.
- 29 •SLM-Stockholm—Western Party.

DECEMBER

- 4-6 •Nikolaustreffen, MSC Suedwest Lahr.
- 5 •SM House party, Knights Templar; San Francisco.
- Centaur, MC—Christmas Party; Washington DC.
- MSC-Finland—Uniform Night.
- 9 •S/M and Aging, GMSMA, New York City.
- Dreizehn Meeting, Boston.
- 11-13 •NLC-Franken—Christkindles; Markt Treffen
- 12 •Clubhouse Party, The 15, San Francisco
- Empire City, MC — 24th Annual Charity Christmas Party; New York.
- SLM-Stockholm—Sankta Lucia.
- 16 •Hoods & Helmets, SM Gays, London.
- 19 •Clubhouse party, Chicago Hellfire Club.
- Lost Angels & Spartan, MC—Party Hearty Washington, DC.
- SLM-Stockholm—Christmas Party.
- MSC-Finland—Christmas Party.
- 25 •Traditional Holiday.
- 31 •MSC-Finland—New Year's Party.
- Philadelphians—Tri-Cen-V; Philadelphia, PA (Through Jan. 1)

JANUARY

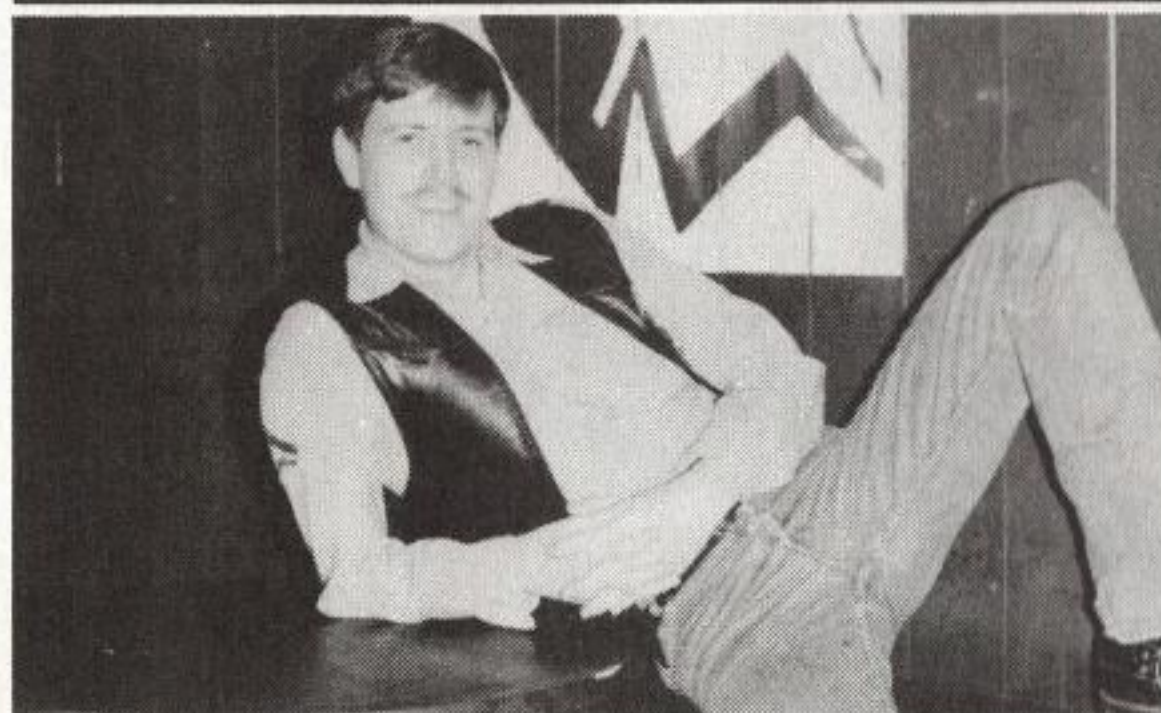
- 2 •SLM-Stockholm—Happy New Leather Year party; Gasgrand, Sweden.
- 15-17 •Centaur, MC—Leather Weekend '88 & M Mid- Atlantic Leatherman Contest; Washington, DC.
- 29-31 •Come Rong '88, South Pacific Motor Club Sydney Australia.
- 30 •SLM-Stockholm—Annual Meeting and Party

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



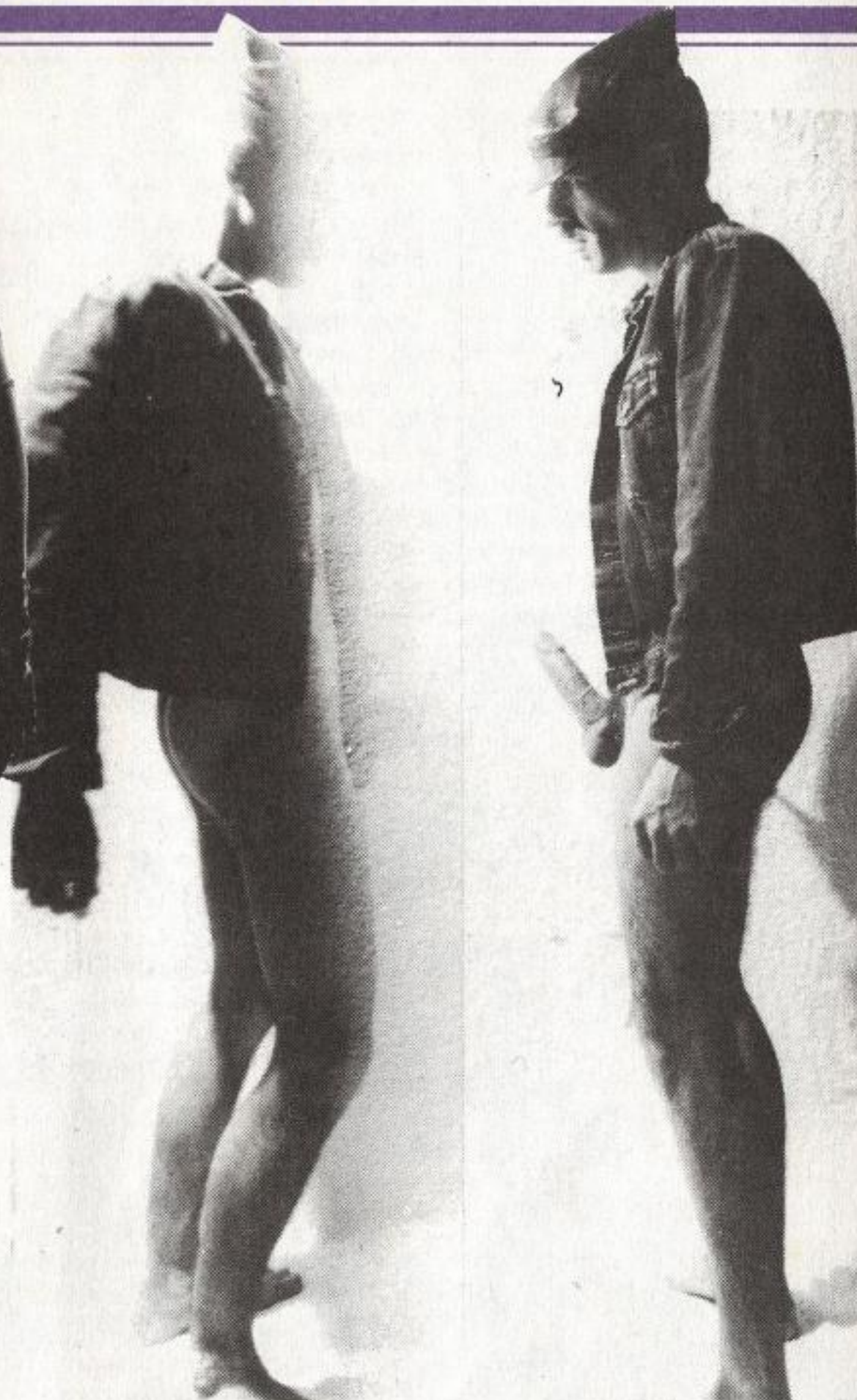
BEARDED BOY NEEDS BEARDED DADDY

It gets cold during the winters of Sweden and this 31 year old Tough Customer is looking to contact bearded Daddies who want to play, safe and sane sex, with a rubber and leather boy. He has an open mind but not into drugs. He is 185 cm at 85 kg and waiting for you to contact him at: TC 1242.



HOUSTON TOP SEEKS YOUNGER BOTTOM

Here's a hot Tough Customer who is into spanking, shaving, B&D, T/I, CBT, and various other activities. He is 32, 5'10", 145 lbs. and looking for 21 to 30 year olds, who are well built, and ready for total domination. Light drinker is ok but no drugs. Send photo if you expect a response to: TC 1227.



WEST GERMAN PIT STOP

This German Tough Customer is looking for serious, masculine men. Race and nationality is unimportant. He wants to meet gay tourists, especially from the U.S.A., for hot safe sex sessions at their hotel, during their stops in Frankfurt and Rhein-Main-Area. He's hot and ready, 36 years old, 155 lbs., green eyes, dark haired, and in good shape. He is also looking for hot pen-pals so get those pens out and write to: TC 1202.

THINK YOU'RE A HOT DRUMMERMAN? CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT STUD OR THAT PERFECT BOTTOM?

Each month we pick the hottest candid photos for Tough Customers. Send your black and white photos (color photos are acceptable but do not reproduce well) with your name and address printed on the back, state that you are of legal age, sign your name and we will assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Photos are not returnable.)

To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (in pencil) the TC number on the back flap. Put this inside another envelope along with a quarter for handling, and mail to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

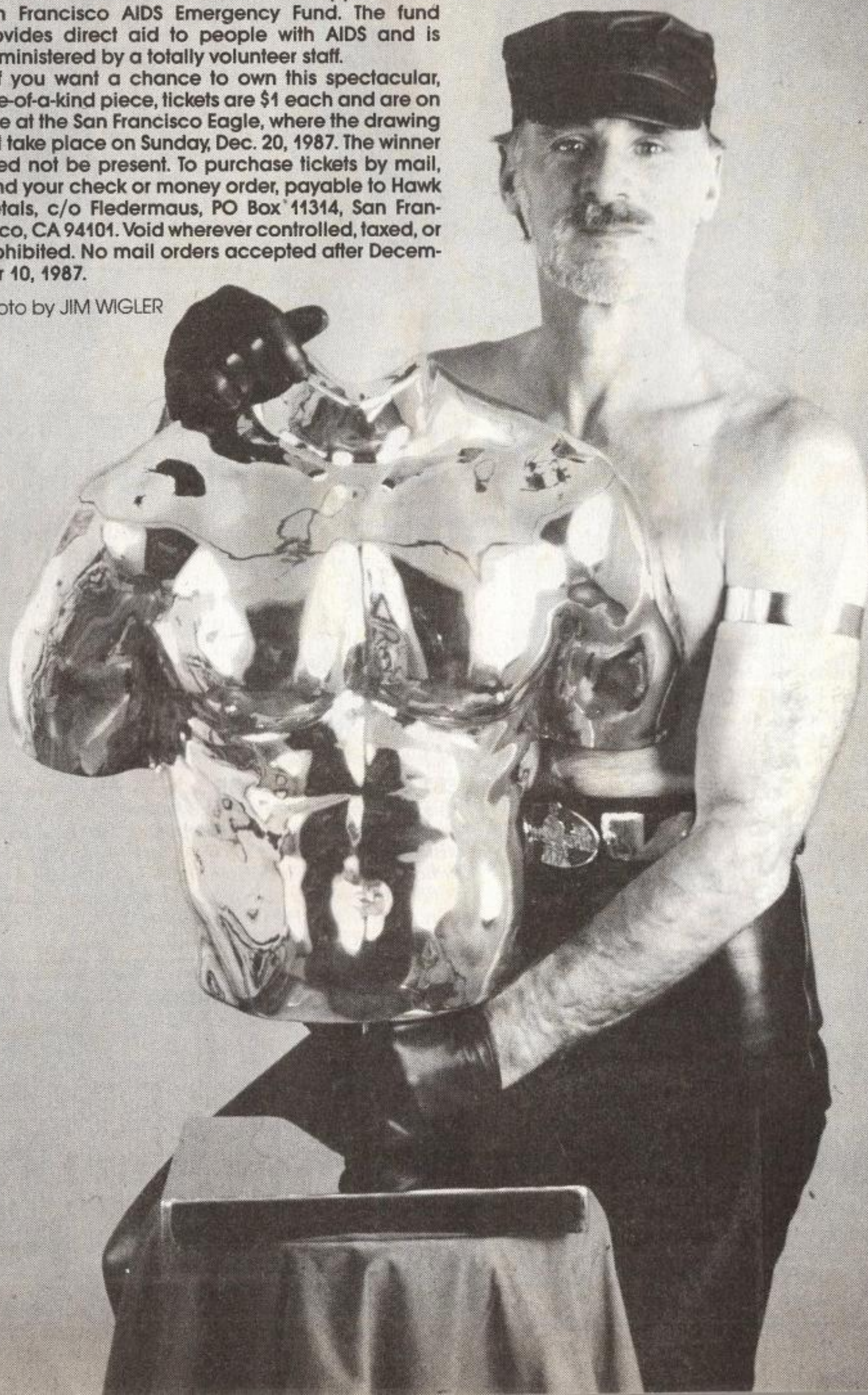
IN PASSING

WIN THE PECS OF YOUR DREAMS!

Haven Sanborn, a renowned San Francisco bronze and chrome craftsman, is donating this life-size bronze torso to raffle for the support of the San Francisco AIDS Emergency Fund. The fund provides direct aid to people with AIDS and is administered by a totally volunteer staff.

If you want a chance to own this spectacular, one-of-a-kind piece, tickets are \$1 each and are on sale at the San Francisco Eagle, where the drawing will take place on Sunday, Dec. 20, 1987. The winner need not be present. To purchase tickets by mail, send your check or money order, payable to Hawk Metals, c/o Fledermaus, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Void wherever controlled, taxed, or prohibited. No mail orders accepted after December 10, 1987.

Photo by JIM WIGLER



SANDMUTOPIA UNIVERSITY VIDEO

Something Different in S/M Viewing

Each tape has two parts. Part One is a demonstration in which Professor Fledermaus uses a hunky bottom to demonstrate equipment and techniques. The second half of each video is a "hands-on" session; a session in which the techniques discussed in the first part are put into practice.

SUV1 SENSITIZING THE SKIN

Fledermaus demonstrates the violet wand and hot wax techniques, then proceeds on to an extended hot wax scene which includes a cock casting.

\$69.95

SUV2 ROPE THAT WORKS

Fledermaus gives the facts on rope bondage, including a few basic ties and details on the rope body harness. Then four men engage in a lively scene that includes four different bondage positions as well as a lot of ass beating and cock & ball torture.

\$79.95

SUV3 WHIPS 1, BEATING ASS

Fledermaus demonstrates a wide variety of implements from fly swatters to exotic whips and explains techniques for variations from light stimulation of the skin to deep, lasting bruises. Then Master Mario demonstrates ass beating with two different bottoms.

\$69.95

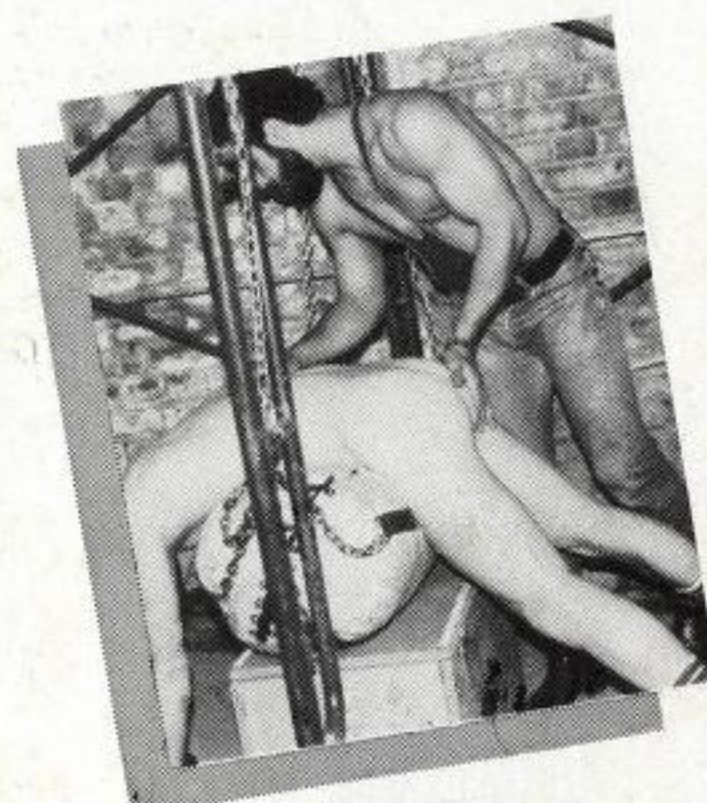
NEW! SUV4 WHIPS 2, LONG WHIPS

Fledermaus demonstrates a variety of cats and other long-tailed whips on the back and ass of a spread-eagled bottom. Then Fred and Henry engage in a heavy back flogging. You've seen stills from their scenes in three Zeus Inferno books. Now, for the first time, action video is available for this dynamic duo.

\$69.95

Each video is approximately one hour in length. Specify VHS or Beta. VHS will be shipped if you do not specify. No refunds or exchanges except in the event of a defective tape. Please give an address for UPS delivery. If you insist on a PO Box, include \$5 extra for insurance and special handling.

Photos shown here are from SUV3, Whips 1, Beating Ass.



Sandmutopia Supply Co. PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101

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SUV1 Sensitizing the Skin	_____	_____	\$69.95	_____
SUV2 Rope That Works	_____	_____	\$79.95	_____
SUV3 Whips 1, Beating Ass	_____	_____	\$69.95	_____
SUV4 Whips 2, Long Whip	_____	_____	\$69.95	_____
S&H, \$2.50 for first tape, \$1 for ea. add'l. tape				_____
\$5 special insurance/handling fee for PO Box				_____
California residents add 6½% Sales Tax				_____
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED				_____

Make checks payable to **Desmodus, Inc.**
Credit card holders may order by phone: **415/978-5377**

I am over 21 years of age and am ordering these videos only for my own education and entertainment. I am not a law enforcement official, postal inspector or a member of any censorship group.

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